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HISTORY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH.

VOL. I.—MEMOIR.

EDINBURGH: PRINTED BY THOMAS CONSTABLE

FOR

EDMONSTON AND DOUGLAS.

LONDON . . . HAMILTON, ADAMS, & CO.

CAMBRIDGE . MACMILLAN & CO.

DUBLIN . . . W. ROBERTSON.

GLASGOW . . JAMES MACLEHOSE.



Professor Dalzel.

Born 1742 — Died 1808.

HISTORY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH
FROM ITS FOUNDATION.

BY ANDREW DALZEL

PROFESSOR OF GREEK IN THAT UNIVERSITY

WITH A MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR

VOL. I.—MEMOIR.

EDINBURGH
EDMONSTON AND DOUGLAS
1862.

*Labor quidem humilis, laus vero non item, si modo hoc opusculum vel tantulum conferre
valuerit ad studium promovendum Græcarum literarum, quibus apud nos deficientibus,
cito deficit omnis doctrina politior; iisdem vigentibus, omnes etiam artes quæ ad humani-
tatem pertinent una vigeant.*—PRÆFATIO AD COLLECTANEA GRÆCA MAJORA.

*The labour is indeed humble, but not the praise, if this little work may contribute in any
degree to promote the study of Greek literature; for when that study decays among us,
all polite learning will soon decay; when it flourishes, along with it will flourish all
the arts that civilize life.*

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P R E F A C E.

SOON after Professor Dalzel's death, his family and literary friends were desirous that some memorial of his life should be given to the world ; and when Sir Robert Liston, his most intimate friend through life, came to reside permanently near Edinburgh, he undertook to collect materials and prepare notes from his own recollection, for that purpose. Sir Robert had certainly commenced his task, and had probably even made some progress, when he was struck by his last illness, and a loss of memory, which altogether disabled him for such an undertaking. This caused a long delay, and, it is feared, the irrecoverable loss of many documents and memoranda which he may have prepared, and which his life-long familiarity alone could furnish.

The intention, however, was not abandoned. In 1821, Professor Dalzel's old friend, and assistant in his works, Dr. Tate of Richmond, wrote to his son :—
“Allow me to hope you will give at least a brief and distinct account of his learned labours, with some extracts from his correspondence with eminent scholars at home and abroad.”

To John
Dalzel,
March 20,
1821.

To Mr. James
Gibson-
Craig,
October 23,
1830.

Some years later, the same zealous admirer again sought to impress on the family of Dalzel, through a common friend, the duty of preserving a fit memorial of so distinguished a scholar. "Whoever undertakes it," he concludes, "may depend on some contribution from my pen, if it be only a sketch of my connexion, first by letter and then by personal knowledge, with one of the most elegant of scholars, and most amiable of men."

The Memoir thus suggested, taken up at long intervals and delayed by various causes, might have been abandoned altogether but for the devoted affection of one member of the Professor's family. The discovery of the long mislaid Annals of the University compiled by Professor Dalzel, and their publication, seemed to offer a suitable opportunity for giving to the public some account of their author; and Miss Dalzel, the Professor's eldest daughter, has placed in my hands the materials from which the following Memoir is compiled.

C. INNES.

EDINBURGH, *August* 1861.

MEMOIR OF PROFESSOR DALZEL.

CHAPTER I.

FROM HIS BIRTH TO HIS MARRIAGE, 1743-1786.

PROFESSOR ANDREW DALZEL was born in the year 1743, at Gateside of Newliston, Linlithgowshire, a farm which had been held by his family for several generations. His father, William Dalzel, tenant of the farm, had married Alice Linn, of Linnsmill (whose mother, Mrs. Linn, was known in the family and neighbourhood as "the Lady"). They had four sons, of whom Andrew was the youngest, and a daughter Elizabeth, all children when William Dalzel died in 1751. His widow undertook the management of the farm and of the family; but to relieve her in some degree, a kind uncle Andrew, minister of Stonykirk in Galloway,¹ took charge of his mother, who had lived with William, and two of the boys, Archibald and his own name-son Andrew, and carried them off to his Galloway manse, where he devoted great care to their education during the short

¹ He got the church of Stonykirk in 1740-41. In his first letters from his new cure he writes it Stephenkirk. Does that spelling represent the popu-

lar tradition of the place, or is it only an effort at etymology? I cannot find the parish known otherwise than as Stonykirk.

remainder of his life. In 1751 he writes to his brother's widow :—

Stonykirk,
September 3,
1751.

“DEAR SISTER,—I am glad to hear by John Shanklie's servant that you and the children are well. He will tell you that he saw Archie and Andrew, who have little or no remembrance of Lothian. We have had here for some days most tempestuous weather, and I'm afraid it is little better with you. My kind compliments to the Lady, Mr. and Mrs. Drysdale, Mr. Baillie and family, Mrs. Drummond and the Goodman in the Overtown. The lad is just going off, and, indeed, I have nothing worth while to add but that I am your affectionate brother,

ANDREW DALZEL.”

Among the memorials treasured up by the affection of the family of the Professor, is a joint letter by the two boys to their mother three years later,—“Stonykirk, 14th June 1753.” It is in large text, but quite to the purpose. They like this place very well, and have a schoolmaster that is careful enough, though he is not, they think, quite so good a scholar as Mr. Hastie. They are reading Cornelius Nepos, where they meet with much agreeable entertainment, and are soon to be put into Virgil, and either Cæsar or Sallust. They send their service to Mr. Drysdale, Mr. Hastie, their brothers and sister, and in a word, all friends. The body of the letter is written by Archibald, who also signs it, leaving a narrow margin where we have the first autograph of the future Professor,—“I, Andrew Dalziel, have no room.”

But next year the kind minister was ill, and perhaps

on that account went to Edinburgh. At any rate, he was at the hereditary farm of Gateside in the autumn of 1754, when he wrote to his mother, whom he had left behind at his manse. He says he is a good deal weaker than when he left her—in constant pain, his only relief the use of liquid laudanum. Alice has nursed him with the greatest care. God only knows how or when it will end. He had hoped to be ere now in Galloway, but in vain. He desires Mr. Henderson to hold a session at Stonykirk, and divide the poor-money. His mother is to kill the brocked stot for the use of the family, and kill him directly. If Logan can dispose of any other fat beasts belonging to him, he begs he may do it; some of them are long enough upon the ground, and will now improve nothing. He gives directions to Johnie Milroy, the minister's man, about farming the glebe, and concludes with the subject most at his heart, "Tell my dear bairns to mind their book, to keep as much at home as may be, and every night to translate into Latin a few verses of the Proverbs. I pray God to be with you and them, to support and assist you."

Gateside,
October 6,
1754.

The minister of Stonykirk was evidently prepared for death, but he did not die for some months. One of the last contemporary memorials I find of him, is a letter from a humble neighbour whom he had attached by his kindness. It is addressed "To the Rev. Mr. Andrew Dalziel, minister of the Gospel at Stonykirk, for present in Edinburgh," and dated Stranraer, 8th January 1755:—

"I was at Stonykirk upon Saturday and Sabbath

nights last, and I assure you it is surprising to see your good old mother stand out so weel. Every time she hears from you it gives her new life. The dear boys observe your directions, and will certainly be famous scholars. You can scarce imagine in how great concern the Earl is about you. I believe he would give a year's allowance to see you well in Galloway again, and seems to regret much his scuffles with you, and inclines much you should know that what ever he might say, he had always the greatest esteem for you. The Laird of Schuchan desires me to offer his kind compliments to you. As you must have no small occasion for money, he would gladly remit what he is owing you if you desire it. I have a fine herring fishing here," etc.

There are other letters from the same correspondent, but none later than 11th March 1755, soon after which the good minister must have died.

"Alice," who had nursed him through his last illness, and had such cause to mourn his loss, did not sink under it. She went to Galloway herself, and brought home her boys and their grandmother to her little farm of Gateside, and there made a home and comfort, not only for them and her other children, but a little later, for another family of orphans of the same name, whose best claim upon her was their entire destitution of means and of other friends.

The widow was sure of one zealous friend and adviser in the minister of the parish, Dr. Drysdale, a man who was then rising into reputation, who afterwards, when one of the ministers of Edinburgh, became

a popular preacher, and a much respected and influential member of the national Church, repeatedly Moderator, and latterly holding the permanent office of Clerk of the General Assembly. Under Dr. Drysdale's direction, the two boys from the Galloway manse went daily to the parish school of Kirkliston, taught by their old friend Mr. Hastie. Attending the school was a boy two days younger than Andrew Dalzel, Robert Liston, son of their neighbour the "goodman in the Overtown," and the friendship begun between him and Liston at Kirkliston School, lasted unbroken through the absences and vicissitudes of a long life. From school the two friends went to college in Edinburgh.

Of their University life little is known. They lived in the same lodgings, and lived the simple cheap life, still fortunately so common among the students of the Scotch Universities. Long afterwards they remembered with pleasure their meals of potatoes and eggs, both probably the produce of the little Kirkliston farms. Of their studies we only know the results. When they had gone their course for a degree, they were already distinguished students, and both found it easy to obtain that employment in private teaching which young men in Scotland so often have recourse to, while undetermined as to their future line of life. Nothing could be more different than the termination of the journey of life which these two schoolfellows began together, and in the same path. But separated by distance, and by such different pursuits, the Ambassador at half the courts of Europe, and the Professor in the quiet Scotch college, continued as fast

friends as when they played together on the village green at Kirkliston. Their correspondence of the most confidential kind extends, with no considerable gap, from 1766 till 1805.

Dalzel's fortune threw him into the family of Lauderdale, and he could not have been more fortunate. His pupils were the young James, Lord Maitland, afterwards eighth Earl of Lauderdale, and his brother Thomas, to both of whom he became warmly attached, and of the former justly proud. The family resided chiefly at Hatton in West Lothian, and the boys came into Edinburgh and stayed during winter, attending the High School and College under the guidance of their young tutor. Dalzel soon became a favourite with the older members of the Lauderdale family. The Earl (James seventh Earl) especially, after he became too deaf to enjoy mixed society, took great pleasure in his company, and his conversation became almost necessary to him, so that long after his duty as tutor had come to an end, Hatton continued his favourite summer retreat, and was his second home. The first of Dalzel's letters I find, among those preserved by Sir Robert Liston, is written from Hatton.

April 2,
1766.

. . . "I think myself exceedingly lucky at last in being here. My Lord Lauderdale I think is one of the most benevolent men I ever met with anywhere. He spares no trouble in serving anybody with whom he is connected, and I flatter myself that he has no bad opinion of me, insomuch that he has done Willy [his brother] some service already, and at present is doing him more."

TO LISTON.

. . . "It is now fixed that I shall be in Edinburgh with my two pupils in Winter. One of Mr. Adam's houses in his court in the Cowgate is taken for the purpose. I hope you and I shall soon meet and taste the happiness of seeing one another often."

Hatton,
September 5,
1766.

TO THE SAME.

. . . "Dr. Drysdale made a fine appearance last night at the dissolution of the Assembly. His exhortation to the clergy was a piece of very manly eloquence indeed, and convinced the members that he is one of the ablest men in the Church of Scotland, a thing which you and I long ago were convinced of. 'Tis to be regretted that his superlative worth and abilities were so long concealed from the public."

Tuesday,
June 1771.

TO THE SAME.

. . . "The President's lady proposed several weeks ago, that her children and my boys, together with several others, should act a play in the great room in Adam Square. Accordingly Lord and Lady Lauderdale agreed to let our boys take parts in it. The play was Tamerlane. Mrs. Barker taught them their parts. It struck me that if I could write a good prologue for the occasion it might have a good effect. Accordingly I produced a prologue, and with Mrs. Barker's assistance, taught my eldest boy to speak it. Tuesday last was the time fixed for the representation. A company of near an hundred select people were invited. The performers were all drest in character, in the most

Edinburgh,
March 9,
1772.

elegant and superb manner you can suppose. The part of the room where the actors were to come on was illuminated with lamps as the stage in the Play-house. In short, the whole affair was so completely conducted, that the spectators were quite astonished, and declared they were never so well entertained with a play in the Theatre. My boys particularly played their parts exceedingly well ; and the prologue, spoken by Lord Maitland, got immense applause. I received many compliments on the occasion, and Sir Adam Ferguson begged a copy of the prologue from me. In short, I find that this stroke, small as it is, has made me be considered as of some importance, and will enable me to appear in company with greater confidence than formerly. Observe, however, that I express my sentiments in this free manner to you only."

April 21.
1772.

Dalzel sent to Liston who, in the interval between other engagements, was then in London assisting Gilbert Stuart in "The London Magazine," a sheet of particulars which he heads, "*Mémoires pour servir à l'histoire du Docteur Robertson*," and from those materials Liston composèd the memoir that appeared in the magazine in the following month, and which was very agreeable to the Principal, who had expected rougher treatment from the editor.

Among Liston's contributions to the magazine were letters from a gentleman on his travels, made up from his own letters to Dalzel and his journals. He and his friend were equally anxious to conceal that he condescended to "write in the magazines," which does not so much surprise us when we look back to that

period, and see what company such writing brought one among.

In 1771, Dalzel had turned his thoughts to the Greek Professorship in his University. The chair was then held by Robert Hunter, a good scholar, but incapable of conveying to his pupils either the accurate learning or the higher taste which ought to accompany the study of Greek. "His method of teaching," says Dr. Somerville, "did not differ materially from that of most country schoolmasters." The Professor was willing to retire from a situation, which he, perhaps, felt himself incapable of filling to advantage, and the approbation of the patrons, the Town-Council, was obtained without difficulty. Dalzel was already known as an accomplished linguist. When Dr. Adam was preparing his Latin grammar, and receiving the friendly criticism and suggestions of many English and Scotch scholars, "the person," he says, "from whom he derived the greatest advantage was Mr. Dalzel, who read over every sheet, and favoured him with the most important observations."¹

Memoirs,
p. 11.

The arrangement² was one of a kind too common at

¹ Dr. Adam's MS. Memoranda in Steven's History of the High School.

² The bond lies before me for £300, by Andrew Dalzel to Mr. Robert Hunter, "joint-professor of Greek with me." It is dated at Hatton, 23d January 1773; The Earl of Lauderdale, cautioner. The bond is paid and discharged 16th May 1776. Professor Hunter died in 1779. He is known in the history of Scotch literature as protesting against the Rector of the High School (Dr. Adam) teaching his boys Greek, which, the Professor maintained, was the ex-

clusive privilege of the University and of his office. Even the grammar and first elements of the language, he contended, were of his domain, and he was very resolute in preserving it.

With regard to the arrangement of survivorships and scarcely concealed sale of professorships, it appears that, at this very time, a similar transaction was projected for Liston in reference to the Professorship of Humanity, which he might have had for £500. But his mind was already turned to a different course of life.

Dec. 21.
1772.

that day. Hunter resigned, receiving £300 from Dalzel. They were appointed joint professors; the salary divided, Dalzel taking the fees! However objectionable the manner of arrangement, the change was one which met universal approbation. "My affair," writes Dalzel, "is now almost finished. My commission is made out, and will be signed in the Town-Council on Wednesday, and the Principal proposes to call a meeting of the College on Thursday, that I may be admitted; after which I think of going to Hatton with my boys during the vacation."

The first misfortune of Dalzel's life was occasioned by the rashness of his eldest brother, William, who, taking what he conceived a short road to riches, failed miserably, and involved his family in his ruin. There was sorrow enough, but no reproaches. The little hereditary property near Hamilton was sold.¹ It was of small value, but they were very fond of it; it had been so long in the family. The farm of Gateside was given up, and the widowed mother removed to a town dwelling, supported by her sons according to their means, but chiefly by Andrew.

ANDREW DALZEL TO HIS MOTHER.

Thirlestane,
Aug. 14.
1772.

. . . "Willy's creditors propose to examine strictly into his affairs, as they think his being owing so much to Captain Maitland, to Mr. Fleming, and to his

¹ From some notes of the titles of this little estate, I see that William Dalzel was infeft as heir to his father John Dalzel in 1647, and in 1678, William was succeeded by his son William.

Like many old names, Dalzel is spelt with innumerable variations. Dalzel's

ancestors used at least three forms. The Professor himself in early life gave his subscription, Andw. Dalziel, but somewhat later elided one of the vowels. It was on occasion of that change that an irreverent College wit observed, "Why not? if thine *i* offend thee, pluck it out!"

brother, looks like a connivance of his friends. This, you know, they will find upon examination not to be the case, so that he will come off with a fair character at least, which is of great importance.

“I beg you will let me know, by a line, at least eight or ten days before you run out of money, and I will supply you in proper time; and endeavour to make yourself as easy as possible, for I hope you shall never want. The providence of God has never as yet forsaken us, although we have indeed been unfortunate.”

ANDREW DALZEL TO HIS BROTHER JOHN, HERMITAGE ESTATE,
GRENADA.

. . . “Willy had, without my knowledge, got Captain John Maitland to sign his bills to the amount of £300, which his brother Peter had to pay. . . . Willy owes me £100, and you as much, which we must both lay our account with losing. . . . Poor man! he has an honest and generous spirit, but too easily imposed upon. . . . Our mother is settled in a little neat house in a very comfortable way. She is in good health, and is reconciled to your being left abroad, as she has been made acquainted with the situation of our affairs. About two months after you went away, I informed her of Archy’s and of your departure. She bore the news better than I expected, but was not pleased it had been concealed from her so long.

“After the disagreeable part of my letter, I must now inform you of my own good fortune, and that I am now Professor of Greek in this University, in conjunction with Mr. Hunter, who is now seventy

Edinburgh,
Feb. 6.
1773.

years of age. The whole charge of the class is to devolve on me next winter, when Mr. Hunter retires from labour, and retains the salary for life. If the class be no worse to me than it has been to him, it will bring me near £200 per annum. I still continue, however, with my present pupils, perhaps for several years. I am under very great obligations to Lord Lauderdale, and will do everything in my power to serve him. I could not have procured the above office without his interest with the Magistrates of Edinburgh, who are the patrons. . . . I shall now have it in my power, if I live and keep my health, to support our mother and sister in a decent manner. . . . Neglect not to write to me, and direct to me, Professor, etc. . . . I sincerely wish you all health, happiness, and success, and am, my dear Jock, your affectionate brother,

ANDW. DALZEL."

Aug.-Oct.
1774.

In 1774, Dalzel paid a visit to Paris, in company with his pupils, the young Maitlands. Like all Scotsmen then, he was recommended to Principal Gordon of the Scots College, and Mr. Lumisden. But he had other good introductions, and he tried to benefit by his opportunity of seeing whatever was most worthy of observation in the French capital. He witnessed the funeral ceremony of Louis xv. in Notre Dame, visited Versailles, and found the palace less heavy, and the gardens, with all their art, "not so detestable" as he expected; heard D'Alembert's *éloges* on Boileau and Fénélon at the Academy on St. Louis's day—both much more trifling than he expected from a

person of so great celebrity, "but prodigiously applauded by the audience, in the manner they applaud a good actor in a theatre, which gave an air of frivolity," etc. He was delighted with the French theatres, even before he could perfectly follow the dialogue; saw Lekain, Brizard, and Mad. Dumesnil all together in one piece; saw Racine's "Britannicus," and Voltaire's "Orphelin de la Chine," "with immense pleasure." Then the party partook of the dancing lessons of M. Gardel, and their fencing-master was the great Motet; and Dalzel left Paris "just when he had come to relish it exceedingly."

The new Professor set himself earnestly to the work of his class, which, in his predecessor's hands, had dwindled to the lowest ebb. The first session showed what he could do, and proved too that the taste for Greek literature was not yet dead in Scotland. At the beginning of the second, he writes:—"My numbers this season are greatly increased. I have about 110 or 112 students attending me, which, I believe, is the most numerous Greek class ever known in this College."

Dec. 16,
1774.

During the summer of 1775, Dalzel accompanied his first pupil, Lord Maitland, to Oxford, where the young man was entered at Trinity, and resided for a term. His friend and tutor was treated very courteously. The College was then flourishing and fashionable. Dalzel notes that a son of Lord North was there, also a son of Lord Hertford, and several other young men of fortune. The Fellows were very civil—more hospitable, I fear, than in modern times; they at once invited the Scotch Professor to be of their

society, and he dined at their table in hall, and associated with them after dinner and at supper in their common-room. He was not struck with their learning or love of study. Indeed, notwithstanding so much personal kindness, he left Oxford with a very low opinion of its literature and its discipline. "You know very well," he says, "that very little study goes on at Oxford except among a few book-worms that shut themselves up, and do not associate with others." Long after, while admitting that a youth may acquire scholarship at the English Universities, he says, "dissipation, idleness, drinking, and gambling are also to be learned there. The English Universities are huge masses of magnificence and form, but ill calculated to promote the cause of science or of liberal inquiry."

These expressions were not the mere ebullition of national prejudice ; and we have seen they were not caused by personal disappointment or injured vanity. That the opinion he had formed had some foundation in the existing state of the great southern universities, was proved by the number of young Englishmen of high expectations who then began to seek a liberal education in Scotland. But, though thus passing a severe censure on the English Universities, Dalzel learned to know and value some of those retired students who have at all times kept alive the lamp of learning at Oxford ; and it must not be supposed that the kindly genial scholar was insensible to the courtesy and good fellowship of highly cultivated men, who admitted him to their society so liberally. With several of the

Fellows of Trinity, Dalzel kept up a friendly correspondence for some time, and passages of literary communion and mutual information took place between him and Thomas Warton, who was one of them.

FROM THE REV. R. HILL, FELLOW OF TRINITY COLLEGE,
OXFORD.

. . . "I deferred for a few days, that I might send you the earliest account of the Duchess of Kingston's trial, but no sooner was I returned from the Hall, on Monday last, with a determination of executing my purpose, than I was summoned to Oxford on account of the President's¹ death, . . . after a very short illness, in the eightieth year of his age. He was buried last Thursday in the College chapel, and followed to the grave by his widow and son George as chief mourners, attended by all the members of the Society then in town. Next Thursday is fixed for returning two members, that are or have been of the foundation, to our Visitor, the Bishop of Winchester, who nominates one of them to be President. Messrs. Warton and Chapman are the only names mentioned, and who, unless I am greatly mistaken, will be returned by the College."

Oxford,
April 28,
1776.

FROM THE SAME.

. . . "I was much deceived in my account to you about the future President. Mr. Chapman is nominated by the Visitor, and, in order to exclude Mr. Warton, Mr. Jesse was returned with him. Three of the

June 5,
1776.

¹ Dr. George Huddesford.

Senior Fellows, Drs. Peisley, Parker, and Willmott, turned the election against Mr. Warton. By what motive they were actuated I know not, but in my opinion, the College is essentially injured by their choice. Exclusive of his literary character, I think Mr. Warton was by nature formed for this appointment. You are well acquainted with his temper, and therefore it is needless to inform you that he is one of the best-natured men that ever lived. To this amiable quality is added a sincere regard for the College, which, I am fully persuaded, would have improved and flourished under his guidance." . . .

FROM THE SAME.

Trin. Coll.
Dec. 29, 1776.

. . . "Since my last, nothing in particular has happened in College worth communicating. By the promotion of Dr. Porteous to the see of Chester, it is supposed that the mastership of Saint Cross, near Winchester, will become vacant; and as the disposal of it at this time devolves to the Crown, we hope that Mr. Warton may be nominated to it. This piece of preferment would be most agreeable to him, as it is a place that he is particularly fond of, and situated near his brother."

Then follows gossip about the projected marriage of Mr. North and the rich Miss Egerton; about a jolly Fellow, who required the support of a stick in one hand and to hold by the wall on the other, and yet, notwithstanding these infirmities, was "still a *bon vivant*, and as accurate a toastmaster as ever he was."

FROM THOMAS WARTON.

“DEAR SIR,—Lord Maitland’s battells, with your own, are something more than fifty pounds. The balance will be easily settled when we have the pleasure of seeing you at Oxford. Trin. Coll.
Oxon, Dec.
31, 1776.

“I am exceedingly obliged to you for your information concerning the literary works now going forward in Scotland. I wish I could send you as good an account of what we are doing at Oxford in that way. Nothing, I think, is in our press but what you left there. But the new editions of Euripides and of Tully, both in the most magnificent quarto, are nearly finished. I expect the greatest pleasure from the new publications you mention of Robinson and Beattie.

“I have your Essay in safe custody, which has much more merit than I can attempt to point out in the compass of a letter. We will talk that subject over when we meet in the spring. I ought now to be ashamed to speak of myself as an author, but you must excuse my freedom. Only one half of my second volume of the History of English Poetry is yet finished at press, but I have just printed a small volume of my Poems, which will be published in February or before. You will do me the greatest favour in communicating some more literary intelligence from Scotland.

“I beg my best compliments to Lord Maitland; and am, with the greatest regard and esteem, dear Sir, your most affectionate, humble servant,

“T. WARTON.”

“*P.S.*—I should have wrote before, but our Audit, which lasts many days, is but just over.”

I give the reply here, though out of the order of date. Dalzel is again in England, and has visited Warton.

DALZEL TO T. WARTON.

Andover,
Sept. 19,
1777.

“DEAR SIR,—As the shortness of my stay at Winchester deprived me of having the pleasure of your company so long as I could have wished, I cannot leave this place without taking this method of expressing my thanks for the great instruction and entertainment I have had from different parts of your writings.

“I should, indeed, long before now, have answered a very obliging letter which I had from you when I was at Edinburgh, but the expectation of seeing you at Oxford was the reason of my long silence.

“Without mentioning the instruction I obtained from a perusal of the first volume of the History of English Poetry, I have to thank you, in a particular manner, for the assistance I have had as a teacher from your noble edition of Theocritus. Having occasion to explain some part of that poet to the students of Edinburgh last session, I freely made use of your excellent notes; and in giving them an account of pastoral poetry in particular, your discourse prefixed to Theocritus enabled me to put that subject in a clear point of view, while, at the same time, I took the opportunity of making them acquainted with the author to whom we were so much indebted. Finding that the students entered into the spirit of many of the

Idyllia, when properly explained, I even ventured to set before them the humour of the *Syracusan women*, which your labours, joined with those of Mr. Toup, have so successfully illustrated, and I concluded the explanation of the Greek, by rehearsing Lloyd's humorous imitation in English.

"In giving an account of the Olympic games, 'New-market, a Satire,' afforded me an opportunity of contrasting them with the favourite English entertainment of horse-racing; and the panegyric on Greece, at the conclusion of the poem, was so much to my purpose, that I could not deny myself the pleasure of quoting it—

'Greece! how I kindle at thy sacred name!' etc.

In short, so much of what you have published tends to illustrate those studies in which I happen to be engaged, I flatter myself you will accept of this as a sincere and unaffected acknowledgment of what I consider as due to you on my part. I hope we shall soon have the pleasure of seeing the second volume of the *History of English Poetry*.

"I set out for Edinburgh to-morrow, soon to begin the labours of the ensuing session, and if anything there occurs in the literary way that is worth communicating, I shall again take the liberty to write to you.

"I beg you would take the trouble to present my best respects to your brother, whose agreeable conversation I was obliged to give up so soon; and believe me, with the greatest esteem and regard, yours most sincerely,

A. DALZEL."

Returning to Scotland, we have next a letter from a philosopher and enthusiastic scholar :—

FROM LORD MONBODDO.

“MONBODDO, *March 23, 1776.*

“SIR,—I had the favour of your letter, and I am glad to find that my present was agreeable to you. The design of this part of my work is, I think, good—to preserve, or restore where it is lost, classical learning, to which your zeal and abilities in your profession will contribute not a little. I hope you think that while I have done all justice to the Greek learning, I have shown no unjust partiality to the Latin, though I have exposed pretty severely some authors in that language, but, I hope, fairly; praising their beauties at the same time that I note their faults. And, indeed, if I can preserve the Latin learning in this country, it will be *δεύτερος πλοῦς*, and, I think, not a bad voyage.

“I am much pleased with your quotation from Æneas Sylvius and Laurus Quirinus in praise of the Greek learning. The first we have some connexion with, for he was here as the Pope’s legate, and has left us a very curious account of the country; but as to the other, I know nothing. What they say shows that there was some knowledge of the Greek literature in the western part of Europe even before the taking of Constantinople. Of this there are other proofs, and, if I am not mistaken, there was a learned man who called himself Philalethes, that went from Italy to Greece in the beginning of the fifteenth century,

and married an Athenian woman in order to learn the true Attic ; and there was a famous library of Greek books at Otranto in Italy.

“I hope you will do me the favour to note any mistakes you discover in this volume, and set them down, in order to show me that, if I do not instruct by my publications, I may at least be instructed, which is hitherto the chief fruit I have reaped from them. I am, very sincerely, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

JA. BURNETT.”

“MR. DALZEL, Professor of Greek in
the University of Edinburgh.”

The letters from which I endeavour to glean the few events of a scholar's life, contain notices of books and men now famous. It is pleasant to see them as they appeared to their contemporaries :—

TO LISTON.

“Dr. Adam Smith's long-expected work has at last come abroad in two volumes quarto. It is entitled, “An Inquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations.” I have not read it, but am told it is very masterly indeed. There is published also a first volume, quarto, of a History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, by Edward Gibbon, Esq., a member of Parliament. It is also said to be a very masterly work, and is by some put on a level with the historical productions of Hume and Robertson. Some extracts I have seen of it are beautiful, yet perhaps too flowery and pompous for history. But the subject is grand,

May 3,
1776.

and bears it.¹ Lord Monboddo has also published a third volume, the subject of which is *style*, and the Edinburgh reviewers are thrashing it with an iron flail. You see this season has been fertile in the literary way. David Hume's health is declining. He is gone to London to consult Sir John Pringle."

Oct. 15,
1776.

The letter which followed contains the news of Hume's death, and the now well-known story of his bequest to John Home of some dozens of claret, on condition of his signing the acknowledgment with his name spelt *Hume*. Then more literary gossip :—

"Dr. Robertson has now in the press two quarto

¹ While the scholar in the remote University was hazarding criticisms about the style of "Edward Gibbon, Esq., a member of Parliament," the historian of the "Decline and Fall" was not insensible to the opinions of the society in which Dalzel lived. While this sheet is passing through the press, my friend, Mr. James Gibson Craig has handed me a letter addressed to Professor Ferguson, which, I think, has not been printed previously. The Professor's answer of 18th April is known. Chambers's Scotch Biographical Dictionary, *voc.* Ferguson.

MR. GIBBON TO PROFESSOR FERGUSON.

Bentinck
Street,
April the 1st,
1776.

"DEAR SIR,—I shall not pretend to deny that your approbation and that of your literary friends at Edinburgh, has given me very great pleasure. I am not proud enough to be above vanity, and I have always looked up with the most sincere respect towards the northern part of our island, whither taste and philosophy seemed to have retired from the smoke and hurry of this immense capital. Your good opinion, in particular, I should wish to cultivate, and am pleased to under-

stand from some passages in your letter that you are engaged in a work which I am convinced will stand in the same proportion to my imperfect essay as the Roman Republic may be conceived to have done, if compared with the lower ages of the declining Empire.

"What an excellent work is that with which our common friend, Mr. Adam Smith, has enriched the public! —an extensive science in a single book, and the most profound ideas expressed in the most perspicuous language. He proposes visiting you very soon, and I find that he means to exert his most strenuous endeavours to persuade Mr. Hume to return with him to town. I am sorry to hear that the health and spirits of that truly great man are in a less favourable state than his friends could wish, and I am sure that you will joyn your efforts in convincing him of the benefits of exercise, dissipation, and change of air.

"If I were not afraid of being too troublesome, I would desire you to inform me by a line, of the particulars of his present condition, as well as of his intentions.—I am, dear Sir, your most faithful and obedient servant,

"E. GIBBON."

volumes of his History of the Discovery and Conquest of America, which is only a part of the work. He sold the two volumes for £2000 and upwards.

“The Lord Advocate was at Hatton a few days ago, accompanied by Dr. Robertson. They dined and stayed the night. Robertson was in great spirits, and shone prodigiously in conversation, which he almost wholly engrossed; but the prodigious flow of his eloquence and his admirable good sense excused the importance he assumed. He is surely a very able man.”

Dalzel this summer, besides preparation for his class, which was a work of serious labour to him, was reading with Lord Maitland, to enable him to benefit by the instruction of Professor Millar of Glasgow, in whose house he spent the following winter, and Dalzel visited him there.

“Our classes are rather more numerous than they were last year, and we are going on with sufficient spirit. I was at Glasgow during the Christmas vacation, to see Lord Maitland. He is doing extremely well with Millar, who is an excellent professor. Besides him, he has other three boarders in his house, among whom is the late David Hume’s nephew, an exceeding clever young fellow. Millar has vast merit in inspiring them with an enthusiasm for law, and literary and political knowledge. Lord Maitland has entered quite into the spirit of going on in law and politics, and I am mistaken if he does not make a figure. He discovers a fine talent for speaking, and he is possessed of great ambition, and a confidence of

Jan. 19,
1777.

succeeding in the line he has chosen. He has a fine spirit too, and is liked by all his companions. . . . He will go to England in summer, and return to Millar next winter."

While Dalzel was thus steadily pursuing his course,—teaching his class in winter, increasing it; giving life and spirit to the study of Greek in Edinburgh; looking after his first pupils at Hatton or Glasgow; repaying with infinite attentions the kindness he had received from the Lauderdales; making himself a position among the choice circle of Edinburgh society; securing many new friends, losing none,—his early comrade Liston had not been inactive. He had left college with sufficient scholastic accomplishment to be thought eligible for various professorships in moral science and "humanity," and his friends Dalzel and Dr. Drysdale were most anxious to fix him to a college life. But he never cordially went into their views, and struck out a line for himself. Beginning as a tutor to young men of fortune, he accompanied some of them on their travels on the Continent, where he acquired an uncommon facility of modern languages. That accomplishment was then so uncommon in England that it opened the way for his advancement. In 1773, he wished to succeed Professor Muirhead at Glasgow. At the same time, George Stuart (Gilbert's father), Professor of Humanity at Edinburgh, wanted to sell him his Professorship for £500 and the salary. But, just then (1773-74) he had an offer to go as secretary with Mr. Hugh Elliot to Munich, and his lot was fixed. He became secretary to Mr. Elliot, the ambassador to Bavaria, *Chargé-d'Affaires*

in his absence, moved to Lord Mountstuart's embassy at Turin and Madrid, and so progressively through the whole grades of the diplomatic service. Like Dalzel he was bred in a good school, and like his friend he bestowed the first fruits of his success on his mother at the Overtown or "Damhead" (now translated "Millburn"), whose remains of life he rendered comfortable from his purse, and happy and proud in his dutiful affection.

In a letter from Ratisbon, Liston writes : " I forgot to mention to you before I left Scotland, that if I die I have desired nobody may have the inspection of any papers I have left at Overtown but you. As to publishing, I believe I have never wrote anything which even the weakest of my friends with all their partiality would be foolish enough to send abroad. If they were capable of entertaining such a design, I know your friendship and judgment would prevent it. If anything should happen to me, and anything should be found here upon the subject of the Germanic constitution, or any topic relating to my present business, I beg you will consider my intentions with regard to it as the same (I mean that it be by no means published) unless I have explicitly declared the contrary."

June 16,
1776.

Though occupied with politics, Liston was still alive to literature, and he sometimes joined the two objects happily enough. Thus, at one time, he sends two specimens of his poetical attempts, "the one in the epigrammatic, the other in the pastoral-sentimental way," introducing them thus :—

Berlin,
April 4,
1778.

“You know, I suppose, by the newspapers, that the Emperor, after having seized upon nearly half of Bavaria, which it was thought ought to have descended almost entire, to the Elector Palatine, sent a Chamberlain to Munich to present to his Electoral Highness the ensigns of the Golden Fleece; of which order he had consented to be. Upon that occasion the following French verses came here from Potsdam, supposed, I know not with what foundation, to be written by the King of Prussia.

En tout temps en tout lieu la toison des brebis
Du tondeur fut le profit ;
Mais dans ce moment-ci, par un trait tout nouveau,
A un tondu le tondeur en a fait le cadeau.

“The thought appeared to me good, and here is my translation:—

When vulgar shepherds shear their sheep,
The cruel hinds their fleeces keep ;
But gentle Joseph, generous swain !
Gives his shorn lamb the *Fleece* again.

“Mr. Elliot, and one or two more who have seen it, say it is better by much than the original. What say you of it ?

“The foundation of my love song (for I do not yet pretend to much original poetic fire), was an expression I found in a German ditty of the same stamp ; *I kiss the fleeting wind*. Upon this basis I raised the following fabric :—

In every dale, in every grove
I've sought in vain to find my love ;
My love, my life, my angel, say
Where do thy wildered footsteps stray ?
My love, my life, my angel, say
Where do thy wildered footsteps stray ?

Each pleasing sound that strikes my ear,
 Methinks thy gentle voice I hear,
 I answer every echoing hill,
 And run to meet each murmuring rill.
 My love, my life, my angel, say
 Where do thy wildered footsteps stray ?

The fragrant breeze that fans the heath
 Conveys, methinks, thy balmy breath.
 I grasp, I kiss the fleeting gale,—
 It flies, unfeeling, down the vale.
 My love, my life, my angel, say
 Where do thy wildered footsteps stray ?

“I mean you should make two uses of these last verses. First, to give me your criticisms frankly ; second, to palm them upon Miss Nimmo for a posthumous piece of Shenstone’s, and not undeceive her till you have my further orders.”

The Secretary’s *jeux-d’esprit* were received with due honour and friendly criticism.

TO LISTON.

. . . “The evening I received them, I had engaged several friends to supper in my rooms, chiefly on account of an Aberdeen Professor I wanted to be civil to ; his name, Trail. I had asked Henry Mackenzie, Ned M’Cormick, Professor Robison, Professor Stewart (Dugald Stewart), and one or two more. I read the epigram to them in French, and then the translation. All agreed that the translation was excellent. It suited H. Mackenzie extremely. He got them by heart, and I find repeats them in companies. The song I palmed off upon Miss Nimmo with great ease, as you desired me, for a posthumous piece of Shenstone transmitted to me by an English correspondent.

Edinburgh,
 May 4,
 1778.

The translation of the epigram is excellent. Perhaps in the last line, instead of "shorn lamb" you might read "shorn ram." "Gentle Joseph" is a great improvement on the original. The song is charming. It has a solemn prettiness in it which I like. Perhaps by some it might be said to border on conceit ; but in a little song there is no harm in that. I wish there were a good tune for it," etc.

Then comes some College news :—

"I have almost resolved upon a plan suggested by my friend Mr. Stewart. We have lately revived the giving of degrees with all the formalities, in the common hall, which hall is such a shabby place, it is mortifying for the University or Senatus Academicus to appear in it. I am, therefore, at the beginning of the next session to offer to give a course of lectures upon poetry ; the tickets, two guineas, to be distributed by the Magistrates, for the purpose of repairing the said hall ; which, there is no question, will draw a very considerable sum. I prepare the lectures this summer, so that the reading of them in the winter will cost no trouble, and I propose to open the hall after it is repaired, with a Latin harangue. Dugald and I see many advantages from all this. Pray write me your opinion."

Perhaps this is the place to preserve an undated epistle of Dr. Gregory, in the language which he wielded so easily :—

"Andreæ Dalzel Jacobus Gregory, *s. p. d.* Si vales bene est : ego quoque valeo. Vehementer dudum cupivi te iterum aspicere et tuo frui colloquio : id-

que non modo amicitiae et voluptatis causa—quae amicitia quanta sit non verbis spero esse opus ut tu perspectum habeas—sed revera quod tuo insuper auxilio multum egeam : intermissos diu labores denuo aggressus, aliquantum jam provexi et nonnulla scripsi quae tuas emendationes postulant. Rogo igitur et obsecro mecum prandeas proximo die Martis : vel si hic dies minus tibi conveniat, fac sciam quonam alio die magis tibi commodum fuerit venire.

Piget sane placidum quo frueris otium et omnium laborum oblivionem meis negotiis rupisse et res Academicas minus forte gratas et sacro silentio dignas quamdiu fata siverint in memoriam revocasse. Spero tamen quod amicitia petiverit amicum non recusaturum.

Quare si neque rus amoenum te totum possidet, neque dulcis veterum laborum oblivio, neque dulcior novorum quos Nymphæ non invito imposuerunt memoria laborum, nec aliæ minores res detineant ; neque demum splendida cui diu assueveris mensa te tenuem nostram fastidire fecerit, venturum expectavero. Conabor saltem te ἀλιμον καὶ ἀδιψον præstare. Quod si omnino nequeas aut nolis venire, num chartas meas virgines omnes (raras ni fallor aves in pago ubi tu degis), tuto ad te possum mittere et quomodo ? Nam perii si perierint. Vale.

Edinburgi pridie Idus Augusti."

The correspondence in my hands is in one view a memorial of a life-long attachment between Dalzel and

Manchester,
August 16,
1778.

the family of his first pupils, and we cannot avoid feeling interested in the young man whose childhood and youth he had watched and trained with such anxiety, and whose distinguished manhood he was to glory in. In the autumn of 1778, he was with Lord Maitland, and, strange as it may appear, he had chosen Manchester for their place of reading. "I am here in company with Lord Maitland. He is prosecuting his plan of study with unremitting diligence. We went first to Chester, after having loitered in Scotland till the 16th of June, but in consequence of a letter of recommendation to a gentleman there, we became too much exposed to go into company, which being inconsistent with Lord Maitland's plan, we left that place after a stay of five weeks, and came to this town with a resolution to take lodgings and to be quite *incog.*; for which purpose, Lord M. goes by a fictitious name, and not a creature in the place knows who we are."

Edinburgh
College,
February 16,
1779.

Next year Liston had sent his friend the "Eloge on Voltaire," and Dalzel tells him,—“It was a great feast to Dr. Robertson, whom I favoured with a reading of it. . . . The Doctor, you know, avails himself in conversation, of any curious intelligence he gets, and I understand that the ‘Eloge’ had furnished him with matter in several companies. He excited, among that of others, the curiosity of the Duchess of Buccleuch, who applied for a perusal of it. . . .

“Dugald Stewart is teaching in Ferguson's room, by appointment of the Town-Council, and is making a wonderful figure, although he undertook the office at eight days' notice. The great fluency and distinct-

ness with which he speaks, and the extent of his knowledge upon the different subjects of the course, are amazing. He speaks from Ferguson's Institutes ; as the scheme was, in case he should come home during the session, that Mr. Stewart should give up the chair to him, and allow him to follow the course himself. The students even like him better than Ferguson."

Mr. Liston chanced to be in England when Lord Maitland made his first appearance as a speaker in Parliament. It was the *début* also of a greater orator, young William Pitt.

FROM LISTON TO DALZEL.

"You will know before this can reach you that Lord Maitland pronounced his maiden speech last night in the House of Commons, on the motion for the second reading of Mr. Burke's celebrated bill. You will be glad, I know, to have an opinion of his appearance more satisfactory to *you* than the account given in the newspapers. He seemed a little awed and flurried when he first got up ; and no wonder ; there were above four hundred members present, and the gallery full as it could hold. I felt my heart beat when I saw him rise. He was, however, perfectly master of his ideas, and his anxiety had in my opinion a good effect upon his manner and elocution. There was an unction and an interest to me in what he said, derived from this circumstance, which was much in his favour. I need not tell you that his speech was a bold attack upon the Ministry, and an animated support of the bill. He was sensible, strong, and directly to the

London,
February 27,
1780.

point ; his action vehement but graceful ; his delivery spirited—perhaps more violent than the cool rules of propriety admit of, but not too much for a young man. His pronunciation was better than I expected ; and I did not perceive that it much hurt the ears of those who sat near me, though they were extremely offended with the Lord Advocate's accent. This makes me think that my Lord may, if he chooses, get over every defect of that kind. He certainly ought immediately to take lessons, as Wedderburn did, of some man in London, that has a turn for elocution and a nice ear. There is a degree of inaccuracy in his language which I am afraid is more difficult to cure. But happily this is a defect of smaller importance in a popular assembly. Few even of the best speakers are perfectly correct.

“ A son of Lord Chatham's, and several other young members, distinguished themselves in last night's debate, and many compliments were paid to them by the other speakers, especially by Mr. Burke, who at the close of the night, said that he could not avoid considering this day as a day of triumph and glory, from the noble support his bill had met with, particularly from the young members of the House. That, however gloomy his present hour might be, he could not help looking forward with exultation to the time when the government of this country was likely to be in the hands of those who had given such flattering hopes of their ability and character, or rather, who had risen at once to the height of excellence. He hoped they would show themselves worthy of their glorious ancestors, that they would keep in mind and emulate

the services done to their country by their fathers, their *uncles*, etc. etc. (I suppose the word *uncles* to be meant for Lord M.)”

The young orator had again been mentioned with praise, to which the following is the reply.

DALZEL TO LISTON.

“I am particularly obliged to you for the information concerning Lord M. Your account of his speech on the Berwickshire election I received last Friday. I am glad he appeared so strongly on the side of friendship, without any regard to opposition to Government. I understand this speech has gained him still greater credit than the first. His father has had several very flattering letters about it, and it is agreed that it had great weight in the House. Mr. Onslow, who had spoke before him, told one of Lord Maitland’s friends that he *shrunk* for his motion whenever he found that ‘frowning young man’ differ from him in opinion.”

March 28,
1781.

LISTON TO DALZEL.

... “Mr. Eden, our envoy at Copenhagen, wants a secretary, the gentleman who is with him at present having an immediate prospect of a provision at home. He has written to me to beg I will recommend one to him, and he mentions the Scots Universities as the most likely places where a proper person is to be found, particularly as he has been told the knowledge of the French language is more common there than in England. He wishes he may be above rather than under

Berlin,
December 1,
1781.

five-and-twenty, and lays great and deserved stress upon good humour. In other respects he leaves the matter entirely to me.

“Though I am confident there are many young men of good education and abilities that would be happy to embrace this offer, and though it may even be an agreeable enough office for you to furnish an immediate provision to some one of your *protégés*, yet I feel it a difficult and delicate commission.

“When I suppose myself in the station of a principal, and consider the different qualities I should wish to find in the person that was to be my secretary, I am almost afraid to make the formidable enumeration. I should chose to be able to make him my friend and companion, and in this light, and as my constant domestic society, how necessary is it that he should be gentle, yielding, forbearing, not given to that disputative turn which is a most common fault in the manners of our younger countrymen, particularly of that class from which you would most probably make the selection ! Above all, how essential is good nature, without which, the life of two persons confined within the same walls, and obliged to communicate with each other, is the devil indeed ! He must be an able assistant at home and abroad, and sometimes a deputy. It is unnecessary to mention that he should write a good hand, and that he must have a turn for method and regularity in business, industry, application. He must perfectly possess his own language, and unite the accuracy of an author with the elegance and ease of a man of fashion. His knowledge of French ought

not to be inferior. A facility of expression and good accent is necessary for one part of his business ; a critical acquaintance with the principles, and even the refinements of the language, not less so for the other. He ought to have a gentleman-like figure and carriage, knowledge of the world, discernment of men and things. Above all, he must be steady, moderate, prudent, discreet.

“ And what is the recompense of these varied and multiplied talents and accomplishments ? a salary of a hundred pounds a year ! It is all that Envoys give ; it is all they can afford to give ; and it is all that can with certainty be promised to a Secretary, were he even possessed of all this accumulation of good qualities. He has not even a perfect security for the enjoyment of this for ever. There are instances, though they are not frequent, that a change of Administration has affected a Foreign minister, and of course his second. There is pleasure, it will perhaps be said, in being better informed than others of the circumstances of public transactions, in viewing more nearly the springs of the great political machine of Europe, etc. etc. The young man may be left *Chargé-d’Affaires*. This is probable but not certain. If he is, he is in the eye of the Ministry, and has an opportunity of recommending himself by the manner in which he executes his business. It is possible the Ministry may take a fancy to him, and may raise him to the rank of a principal. This is possible, and that is all that can be said of it. The person who accepts the post of secretary with a view to this, is like a man who should put his patri-

mony into the State lottery in hopes of winning the £20,000 prize. I rather you would not mention it to the person you make choice of, as within the sphere of contingencies. I should wish you could find a young man whose views were very moderate, such, for instance, as a small living in the Church of England, or, if his luck be good, a Consulship. The favour of his principal, and the protection of a Secretary of State, might probably procure him one of those. Or if you know a young gentleman, heir to a small property, who wished to spend his time agreeably (and not unprofitably, in regard to knowledge and improvement) till he should succeed his father, this would be still preferable.

“For the rest, you will endeavour to unite as many of the above qualifications as you can, remembering always that common sense is more necessary than original genius ; a turn for language and for the world an essential requisite ; and that good humour is the *sine qua non*.”

1782.
January 26.

The first notice of any publication intended for the benefit of the Professor's classes occurs in 1782. “I am very busy just now, indeed extremely so, preparing some grammatical things for my boys of the first class, which I intend to print, without my name, under the title of *Fragmenta grammatices Græcæ ad usum tironum in litteris Græcis in Academia Edinensi*. It is intended to supply the defects of Moor's Grammar.”

February 8.

Afterwards he says, “As it is done *en professeur*, I

am taking great pains upon it."¹ "At present I am studying Greek very hard, being inclined to carry on my grammar, as the specimen I have printed is much applauded by connoisseurs. I want to make an effort to show that I have some skill in my own branch."

June 20.

"I am, along with my grammatical works, just now printing a Greek Collection from various authors for the use of my advanced class."

August 19.

TO LISTON AT TURIN.

"MY DEAREST BOB,—I never was so deep in your debt for letters as I am at present. I have punctually received all the five from Turin, and four of them are lying open before me, to none of which (to my shame be it spoken) I have yet made any return. A variety of things have occurred to make me delay writing to you from day to day, till now I am quite ashamed of my iniquity. At the time we come to town to begin our winter's work, we are in a perpetual hurry; and, added to this hurry, I have in the press a collection of Greek from different authors, which I am to have ready, at least part of it, for my second class. Every day I could spare I have gone out to Hatton to see the young folks (Lord Maitland and his bride). Lord M. has been ill of an ague, and I have been as much as possible with him. In short, what with making calls, dining with one's friends, correcting the press, going out to Hatton and returning to town, etc. etc., I have neglected writing to you in a most scandalous manner.

Edin. Coll.
Nov. 6,
1781.

¹ First published as a Supplement to 1782. The sixth edition was printed Moor's Grammar; Edinburgh, 8vo. in 1798.

. . . I am extremely happy to find you writing to me in such high spirits. I can perceive a certain *gaieté de cœur* diffused over your letters that delights me above measure, and I am ready to give you credit for all your ideas of approaching grandeur. Yes, by G—! you *shall* be secretary to an embassy; and after you have spent some pleasant years in that career, we will spend the evening of life together. . . .

“This has been the saddest season ever remembered in this country. There is a great deal of corn to cut down yet, even in the Lothians, and, while I write to you, the ground is covered with snow.”

TO THE SAME.

Nov. 30.
1782.

. . . “I believe I told you that I am printing a Collection from different authors, for the use of my students, accompanied with philological notes, and that I have promised to put part of it into their hands this session. This, with the other business which I have to do at present, takes up almost every moment of my time. The publication, however, is very much approved of. Hill at St. Andrews has constantly been prompting me to set it on foot, and is to read the book with his students. It is to consist of two volumes—one verse, the other prose—and I hope to contrive so as to make it be read in some of the schools of England. I never had such a sufficient apology for writing short letters to you, or fewer of them. In three weeks, however, I hope to have the historical part of the prose volume finished, and then I shall take a rest.

“Our college is rather fuller this session than I once expected. In point of gain, I think it will be the best session I have yet had. Ferguson is teaching his own class this session, after a vacation on his part of two years. The effect of it is curious. Ferguson has the pleasure to find that his former fame is again revived. He has got a most crowded class. The students are sitting, some of them, in the gallery, in the manner they did when we attended him in his vigorous days; and, though he is living on vegetables and water, he is lecturing with uncommon spirit. He comes to the class wrapped up in a thick cloak, or in a chair, and gives but four lectures in the week.

“I find that the publishing of my *Fragmenta* and the prospect of my new Greek *Collectanea* are likely to establish my reputation as a teacher, and to keep up my classes as long as I have vigour to do the duty of them. Dr. Monro said, in a meeting of the Curators of the Library yesterday, that Mr. D. had more to brag of than any man in the College, for that Greek was going fast down-hill, till he revived it. But these sort of things are *entre nous*, you know.

“Lord Buchan is kicking up a sad dust about his Antiquarian Society. He wants a Royal Charter, which the University and the Faculty of Advocates are to oppose;—the University, because there is a risk of his erecting certain lectureships injurious to the College; and the Advocates, because they consider their Library as the repository of Scots antiquities. He has admitted such a number of ragamuffins into the Society of Antiquaries, that the respectable mem-

bers are resigning very fast, and joining the University and Faculty of Advocates in an application for a Royal Charter for a new Society, to include every sort of literature, on the plan of the Berlin Society.

“I received a letter from Lord Buchan two days ago, in which he threatens our College with a Royal visitation, if we continue to oppose his obtaining his charter. In the Royal visitation, all the abuses of the University are to be inquired into and exposed. . . . Part of my answer was as follows :—‘ With respect to the Royal visitation with which you are pleased to threaten us, if your Lordship’s interest is really sufficient to accomplish that, there is not a more acceptable thing in the world you could do to the University, or anything which would entitle your Lordship half so much to the warmest applause of its members, for I am convinced it was never in such a flourishing condition since its foundation as it is at present, nor better prepared to rise with redoubled lustre from any scrutiny. . . .

“Peace is much talked of since the prorogation of Parliament. Sir John Henderson, your old acquaintance, supped with me last night, in company with Mr. Lumisden from Paris, who could not be in Edinburgh without being in my house, he had formerly shown me so many civilities. I buried my poor old servant Robert on Thursday last. He was an honest creature. Though he was not a very alert hand at table, yet he had many good qualities, and I find I shall miss him. . . . In consideration of his being more than thirty years about College, four Professors supported his pall to the grave.”

FROM LISTON TO DALZEL.

"I continue to be on very good terms, and very happy. At present I am come to Madrid to take and fit up a house for the winter. I say *fit up*, for unfortunately, I can find none to suit me, furnished; a most melancholy circumstance! I have taken one, small, but beautifully situated in the finest street in Madrid, and I may almost say, the prettiest street in the world. What would you think of taking shipping at Leith for Bilboa and coming to see me?"

Madrid,
October 27,
1783.

FROM THE SAME.

"You are particularly happy in having seen Dr. Johnson, and in having been civilly treated by him; and believe me, my dear Andrew, you are not unfortunate in your fate in general. The true affair is, not to be pinched for money, and to be at the top of one's profession, whatever it is. You are very near being so, or rather you are so in fact, though not quite so ostensibly as I could wish you. I mean that I wish the office of Principal and Professor of Greek could one day be united (if there is no inconsistency). As to me, I never shall be Ambassador in France, which would be literally, being at the top of my profession. But I am perfectly satisfied, and only wish my present happiness to last as long as I could wish it, and that I may afterwards exchange it for a happiness of another kind, that of spending the evening of my life in a peaceful cottage within reach of you and one or two more companions of my youth, whom I wish to find (as the toast says) the friends of my old age."

Madrid,
October 30,
1783.

"Sir John Henderson's commission shall not be neglected. I shall write on the subject to-morrow to Malaga.

"Adieu, my dearest Andrew, ever yours, with most sincere and affectionate attachment. R. L."

FROM DALZEL TO LISTON.

Edinburgh
College,
April 20.
1784.

... "Mr. Edmund Burke has been here lately. Some time ago he was chosen Rector of the University of Glasgow, and he took this opportunity of coming down to be installed. Lord Maitland attended him constantly, and Mr. Adam Smith. They brought him to my house the day after he arrived. I think he is the most agreeable and entertaining man in conversation I ever met with, and I had the good fortune to be very well acquainted with him. I was asked to dine at Hatton with him, Thursday before last. I carried out Dugald Stewart also to see him, and, as the day after was Good Friday, when our College does not meet, we stayed at Hatton with him all night, and accompanied him to Glasgow on the Friday, Lord Maitland and Mr. Smith being also of the party. We supped with him at Professor Millar's house on Friday, and on Saturday, after the ceremony of the Installation, we dined with the University, where he delighted everybody. On Sunday, Dugald and I were obliged to return to town, but that day, Lord Maitland and Smith accompanied him to Loch Lomond. They returned on Wednesday to Edinburgh by Carron. We dined at Smith's on Thursday with him, and on Friday morning he set out on his return for England. He was

extremely pleased with his reception in this country. Edinburgh, as well as Glasgow, greatly exceeded his expectation. He has a fluency of expression, and a luxuriance of imagination that are delightful. He was much pleased with Dugald Stewart and me for accompanying him to Glasgow. Smith, and Dugald and I, had more of his company than anybody in this country, and we got a vast deal of political anecdote from him, and fine pictures of political characters, both dead and living. Whether they were impartially drawn or not, that is questionable perhaps, but they were admirably drawn. Lord Maitland, I think, is improving very fast, and much regarded by his party for his integrity and firmness. Burke is very fond of him, and often says to him; 'Lord Maitland, if you want to be in office; if you have any ambition, and wish to be successful in life; shake us off; give us up!' Smith told him, in two years things would surely come about again. 'Why,' says Burke, 'I have already been in a minority nineteen years, and your two years, Mr. Smith, will just make me twenty-one years, and it will surely be high time for me to be then in my majority!' He plays charmingly with such ideas as these. . . .

"With respect to money matters, I agree with you perfectly. I have now got my house pretty well furnished, and, what is more, I am now out of debt, and have a small sum over."

Through the Lauderdale influence, he had procured a small situation in the Customs for Mr. Lindsay his sister's husband. He was able to settle an annuity on

his mother. His friend Liston's mother was living in comfort through her son's support. She was even projecting a purchase of the farm on which she lived. The friends had succeeded in the first objects of their ambition.

"Our Royal Society is going on extremely well. I have proposed Mr. Burke and you as new members, and have no doubt of your being elected at the general election in June."

TO THE SAME.

Hatton,
June 17,
1784.

. . . "Besides the usual laziness and procrastination which one who is not accustomed to sit down periodically to write letters is subject to, I have some other reasons for my delay. . . . *Secondly*, The General Assembly came on, and Dr. Drysdale was to stand candidate a second time for the Moderatorship, because he was the most popular man in the Church of all those on the Moderate side. He carried it against Warden of the Canongate by a great majority. The time of the Assembly is a very idle, dissipated time in Edinburgh; and, *thirdly*, when you consider that Mrs. Siddons arrived the very day of the opening of the Assembly, and made the town of Edinburgh quite mad with her astonishing playing, you will easily believe that for a fortnight no person in Edinburgh would write a letter which he could possibly put off. Mrs. S. played twelve times in three weeks, the houses crowded to the door every night. She met with such a flattering reception, that it was universally agreed she played some of her parts here with a greater degree

of exertion than she had ever done in London. Her 'Isabella,' in particular, produced astonishing effects. Several ladies shrieked out in the house, and fainted away. One went stark mad, and when she was carried out of the house, she broke the windows of the carriage with her violent gesticulation. The country clergy went in crowds to see her, and no notice was taken of it by the Assembly. Nay, the Assembly itself by a vote postponed a great cause to a day on which she was not to play, in case the Assembly-house should have been thin in the afternoon. In short, there was a greater run upon her than was ever known on any stranger in Edinburgh. She was induced to come here by a subscription of upwards of £200. She could not make less than £700. Last week she was obliged to set off for Dublin, where she was engaged, otherwise she would have stayed longer."

In a letter of next month, he informs the ambassador that at the last meeting of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, he was unanimously chosen a member, "which was not the case with Mr. Burke. *He* was chosen, but not unanimously ; there were several black balls. But this *entre nous*. It would seem that there are some violent politicians among us," etc.

Edinburgh,
July 5,
1784.

While Dalzel undoubtedly reaped advantages, more than he was perhaps aware of, from his domestication at Hatton ; such a connexion has its evils, to which he became alive, notwithstanding his strong affection for the family of his first pupils. I do not know that the "literary schemes" of which he now speaks ever took

definite shape. More likely they were absorbed in his zeal for his class and the publications connected with it.

TO LISTON.

Hatton,
Oct. 8,
1784.

. . . "I have been living mostly at Hatton as usual. The old man seems to have a great friendship for me, and I look upon him somehow not in the light of a grandee, but with a sort of filial regard. When he desires me to walk out with him, or to take an airing with him in the carriage, I cannot well resist going; but I am sensible that this, together with some little jobs he contrives for me in the library, though he proposes them with great delicacy, take up too much of my time. In such a house, too, the length of the meals, both at dinner and supper, is a great consumption of time for a literary man. Add to all this, that since Lord Maitland came down, he has taken a fancy for the sport of falconry; and the old man and I are frequently tempted to go out in the carriage to look at the hawks flying. Two of them are bred to fly at crows, and six more at other game. I rather fret a little in my own mind that my time is passing away somewhat too unprofitably, and begin to fear that I shall advance into the vale of years before I have achieved anything worthy to enrol my name in the annals of literature. I am therefore sometimes tempted to form a resolution (if I live to another summer) of retiring somewhere out of sight, perhaps to some cottage near the shore, where, surrounded with books, I shall have an opportunity of executing some literary schemes which I have long had in my head.

TO LISTON.

. . . "I take the opportunity of informing you of what I know will be very agreeable to you, viz., that I am likely to have the greatest class this year I ever had. I imagine, without counting the free house which I possess, my office will this year be worth £400, which, though it may not seem a great sum in your eyes, I do assure you, is what I scarce ever expected to bring it to. If it grows no worse for these twenty years, I shall think myself very well off. . . . I am now several hundred pounds above debt, which I insist is a very comfortable thing. But I now feel that I begin to like money much better than when I scarcely had a shilling to rub against another. However, I hope I shall never turn an absolute scrub. . . . I have at present about 180 students attending me, which is the greatest Greek class ever was heard of since the foundation of our College."

Edinburgh,
Nov. 24,
1784.

Next month the happy and proud Professor had his class-room inspected, "to consider how it may be enlarged so as to contain his students with more ease. Edinburgh is very full this winter. Building of houses has been going on with amazing rapidity. It is now resolved to build a bridge across the Cowgate, passing between the College and the Infirmary. It is thought that when the *posteriors* of the College are exposed, people will be shamed into building a new College."

Decem. 6.
1784.

This produces a note from the Madrid Ambassador:—"Go on and prosper, my dear Andrew; you really are a very great man. Your bursting the walls

Madrid,
Jan. 8,
1785.

of your class, as you do, is as grand as if I were to burst the bonds or bands of the Family compact. But mum for that. You know I must not talk to you upon political secrets."

At length, on Sunday, March 6, 1785, Dalzel informs his friend that the labour of years, the prose-volume of his Greek collection, "was published yesterday; the price, 7s. 6d. bound." The title-page and the preface, containing that brave sentence which I have prefixed to this Memoir, are enclosed in the Ambassador's packet. "If I do not make £100 of it," writes the modest author, "I shall be very ill rewarded for my labour."

This was the first considerable literary effort, the first avowed publication of Dalzel. Not that he was indifferent to literature or without ambition; that was impossible in such a society as he mixed with. Like all young scholars, he had written essays and reviews, and had tried his hand in occasional verses. He had, in his hot youth, even composed a Tragedy, which met the approbation of some of his friends. But when he showed it separately to Yates and Henderson, and when they concurred in opinion that it wanted life and action to suit the present taste of the stage, he was wise and modest enough to accept their condemnation. I am not sure that the world suffers by his renouncing altogether original composition. His English style is not always condensed and vigorous, never picturesque nor sparkling; indeed the specimens we have in his lectures and his letters show, for a classical scholar, great carelessness of diction. It has the single

but great merit of unaffected simplicity. He was not, like some of his friends, addicted to abstract inquiry and speculation. He had no taste for natural science. He was not imaginative, and had no keen perception or enjoyment in the beautiful of nature or art. On the other hand, he was free of all pretension, had no morbid love of "philosophizing," or expressing common or old ideas in new and fine language. His soul was in his duty. He identified his happiness with the success of his class and his students, and with restoring the study of Greek in Scotland. After he had become Greek Professor, all literary aspirations, all ambition, the desire of an honourable position in society, the struggle for independence which had engaged his fresh youth, were all merged in his determination to succeed as a Greek teacher, or were made subservient to that object. It was to promote that object that he compiled and elaborated the ΑΝΑΔΕΚΤΑ ἙΛΛΗΝΙΚΑ—*Collectanea Græca*—the first work of that kind, now so common in this country, where, without parading authorities, the text of the chosen authors is well adjusted, and notes added sufficient to explain difficulties of language, to call attention to the less evident meaning of passages, and sometimes to throw light upon beauties. The merits of the work are—a very judicious selection of extracts, good scholarship and accuracy, in the text; discrimination, philological and grammatical acumen, and unfailing good sense, in the notes, which are in homely Latin, and might, with propriety, have been in English, but the critical rule was

then unbending, which required annotations on the classics to be written in the universal language of the learned.

In the summer following, Dalzel accompanied Captain Patrick Maitland, Lord Lauderdale's brother, in a visit to Galloway, where the Captain had bought an estate. He wrote to his friend Liston, when just returned from a six weeks' jaunt. He had been received very kindly by his uncle's old friends:—

Edin. Coll.
July 19,
1785.

“The old Laird of Logan was exceedingly glad to see me. All the elderly people, both the gentlemen and others, who remember my uncle, still speak of him with fondness and respect. The people of the parish, when they heard that I was in the country, used to watch me on the road, and amuse me with former scenes and anecdotes about my uncle. In short, I found myself melted often into a degree of tenderness, which I cannot easily describe, especially when I took a solitary walk and revisited the spots where Archy and I had amused ourselves at an early period of life. Whether it is that we were in a higher situation of life when in that country, and taken a great deal of notice of, when boys, by the gentlemen there, on account of the respectable character our uncle maintained, and that, on returning to the place of our nativity, we felt our consequence diminished, I cannot tell; but I have ever retained a singular degree of affection for that country, at the same time that I could never bring myself to like the immediate place of my nativity, and at this very moment feel an aversion to it.”

TO LISTON.

" . . . Since my last I have been living mostly at Hatton, and writing a paper for our Royal Society,¹ of which you are a member, and really ought to contribute something in the way I formerly hinted [information on modern Spanish literature, or regarding some of the Universities of Spain].

Edin. Coll.
Sept. 26,
1785.

"Some weeks ago, Mr. Edmund Burke arrived here, accompanied by Mr. Windham, member for Norwich. I had the pleasure of being much in company with them. You know the University of Glasgow had chosen Burke to be their Rector, an office which generally continues in the same person for two years. He paid them a visit, as I told you, last year, and he has now paid them another this year. Lord Maitland is as keen as ever on the Fox side of the question, and so is Burke and Windham. I was particularly delighted with this last-mentioned gentleman, for, besides his being a most polite man and a man of the world, he is perhaps the very best Greek scholar I ever met with. He did me the honour to breakfast with me one morning, and sat three hours talking about Greek. When we were at Hatton, he and I stole away as often as we could, from the rest of the company, to read and talk about Greek. And withal, he is not the least of a pedant: quite the contrary. You may judge how I would delight in him. We have commenced a close acquaintance. He gave me the best

¹ "On certain analogies observed by the Greeks in the use of their letters, and particularly of the letter ΣΙΓΜΑ,"

read by the Author, Dec. 19, 1785, and Nov. 19, 1787.—*Trans. of Royal Soc. of Edinburgh*, vol. ii.

account I have ever heard of the state of Greek learning in England, and of the Greek scholars there, and gave me a kind invitation to see him when I come to London.

“Burke has published a speech just now which is much spoken of. It was delivered last session on the motion made for papers relative to the debts of the Nabob of Arcot being charged on the revenues of the Carnatic. It bears very hard on Dundas the treasurer of the navy.”

Dalzel's next letter communicated with much joy his appointment to the office of Librarian of the University :—

Edin. Coll.
October 13,
1785.

“The *Rabbi*, as we call him, Robertson, you know, the Professor of Hebrew, who was also keeper of the Library, has resigned this last office, and the Lord Provost, Magistrates, and Council, our patrons, with whom I happen to be in great favour, have appointed me to succeed him. I shall have no emolument by it until his death, but, in the meantime, I do not dislike to be in the middle of the books whenever I have a mind, and I think I shall be able to put the Library, which is now become a very valuable collection, in better order than it has hitherto been, and keep our College records better than they have hitherto been kept. . . . In the event of the *Rabbi's* death, I shall put about £50 per annum in my pocket. . . . I look upon myself to be at the summit of my academical ambition. All my colleagues (except one or two, perhaps, who had views that way themselves) join to approve heartily of my appointment. Your friend Dr. Robertson in

particular has behaved very handsomely to me upon this occasion. He went to the Provost and assured him I was the fittest man in the College for it."

Then Lunardi's flight to Cupar—the bridge over the Cowgate—hopes of a new College building, etc.

"It is expected there will be great efforts in the College this session in the way of teaching. . . . On the resignation of Ferguson, Dugald Stewart is now Professor of Moral Philosophy, because he chose it rather than the Mathematics. Mr. Playfair, a celebrated mathematician, succeeds Dugald."

No doubt there were great efforts in the way of teaching that session. Just then, young Mackintosh had come up out of the North to Edinburgh pretending to study physic, with his mind already stored with philosophy, and but too willing to plunge into the metaphysical discussions which engrossed Edinburgh students. Hear the great metaphysician in maturer years :—

"I am not ignorant," he writes, "of what Edinburgh then was. I may truly say that it is not easy to conceive a University where industry was more general, where reading was more fashionable, where indolence and ignorance were more disreputable. Every mind was in a state of fermentation. The direction of mental activity will not, indeed, be universally approved. It certainly was very much, though not exclusively, pointed towards metaphysical inquiries. Accurate and applicable knowledge was deserted for speculations not susceptible of certainty, nor of any immediate reference to the purposes of life. Strength

was exhausted in vain leaps to catch what is too high for our reach. *Youth, the season of humble diligence*, was often wasted in vain and frivolous projects. Speculators could not remain submissive learners. Those who will learn must for a time trust their teachers and believe in their superiority; but they who too early think for themselves must sometimes think themselves wiser than their master, from whom they can no longer gain anything valuable.”¹

The Scots whom Erasmus of old derided for taking such pleasure in the subtleties of dialectics, were, in this latter age, lapped in the intoxication of higher metaphysics under the spells of Hutcheson, Hume, Smith, and Reid. The amiable frenzy raged as long as Dugald Stewart continued to animate and lead it—wielding an influence, which, I believe, has never been equalled by any lecturer of modern times.

Of the disadvantages and dangers of that discipline Mackintosh has spoken. There was at least nothing degrading or vulgarizing in its tendency. But at length came the reaction, which Mackintosh had not foreseen; at length came the age when metaphysics were slighted, and physics and natural science ruled undisputed in the class-room. Some part of the wise man's objection, perhaps, was obviated by that change; but only to make way for new and greater dangers to liberal education. Our Universities giving way to an ignorant cry for “useful knowledge,” were in danger of becoming mere schools for teaching professions.

¹ Written in 1805. *Memoirs of Sir James Mackintosh*, by his Son. Second Edition, p. 28.

All sciences were cultivated except the master science, which directs the others. In the eager rage for "accurate and applicable knowledge," we forget that both school and college are only training for the education of life, and that the mind suffers like the body by giving man's food to babes.

Against the old danger of too much exaltation which Mackintosh acknowledged in the ultra-metaphysical course, he would apparently have sought a remedy in the more accurate and extended study of the classical languages and literature. The same remedy might be used to counteract the lowering tendency of the ultra-physical taste of our own time. Indeed, whether we look to the matter *à priori*, or take the guidance of experience, we shall not find any course of University discipline better than the old *Grammatica* of the schoolmen—the *humanities* of our old Universities—that cultivation of the literature of Greece and Rome which has formed the scholar and the gentleman in all ages where these names have been known. In Grammar and the philosophy of language we have one way of tracing the history of thought; and the minuteness of philological inquiry admits of an accuracy very beneficial in a study which passes upwards to the highest lessons of history, philosophy, and morals, learnt from the noblest efforts of human genius and taste.¹

¹ So Mackintosh thought, though himself not more imbued with such studies than he was with all human knowledge,—"I am not one of those who think that in the system of English education too much time and labour are employed in the study of the languages of Greece and Rome. It is a popular, but, in my

humble opinion, a very shallow and vulgar objection." And he goes on to show the connexion of classical learning and *morality*, which he thinks as real and close as its connexion with *taste*.—*MS. Lectures*, quoted in *Memoirs*, p. 117.

The higher branch of that noble learning—the study of the Greek language and literature—had gone into sad decay in Scotland. We have seen that it was considered a heinous thing for the Rector of the High School to teach even the letters and elements of Greek. In all our universities, even under Moor at Glasgow, the time of the students was bestowed on acquiring the grammar, and reading a few passages as exercises upon it. The very knowledge of the alphabet was discharged from the memory as soon as it had served its purpose of obtaining a degree, or passing in the Divinity hall. Professor Monro thought “Greek was going fast down hill.” Truly it could hardly fall lower; but now, “there were great efforts in the way of teaching,” and Professor Dalzel led the way.

FROM LISTON.

Escorial,
Nov. 14,
1785.

“I rejoice infinitely to find you are advancing so rapidly towards riches, prosperity, and honour. You are, I imagine, nearly as happy as I am myself, and I assure you that is saying a great deal. The prospect of finding a new bridge, and a new College, etc. etc., is also highly pleasing to me, and if I had any hoard lying by me I would most willingly contribute largely towards improvements of that kind. Pray, my good Mr. Librarian, let your deputy make a list of all the Spanish books that are in the Library, to be sent to me, that I may endeavour (as far as my means will allow me) to supply those that are wanting.”

Next year, the Ambassador—minister plenipoten-
tiary at Madrid—now getting rich, wished his mother

to have a chaise and horses, and the Professor was the agent to do the commission. When the carriage was ready—it was built by Crichton, and pleased so well, that the same Edinburgh coachmaker supplied some equipages for the embassy at Madrid—he and their common friend M'Cormick drove in it to Dam-head.

“ . . . Your mother and Miss Peggy were at the door ready to receive us. But you will be diverted when I tell you that your mother did not think the appearance of it *gaudy* enough. [It was crimson within, and green without.] The dark green appeared to her so very dark that she said the carriage was just like a hearse, which diverted us all exceedingly. We dined, and were very happy and very merry. We drank your health, you may be sure, in a bumper. Ned was exceedingly facetious and happy in describing how he had gained your case against Lord Hopetoun. We dismissed our hack-horses immediately after our driver had shown your mother's postilion how to yoke the horses. By the bye, your mother's horses are the most excellent beasts in the world for her purpose ; two stout, black, short-tailed beasts, in very good order.”

Edinburgh,
March 4,
1786.

The year 1786 was eventful to Dalzel. In it, “on the 28th of April,” he writes to his friend, “Annie Drysdale gave me her hand, and with it, I trust, all that happiness of which the married state is susceptible.” I spare my readers the lover's letters, “in the raving manner,” as he himself styles it, and of which the learned Professor was himself ashamed. The lady was the daughter of his old friend, Dr.

Drysdale, whom he had admired and loved very long. He had been intimate in the family from his childhood—from the old days when the Minister of Kirkliston had been helpful to the widow at the Gate-side—had early set his affections on the beautiful Annie, and, years ago, had asked her to marry him. Not offended by a refusal, nor quite discouraged, he continued to live in friendship with her family till his merit, his high reputation, and his persevering attachment, were rewarded. I must be permitted to give a few lines of easy doggrel which a College youth wrote on the occasion in a letter to a friend in London.

D. R. TO J. R.

College,
Edinburgh,
April 6,
1786.

“ . . . Of her no more I shall speak,
And inform you what's happened to the Professor of Greek ;
Who, being resolved and determined on marriage,
Still did persevere spite of every miscarriage.
And his purpose the Greek was resolved not to fail in ;
But with siege of five years has conquered his Helen.
For of Annie Drysdale he will soon be the spouse,
Who five years ago did reject all his vows.
And she's now persuaded that she will not sleep ill
In a room that is built in the old College steeple.
For this obstacle formerly did the marriage prevent,
Because in the steeple there was a great rent ;
And her mother was afraid in the first windy weather,
That her daughter and steeple would tumble together.”

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The Professor's wife had in her youth been much admired for beauty and grace. Reynolds's well-known picture of Mrs. Siddons as Lady Macbeth is said to have resembled her. But my information regarding Mrs. Dalzel is chiefly of her married life, when her amiable character, her talent, and pleasing, sprightly

manners, had won her a place in that remarkable society which then made Edinburgh the eye of Britain. By her more intimate friends and the circle of her relatives she was exceedingly beloved, and her memory is still affectionately cherished by a few survivors of that circle.

CHAPTER II.

FROM HIS MARRIAGE TO HIS DEATH, 1786-1806.

THE Professor made no great change in his manner of life or his society in marrying. Both he and his wife were already at home in that College society which was then the centre of attraction in Edinburgh. Dr. Drysdale was the intimate friend of Adam Smith and the Principal, and his hospitable house was open to the best of the laity, as well as to all the clergy, among whom he was a leader, and very popular. "There was something (says his son-in-law) so cheerful, so unassuming, so benign, and at the same time so upright and decided in his manner, that he gained the esteem and good-will of all who had any connexion with him." His wife, Mary Adam—sister of the well-known brother architects—was a cousin of Principal Robertson, which brought the Dalzels more intimately and by right of blood into that "cousinship" which has produced a great number of men of talent, even of genius, and some, of that rare business capacity which marks men out as born

Ad summas emergere opes, rerumque potiri.

Of that cousinship I must say a word or two. The table opposite shows how several families "counted

kin" from connexion with the Robertsons. The kindred was not in name only, but felt and recognised, producing mutual kindness and support wherever the blood of old "Gladny" could be traced.

The nicknames of parties had hardly come into use then, or not in their modern sense.¹ But Principal Robertson, moderate, cautious, averse to innovation, was a leader of that party which, dreading change more than it loved improvement, has since been called "Tory"—though its members are disposed to alter the name; and his male descendants have been, I think, attached to that party by personal ties. Now it is remarkable that the tendencies of the collaterals, if I may call them so—all the Clerks (of Eldin), and Adams, Lochs, Kennedies, Elliots, Broughams—have been towards that more hopeful party, lovers of liberty and friends of cautious progress, which will, I hope, never be ashamed of the name of "Whig." Dalzel's old connexion with the Lauderdale family suited well with that political feeling, and at a later period, when party distinctions were more felt in society, threw the Dalzels into the Whig circles.

At the time of Dalzel's marriage the College society, at least, was free from all political exclusiveness, and it was a very remarkable society. I fear an assemblage of divines and philosophers, even with a sprinkling of physicians and scholars, is not always agreeable and lively. But those philosophers of the golden age—those men whose names were to be given to new

¹ I believe the Principal called himself a Whig, but, if so, he used the name in the sense only of Anti-Jacobite.

regions of science, or to live for ever in their country's literature, were so modest, so free of pedantry, so unaffectedly simple, that they frightened or repelled no one. Even if that had not been their nature, they were too great—too many great ones—for any assumption to be tolerated or attempted.¹ Among them, too, were some who had mixed in the best society of France and England; and round that knot of great men—metaphysicians and historians, scholars and men of literature, great inventive physicians, mathematicians, and men immortal for discoveries in natural science—all bound together in close friendship, gathered some of the leaders of the outer world, the best of their own country, the high in intelligence, the high in rank, occasionally strangers from other schools of learning, men of the world, women of fashion and beauty,—all pressing to give that honour to intellect which has been fabled in Platonic republics, but has hardly been so really felt or so worthily paid as in that society of our Northern University in its palmy state.

But neither his marriage, with the wider circle of his

¹ That I may not be thought to speak extravagantly of the College Society of that time, let me name some of the friends in whose society Professor Dalzell lived:—

Principal Robertson.

Dr. Adam Ferguson.

Dr. Hugh Blair.

Dugald Stewart.

John Playfair.

John Robison.

Dr. John Walker.

Joseph Black.

William Cullen.

James Gregory.

Alexander Monro, Father and Son.

These were all brothers of the *Senatus*. But with them, and intimately of their brotherhood, were Sir Harry Moncreiff, Dr. Drysdale, Dr. Hutton, Adam Smith, David Hume. It would seem, the greater the man the simpler his manners. It is hard to find anything, even in Hume's almost infantine simplicity, more artless and touching than Adam Smith's taking leave of his friends of the Sunday Club when dying,—“I believe (he said) we must adjourn this meeting to another place.” It is Dr. Hutton who records the last words of his friend.

wife's connexions, nor the society of his friends of the College, nor the pleasant hospitality for which his own house became distinguished, turned the Professor for a moment from his duty to his class. He was successful as a teacher. Some still alive can look back to the skilful "handling" of his class. Never the least insubordination showed itself. When the restless noisy nature of the boy fresh from school would break out, he was never loud, nor appeared angry. A look, a pause, a single word gently intoned, was sufficient to nip the tumult in the bud. The wildest spirit of youth was easily governed where they had such respect for the man and the scholar. He was the friend of his pupils, and the kind adviser not only in the class, but at his own house and everywhere for those who wanted his friendship and were worthy of it. I have before me many letters of his students consulting him—thanking him for advice—for assistance ; some from men in after life expressing gratitude for his early notice, for his recommendation to situations on which their success in life had turned. A lad from the fells of Northumberland, recently one of his pupils, addresses Dalzel as one who "has often been called the friend and father as well as the instructor of his pupils, . . . and whose exertion for their intellectual progress can only be equalled by the interest which he takes in their worldly welfare." For the young Northumbrian, who had been a distinguished student, he obtained a situation in one of the great houses of the South.

Gunnerton
Fell,
9th March,
1803.

His classes went on increasing. No doubt the City and the whole University were making progress at

that time, and it is not quite safe, for other reasons, to judge a Professor by the fulness of his classes alone.

Meantime his books for promoting the study of Greek were spreading and making his name known both in England and to foreign scholars. His volume of *Collectanea Orationis Solutæ* was followed by a similar selection of Greek poetry.¹ He had already published a volume to be put into the hands of younger students, and all the three soon became popular books at College in Scotland, and at some of the public schools in England. The sale was steadily increasing. Edition after edition was demanded ; each new one bearing marks of the most careful revision, and several having valuable improvements, but all so arranged that the poor students possessing the earlier editions might still use them for the business of the class. The produce of his works soon became an important part of the Professor's annual income, and another result which he valued more was that the publication of these excellent books brought him into correspondence with many scholars of England and the Continent, who would never otherwise have found out the merits of the teacher in a Scotch University.

His acquaintance with Dr. Thomas Burgess, afterwards Bishop successively of St. David's and Salisbury, began, I think, through Mr. Windham's introduction in 1786. Burgess, who then stood very high as a scholar at Oxford, had recently published his edition of Dawes's *Miscellanea Critica*, and in

¹ The first edition was published in May 1797. At the same time was advertised the third edition of the first (the prose) volume, and the third edition of the *Collectanea Minora*.

Salisbury,
Aug. 28,
1786.

C. C. C.
June 1,
1787.

sending Dalzel a copy he wrote :—" Every lover of ancient learning must rejoice that Greek letters have found in Scotland so strenuous and able an advocate as the editor of the *Collectanea Græca*. . . . I promise myself much pleasure from your intended collection from the Greek poets." In a letter of next year he praises the *Collectanea Minora*, as extremely well calculated for their purpose ; recommends for a second edition the beautiful fables of Babrius, and some epigrams from the *Anthologia*, etc. The correspondence thus begun continued, with a constant interchange of critical and philological observations for their respective works—mutual introduction of literary friends—literary news, or rather news of the doings of classical scholars—till the Professor's death.

Burgess would have been more celebrated as a Greek scholar if he had not, in some Biblical criticism, run counter to Porson, whose advocates were not content with vindicating their idol. The Bishop's correspondence with our Scotch Professor presents a scholar's life of incessant industry and activity, and shows how classical pursuits support and adorn even a character like Burgess—a man worthy to have been a Bishop in Apostolic times, but who, living in times of wealth, was the munificent patron of literature, and administered the revenues of his Bishopric without a thought of personal advantage, for the interests of religion and the church—of his diocese, and especially of the poorer clergy. The friends, engaged in similar pursuits, visited occasionally ; and, after those visits to Edinburgh, the Bishop sends remembrances to friends he had met

with Dalzel there—Dr. Gregory, Professor Stewart, Mr. Cranstoun, “not forgetting our excellent friend, Lord Monboddo.”

One of Dalzel’s earliest literary correspondents was Professor John Hunter of St. Andrews (Professor of Humanity for more than fifty years, and latterly Principal of the United Colleges), a sound and accurate scholar, and zealous for the promotion of classical learning, who cheered him on in his collections for his Greek class. They kept up a constant correspondence, from 1782 till 1803, full of friendly encouragement, and much philology and grammar. After Hunter had contributed his paper on the particle ΔE to the Royal Society, he expressed himself as “envious that Dalzel had outdone him in minuteness by his paper on $\Sigma\gamma\mu\alpha$.” In 1797, he sends his friend his small St. Andrews Horace, the prolegomena to which were his “first attempt to write Latin.” And in the beginning of the year 1803, the last of Hunter’s letters I find, concludes, “I beg to offer my best wishes of happiness to you, Mrs. Dalzel, and your family, and of long health to yourself, who employ it so ardently for the public benefit.”

Jan. 9,
1803.

Of as old standing and as constant was Dalzel’s correspondence with Professor John Young of Glasgow. Attracted by his first little grammatical work, the zealous Grecian of Glasgow wrote words of thanks and encouragement. The two Professors soon became personal friends; and the genial nature of each was appreciated by the other. Young was a most energetic supporter in Dalzel’s contest for the clerkship of the

Glas. Coll.
June 5,
1782.

General Assembly, and they continued corresponding, and, in vacation, often meeting till Dalzel's death. Young long survived him. Ten years after Dalzel's death, I attended Professor Young's class, and remember with admiration the acuteness of intellect and the bright youthful gaiety of the old ripe scholar, which distinguished him till the end of his career of nearly a half century of professorial teaching.

Another of our Professor's correspondents of the same name was a still more remarkable person. This was Thomas Young, who cultivated, I suppose, the widest field of study of any man of modern times. Known as the learned physician, mathematician, and lecturer on natural philosophy—distinguished for his discoveries in optics, and his successful application of science to the useful arts---as if to prove that the pursuits of physical science were not incompatible with the minute study of language, he acquired the ancient languages, including Hebrew, all the modern European languages, and made the most brilliant efforts for expounding the Egyptian hieroglyphics. In the classical languages he was as accurately learned as those who eschewed all other learning, and even Porson admitted his accomplishment in Greek. He was studying medicine at Edinburgh in 1794-5, and then became acquainted with Dalzel, and took a warm interest in his works for stimulating Greek study. The interest we feel in all that concerns so remarkable a man, has induced me to print more of his letters than their intrinsic interest might seem to warrant.

Dalzel was not a German scholar. The language

was not studied in this country in his youth ; and he was too busy all his maturer years to acquire it. But this did not quite shut him out from communication with the most industrious scholars of Europe. His dear and most amiable friend, Charles Augustus Böttiger of Weimar, delighted to communicate scholarly gossip with him in excellent English. It was to his care and to his useful introduction at the little court of Weimar, that Dalzel was in the habit of committing young Scotchmen who desired to complete their education in Germany. On the other hand, Böttiger's recommendation insured for his countrymen wandering into Scotland a kind reception in Dalzel's house, and a sight of the philosophers of the north.

FROM MR. WINDHAM.

“DEAR SIR,—A friend of mine, a Scotch gentleman, has undertaken to convey to you the books accompanying this, two of which, you will perceive, come from Burgess ; the third I have added, as a work of which we were speaking once, when I had the pleasure of seeing you in Scotland, with some impatience for its appearance ; and which, perhaps, amidst much impertinent matter, much false judgment, and more ridiculous pretension, contains liveliness, acuteness, and information enough to pay for the time employed in reading, and for the trouble it may occasion to the gentleman who undertakes the conveyance of it. You will be diverted with some of his attacks on our friend, Lord Monboddo, with a little stroke given to Burgess, as his admirer and

Hill Street,
August 12,
1786.

advocate. Some of these, I am sorry to confess, as well as a part of his strictures on the late Mr. Harris, I am far from thinking the most exceptionable parts of the work. The general fault of the book, and which runs from one end to the other, is an absurd pretence to originality for discoveries known, as far as the principle goes, to all the world, and, in many of the particular instances, not new, and which, whether new or old, produce none of those effects over the general system of grammar which he ascribes to them. The weakness and falseness of his argument, in the application of his principles, do him, in my opinion, more discredit, as a reasoner, than can be repaired by any acuteness in the discovery of them. I have not time at this moment, being just about to leave London, to point out instances in confirmation of this opinion, but you will not fail to observe them in perusing the work. This publication of Mr. Horne's is all that I know of in the critical or philological way, except an edition of the Poeticks, published at Cambridge, by a man who is a little out of his senses, and which I don't believe is worth sending.

"I shall be very happy if, at the close of next winter, you should find time and inclination to make us a visit here, particularly if an early session should leave me at liberty to have the pleasure of spending a few days at Oxford with you, and recurring to studies which I like a good deal better than Parliamentary debates. I will request the favour of you to make my best respects to the family at Hatton.—I am, dear Sir, your most obedient and faithful humble servant,

“ W. WINDHAM.”

The class goes on increasing. Next year Dalzel writes :—

TO LISTON.

“ You will be glad to hear that this is the best collection of students I have ever yet had ; that is to say, I have drawn more from them than from any preceding lot ; and if my income continues at what it has been for these three years past, I shall consider myself as rather an opulent man, although I am a married man.”

Edin. Coll.
January 1,
1787.

We must not pass by some scraps of the passing gossip of Edinburgh :—

TO LISTON.

“ . . . We have got a poet in town just now, whom everybody is taking notice of—a ploughman from Ayrshire—a man of unquestionable genius, who has produced admirable verses, mostly in the Scottish dialect, though some of them are nearly in English. He is a fellow of strong common sense, and by his own industry has read a good deal of English, both prose and verse. The first edition of his poems was published at Kilmarnock, and sold in that part of the country very soon, insomuch that they are now not to be got. I, among others, have seen them, and admire some of them exceedingly. A new edition of them is now in the press here, and he is encouraged by a most numerous subscription. It is thought he will get some hundred pounds by it, which will enable him to take a small farm. He runs the risk, how-

January 25,
1787.

ever, of being spoiled by the excessive attention paid him just now by persons of all ranks. Those who know him best, say he has too much good sense to allow himself to be spoiled. Everybody is fond of showing him everything here that the place furnishes. I saw him at an assembly t'other night. The Duchess of Gordon and other ladies of rank took notice of him there. He behaves wonderfully well; very independent in his sentiments, and has none of the *mauvaise honte* about him, though he is not forward."

TO LISTON.

Sept. 7,
1787.

" . . . I don't know if you have heard of the death of Gilbert Stuart. He was brought down from London to his father's house in a very bad state of health, about five or six weeks ago, and died in about a fortnight after his arrival. His disease was a dropsy in the breast. He had been accustomed to lead a very odd life latterly. He was much employed in periodical publications, and his usual way was to rise very early in the morning, to write till about two o'clock, and then go to the Peacock, and, after dining on beefsteaks, to soak the remaining part of the day, drinking Burton beer, and, after supper, punch, till at last he finished a constitution, very strong, as you know."

April 2,
1787.

" . . . When you return to this part of the world, you will scarcely be able to know 'Auld Reekie,' now it is undergoing such a great change. The New Town

is now extended to the West Church, and the bridge over the Cowgate to the south has been passable for some time. There is likewise a mound of earth raised across the Nor'-Loch, opposite to the Lawnmarket, by the earth which is dug from the foundations of the new houses in the New Town, and which is now open for foot passengers. The town-guard is now removed from the street, and the Luckenbooths are to be taken down. The additional number of families that come to town is prodigious."

" . . . I am glad there is to be no war. War is very unfavourable to Colleges." Nov. 12,
1787.

" . . . Though I am not a plenipotentiary, I verily believe that there is not a member of the *corps diplomatique* that has been busier than I have been since October last ; and though our Christmas vacation is just begun, I foresee I shall have plenty of employment even during that recess from public employment. ' Even Sunday shines no holiday to me !' Edinburgh,
Dec. 24,
1787.

" Among other pieces of business, I have been employed as one of a small committee for conducting the publication of the first volume of the Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, which is now on the point of being launched into the world,—I was going to say, into eternity, but that is rather an ambiguous expression. The volume is in quarto, 600 pages, elegantly printed. The vignette for the title is furnished by Robert Adam. Dr. Robertson has just written a dedication to the King, to be signed by the

Duke of Buccleuch, president. I wished exceedingly that you should have furnished a paper about Spanish literature," etc.

Edinburgh,
January 7,
1788.

" . . . I believe I wrote you in my last that President Dundas is dead. . . . Mr. Henry Dundas is in Scotland just now, receiving incense from numerous friends and attendants. He is the most powerful man in Scotland. Domestic affairs begin to be very interesting to me now."

January 10,
1788.

" . . . The day after I wrote to you last, viz., on the 8th, early in the morning, my Annie was safely delivered of a daughter, which has made her very happy indeed. She and her child are doing very well. When are you to taste of such domestic sweets?"

John Drysdale, D.D., one of the ministers of Edinburgh, Dean of the Chapel-Royal, and Clerk of the General Assembly, died on Monday, 16th June 1788.

TO LISTON.

Edin. Coll.
August 18,
1788.

" . . . The loss of Dr. Drysdale has affected me more than any event which has befallen me for a great course of years. . . . If I am made Clerk to the General Assembly, I shall be able to make a better provision for Mrs. Drysdale and her daughters; but, thank God, they are not indigent. I am still very busy. I have to canvass all Scotland, with Mr. Dundas against me! Many powerful friends are for me. Lord Maitland is making a wonderful exertion."

The contest lay between Dalzel, a layman and a Whig, and the Rev. Dr. Alexander Carlyle of Inveresk, supported by Mr. Dundas, the Duke of Buccleuch, and all the influence which Government could bring to bear. The patronage was in the Assembly itself, every member having a vote. The office had been generally held by a clergyman, and there was a strong feeling among the clergy in favour of their cloth. On the other hand was the universal regard felt for Dr. Drysdale, and a wish to benefit his family, to whose use Dalzel proposed to devote the emolument of the office.¹ There was another feeling in favour of the Professor, which did credit to the clergy. Many of the ministers were his old pupils, who owed to him some of the higher feelings which animate the retired scholar. Many others had experienced his kindness in receiving poor youths from their parishes, whom he educated free of expense.

Though lightened by the zealous kindness of personal friends, the labour of the canvass—of the mere correspondence—was enormous ; for the task was, not only to propitiate all known members of Assembly, but to bring all available influence to bear on the return of electors who had the choice of those members—not only to ask the votes, but to arrange that good men and trustworthy should be returned for voting. The opposite party was powerful, better organized, still vigilant and active. The race therefore was well contested. When the vote of the Assembly

¹ The salary was £80, the perquisites somewhat more than £20 per annum in Professor Dalzel's time.

was first taken, Dr. Carlyle counted 145, while Dalzel had only 142; and the Doctor, ever confident and ready, took his place as clerk, and delivered an address of triumph. But on a scrutiny, his small majority melted away, and the disputed office was declared to be Dalzel's. Thomas Kennedy of Dunure, a cousin and zealous friend, writes, "I must say that your own personal character, and the remembrance of Dr. Drysdale, have been, as far as I can judge, the chief cause of your success." There are many similar letters of congratulation from men and from ladies of high position, whose support would gratify the least vain of Scotchmen. But from the Professor himself came no song of victory. I find not a word of jubilation on his success—of disparagement of his adversary—even in the letters to his most intimate friends and confidential correspondents.

TO LISTON.

Edin. Coll.
September 8,
1788.

" . . . On Saturday se'ennight Ned M'Cormick and I took a ride out to Damhead, and dined with your mother. We found her wonderfully well. She had begun her harvest, and has a fine crop. The crop in Scotland is this year in general very good. I took occasion to offer your mother more money, if she chose it, telling her I had orders to that purpose from you. But she told me she had plenty of money, and that the farm now yielded as much as supplied her very comfortably. Then, says I, I'll write to my friend that you are affronted at the offer; at which she laughed. Miss Peggy is also very well. They

gave us an excellent dinner. It was a charming day, and Damhead looked most delightfully. The weather was just as warm as I could wish ; not 'just a little too warm,' as you describe the climate of San Ildefonso."

The following is one of two letters introducing a famous personage to the hospitalities of Edinburgh :—

FROM DR. MOORE (AUTHOR OF ZELUCO).

... "Mrs. Piozzi, the friend of Dr. Johnson, set out from London a few days since with her husband on a tour through Scotland. Before she went she applied to me for letters to some of my friends at Edinburgh. I gave her one for you, and another for the Lord Advocate. I am extremely desirous that she should be satisfied with her reception in Scotland, both because I have a very high regard for the woman on account of her genius and accomplishments, and because I think it very probable that she will publish an account of her tour, which, if she does, I am convinced it will be infinitely the most entertaining work of that kind that ever appeared. She has just published observations and reflections made in the course of a journey through Italy, which I have not yet read, but I understand is highly spoken of. Mr. Piozzi himself is an agreeable, worthy man, and they are visited here by people of the first character and rank. Whatever civilities Mrs. Dalzel and you think proper to show them will be infinitely obliging to me, and I am certain will afford yourselves pleasure.

London,
June 4,
1789.

“I write this second letter to apprise you of their coming, and in the hopes that you will wait upon them at their arrival, pay them a little attention, and give them instructions with regard to their best method of proceeding in their journey.

“Mrs. Campbell Carrick has given them letters to some of her friends, and Lady Jane Long has written to her sister, the Marchioness of Tweeddale. I have wrote also to my friend Professor Millar, and Mr. Peter Murdoch at Glasgow. If Mrs. Piozzi goes from Edinburgh to Glasgow you may give her an introductory letter to them. I hope you will forgive the trouble I now give you, and believe me to be with the highest esteem, my dear Sir, your obedient humble servant,

“JOHN MOORE.”

Dalzel's interest in the Lauderdale family continued unabated. In 1785, he had printed, in a most modest shape, a “Short Genealogy of the family of Maitland Earl of Lauderdale,” correcting a few errors in Douglas's Peerage, some of which the last editor has repeated. The death of the Countess was the occasion of Dalzel's writing the following notice, probably contributed to some newspaper of the day :—

Monday,
July 27,
1789.

“This day the remains of the late Countess of Lauderdale, who died on the 18th inst., to the inexpressible grief of her family, were removed in a private manner from Hatton, and deposited in the burying-place within the parish church of Ratho.

“Her ladyship was married to the Earl of Lauderdale.

dale in 1748, and brought him an ample fortune. But she enriched his family more by her virtues than her fortune. Instead of hurrying into the gaiety and dissipation of fashionable life, to which her rank and her wealth might have allured her, she came, soon after her marriage, to Scotland, and took an early and decided attachment to that country and to the family of her husband, and devoted herself to the humble but important duties of domestic life. She was ambitious of becoming a good wife and a good mother, and she attained her object. In the former of those characters she acquitted herself with inimitable propriety, and the care and attention which she bestowed on the education of her children are not to be conceived but by those who were witnesses of her conduct. Though much of her time was spent in that private but laudable employment, yet she possessed talents and activity eminently qualified for shining in a more general intercourse with the world, and which would have distinguished her amidst the bustle of a Court. When she came into company, her affability and the energy and vivacity of her conversation diffused a general animation and happiness around her, while the well-known value of her character and the superiority of her understanding, secured for her the utmost attention and respect. She delighted in the society of her children, and as she had been married at an early period of life, all of them, and even some of her grandchildren, grew up to be her intimate companions and friends; they were able to discern her excellence, and they justly regarded her with the highest degree of affection.

“Amidst scenes of deep domestic distress her sympathy was never exhibited in unavailing lamentations, but was demonstrated by an astonishing presence of mind which suggested effectual resources and expedients for the relief of the suffering objects. To the poor and the distressed around her residence she was a kind and unwearied benefactor.

“She possessed an acute discernment of characters, and honoured but a few with her particular friendship. But those few had reason to think themselves flattered by the distinction. She considered their interest as her own, and promoted it with unremitting exertions.

“For some time her constitution had begun to be gradually impaired, but her fortitude of mind never forsook her during a very painful malady, which baffled the aid of medicine, and in which, with firmness and resignation, she perceived her approaching dissolution. She died at the age of fifty-six years, leaving her afflicted husband, her children, grandchildren, and friends deeply to lament the loss of a life which to them had been, and might have for many years continued to be, of inestimable value.

“Her ladyship, whose maiden name was Mary Turner Lombe, was the second daughter and co-heiress of Sir Thomas Lombe, Knight, and Alderman of London.”

TO LISTON.

February
1790.

“ . . . I think there is no sort of news here at present. For my own part, I am mostly taken up with my teaching and with the building of the new College, which is now begun and is likely to proceed with great

spirit. I am to quit my house in a few weeks, to give way for part of the new buildings. We expect to be in our new College house in two years. The subscriptions have gone on far beyond my expectations, though they were abundantly sanguine. They are now up at about £15,000, though they have not yet been set on foot in London. This was delayed until Parliament should meet and the town should be full, and till Mr. Dundas should go up, which he proposes to do in a few days. I have put down your name for ten guineas as you desired me, which is a very genteel sum. We expect £8000 or £10,000, and Mr. Dundas has no doubt of bringing £10,000 from India. Mr. R. Adam has the conduct of the building, and it will be the prettiest thing in the island."

FROM LISTON.

"... Attendance at Court always takes up a large portion of time, and here more than in many other places. There is not at this moment any appearance of war on the face of things at Stockholm. Balls, assemblies, operas, plays, masquerades, follow each other with rapidity; and the monarch, though one would naturally think he had 'other fish to fry,' not only assists everywhere, but composes the pieces which are represented at the different theatres, superintends the rehearsal, and forms the actors. The presence of a foreign Minister is not exacted at these exhibitions, but it pleases and is expected. And then, this singular character has at this moment no Minister for Foreign Affairs. He chooses himself, face to face, to

Stockholm,
Feb. 16,
1790.

discuss and arrange all subjects of politicks with you. And as at this moment England can do much to extricate him from his difficulties, or to let him sink under their weight, his Majesty thinks it essential to give the man who is to report the state of matters frequent and long lessons. In this way there is hardly a topick either of his past or future conduct, of his motives and supposed interests, of his plans, speculations, and wishes, that we do not canvass and battle over and over. I say *we*, for I am not silent nor always acquiescent, as you may imagine. After all this, I must scribble a good deal ; I must eat and drink ; I must endeavour to get friends. In short, I find my time extremely occupied, though, after all, the actual business I do is not much.

“The people are certainly above par as to manners, information, and sociability ; the women many of them beautiful, well bred, and, heaven knows, sufficiently gallant. The country beautiful.

“The climate I may possibly have no opportunity of knowing : for the end of last summer was as hot as at St. Ildefonso ; and the winter hitherto has been like that of England. They say there was just such a season in 1684 ; and I find some people attribute it to Sir I. Newton’s comet. It may be so, I do not remember anything of such subjects.

“Adieu, my dearest Andrew. I repeat as formerly that you may expect soon to hear from me again, and I hope I shall better keep my word than I have done for some months past.

“Everything kind from me to your ‘better half.’

If you had been an independent 'whole,' I should have proposed to you to put your foot in a ship, and come over to see me next summer, and to accompany me far enough north to see the sun go round without setting (which is one of my childish longings I seriously intend to satisfy); but, alas! you must drag about your darling golden chain within a narrower compass."

TO LISTON.

"... I have nothing new to inform you of. My Edinburgh,
March 3,
1790. house is pulled down in the old Collège, to give way for the new buildings; and we are now living in Alison's Square, in the house formerly possessed by Mrs. Lindsay.

"Our subscriptions are now considerably above £15,000, which have been raised chiefly in Edinburgh and its environs. We expect to make out the £20,000 in Scotland, and the thing has not been set agoing yet in London.

"I believe I wrote you before that we expect £10,000 from India."

Dalzel's pupil, Lord Maitland, had succeeded to the peerage by the death of his father, the seventh Earl, in August 1789, less than a month after the lamented death of Lady Lauderdale.

TO LISTON.

"... Lord Lauderdale sets off the day after to-morrow, to be present at the opening on the 10th. He has asked me to accompany him, which I shall do, August,
1790.

as he returns to Scotland in a few weeks. My Annie, who is not very strong, with her two daughters, are staying at Drumsheugh, in the neighbourhood of the town, till I return.

“Our new College is going on with great rapidity. Part of it will be roofed in within the year. The sum subscribed is now about £17,000, which is as much as the most sanguine person expected in the time. I believe I told you I had put down ten guineas for you. Let me know in your next if you are any way flush of money, and whether I may draw upon you yet.—I ever am, my dearest Bob, yours most faithfully,

ANDREW DALZEL.

“Poor Adam Smith died on the 17th instant, much lamented.”

TO LISTON.

Edinburgh,
Sept. 3,
1790.

“... In our return from London, Lord Lauderdale carried me into Suffolk, and we remained in that county, at the house of a particular friend of his, Mr. Dudley North (formerly Long), two days. Then we came through Ipswich, Stowmarket, St. Edmund's Bury, Newmarket, and Cambridge, and Huntingdon, and joined the great north road at Stilton. This was one of the most pleasant routes I had ever gone, as I got a peep of Newmarket, and, which was much more interesting to me, the University of Cambridge, where I had never been before. At Oxford, I had long ago resided for some months. In London, I found Lord L. highly esteemed by his party, and indeed I am told he is highly regarded also by many on the other side.

If his friends ever come in, he must be very high in office and in power. The D. of Portland was so much interested about his election as one of the sixteen, that he sent two of his own servants to Edinburgh at that time to bring him the news. When in London, Lord Lauderdale introduced me to his Grace at Burlington House one day. He was extremely civil ; but this, I suppose, is the case with most persons of his rank. During the time I was in London, I endeavoured to see as much as I could. Nicol, the King's bookseller, carried me into his Majesty's Library at the Queen's house, which was one of the most entertaining things to me I had met with. As I have the charge of our own College Library, and the time may soon arrive when I shall direct the removal of the books into a new apartment, I wished to know the mode of arrangement, both of the King's Library and those at Cambridge, that I might take hints from them. On our arrival in Scotland, I left Lord L. with his family at Stevenston, a house of Sir Robert Sinclair, near Haddington, which he has taken in the meantime. He is building at Dunbar, upon a design of Mr. Adam, a snug place, where he means to live mostly when he comes to Scotland. Hatton is not yet sold, but he is firm in his resolution of disposing of it. I found Annie and her children pretty well on my arrival. Mr. R. Adam is still here, and our College building advances apace. The sum subscribed is about £17,300, besides a considerable sum we hear has been subscribed in Jamaica. We expect £10,000 from India. I have paid in your subscription to the bank."

In the winter 1790-91, arrived in Edinburgh M. Chevalier, an expatriated Frenchman, who was travelling as a tutor with two Northern youths. He was a man of some learning, and a restless love of travel, had visited the Troad in the suite of the Duc de Choiseul, and, with him, had formed a theory of the Homeric geography, which was to correct the errors of Strabo, Pope, Dr. Pococke, and Wood. Under the patronage of Dalzel, he was admitted a member of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, and at meetings of that Society, in February and March 1791, he read a long paper, *Tableau de la Plaine de Troye*, illustrated with a map. A careful adaptation of the existing features of the district to the descriptions of the Iliad, must always have interested scholars, but the subject became doubly exciting when Wolf revived the old heresy, which questioned even the personality of Homer, and sought to reduce to the authority of mythical ballads all that had passed for archaic history in the most sceptical times of antiquity. In those days it was something to have sailed on the Hellespont, and the man who had actually seen the clouds resting on Mount Ida, and had copied some inscriptions on the shore, however unhomeric, spoke of Troy with a certain authority. Moreover, the poor wanderer who read Homer was sure to find sympathy with the good Professor of Greek. Dalzel pitied and liked the man; studied his topography, and at length worked himself into a zealous believer; translated his paper into English, and published it with notes of his own. His

kindness did not stop there. He exacted from Cadell a price for the book, instead of a share in its prospective profits, and he made poor Chevalier rich with thirty guineas, which he might believe he had earned himself. Dalzel's name and his notes gave the new topography a success which it is not now thought to deserve. Dr. Burgess, though adopting the topography, complains of Chevalier's "unnecessary verbosity, very unlike the exact and compressed learning in some of the notes." Heyne, then intent on the preparation of his great Homer, likewise professed his adherence, and brought out a translation of Chevalier's paper with Dalzel's notes, and further notes and illustrations of his own. This almost necessarily led to communication between the Greek scholars of Göttingen and Edinburgh; but, alas! Heyne had no English, nor Dalzel German, so their correspondence was condemned to the ponderous vehicle of Latin.

June 16,
1792.

Poor Chevalier was one of the unhappy sons of letters. Nothing throve with him, and he complained of fate and fortune and a hard world,—of everything but Dalzel, whose friendship, once secured, was enduring. The poor Frenchman's first letters are in 1791. His last in 1806, the year of the Professor's death. In that period he had gone through many changes of fortune. In 1793, his situation gave his kind friend a great deal of concern. Somewhat later, through Böttiger, he had the offer of a professorship at Jena, but preferred staying with Sir Francis Burdett, whom he was teaching French. He was librarian of a public library in Paris in 1804. In

Letter to
Böttiger,
Nov. 1793.

1806.
October 1.
A la Biblio-
thèque St.
Genevieve.

1806, he writes to his old friend : “J’ai souvent pensé à celui, qui après m’avoir comblé de ses bontés dans mon exil, a mis le comble à ses bienfaits en me donnant un nom dans la littérature.”

FROM LISTON.

Stockholm,
January 21,
1791.

“MY DEAREST ANDREW,—I have received your letter of the 23d of December with the melancholy news of my poor mother’s death. She had reached a good old age ; she had lived to see the remains of her family prosperous ; and she was no longer attached to this world. Yet I would have a longer life for her at a great price, and I cannot help most sensibly feeling her loss.

“The arrangements to be taken in consequence of her death are few and easy, at least for the present. Her funeral, I understand, has been performed with a decency and plainness suitable to her taste, and suitable to good sense. . . . With regard to the farm, it seems natural that my aunt Margaret should remain there and make the best of it with the advice she will get from my friends, till I either come home myself, or make farther dispositions with respect to it.—Ever, my dearest Andrew, most cordially yours,

“R. LISTON.”

FROM LISTON.

Stockholm,
August 26,
1791.

“I have not for some months past had the excuse of public business. The King of Sweden’s absence left me very little to do. But I have been most completely employed in building a country-house in the neigh-

bourhood of this city, which was begun in April, and is on the point of being finished. I was encouraged to this undertaking by the prospect of a war with Russia, which I naturally thought would fix me here, and by the little hopes you gave me in the beginning of the year that I should be able to purchase any additions to Damhead. Other motives concurred to determine me, partly of a political nature. As you will naturally stare with astonishment at the idea of building in a foreign country, where my stay is so uncertain, I must add in justification, that my house is of wood, so that I mean to sleep there in a day or two, and that I can have, if I leave Stockholm to-morrow, nearly what it costs me."

Professor Playfair happening to be in London, had taken some interest in Chevalier's affair with the booksellers. From thence he went down to Portsmouth.

FROM PROFESSOR PLAYFAIR.

" . . . I have no news to write you of. I left London yesterday, and have been all this day sailing about and admiring the grand fleet which lies at anchor in the road here in two lines, each of them about five miles long. It consists of thirty-six line of battle ships, and forms a most magnificent spectacle. . . . The Greek lines were nothing to it."

Portsmouth,
August 12,
1791.

TO LISTON.

" . . . With respect to myself, I am going on the

Edinburgh,
Nov. 19,
1791.

same uniform style as usual. I have lately begun my nineteenth Academical campaign,—think of that ! And yet I flatter myself I feel no diminution of vigour either in body or mind, and my classes are likely to be pretty numerous, which is a comfortable circumstance in many respects, as it enables me to lay up something for my two little daughters, of whom the eldest was very delicate, but is now thriving much better than she did, and is (if I am not influenced by the fondness of a father) a very fine creature. The youngest is thriving very well, and is very diverting. But the sensations which I feel from that quarter you cannot well comprehend the nature of.

“ . . . When you come home, you will, I am persuaded, admire, as everybody does, what is executed of our new College. The subscription has gone beyond the expectation of the most sanguine. It amounts at home to some hundreds above £20,000, and we hear of a great deal subscribed in India under the auspices of Lord Cornwallis. But we have yet got no remittances worth mentioning. The campaign with Tippoo engages our friends there.

“Mr. R. Adam has remained in Scotland longer than usual this season, having got great encouragement in the line of his profession. He is to carry on some public buildings in Glasgow, which is now in a more flourishing condition than ever, owing to the success of the late manufactures set on foot, and he is carrying on several private buildings in different parts of the country.”

The commencement of the correspondence between Heyne and Dalzel is given in the English translation of Chevalier's paper on the Plain of Troy.¹ The next letter of Dalzel served to introduce to the Göttingen philologist a young Scotchman, John Fullerton, about to begin that study of the law, which he prosecuted with such distinguished talent and success as an advocate, and as a judge. Lord Fullerton never lost the taste he had acquired from his early masters, and took great pleasure in the critical study of the classics and classical history to the end of his life.²

¹ Edinburgh, printed for T. Cadell, in the Strand, London, 1791. 4to.

² A few years before Lord Fullerton's death, while he was still in perfect health, having occasion to call upon him in his house in Melville Street, I found him in his own room, the last volume of Niebuhr on his table, and the floor covered with Grævius and Gronovius. He had been tracking the German scholar through his authorities, and he brought all the ingenuity and fairness of his judicial mind to test the evidence.

Others of the great Scotch lawyers of the past age (but still within my time) have been scholars, not only in power but in taste. I cannot speak from my own knowledge of Lord Glenlee's studies. I was not personally admitted to his acquaintance, and know him chiefly from Lord Jeffrey's report. I believe he was one of the few Scotchmen who have united a taste for mathematical science to classical study. The appearance and manner of the fine old gentleman made a strong impression on "us youth" as he climbed up the long stairs from the Cowgate to the Parliament Close, with his shadowy body, his full dress suit, and his *chapeau bras* under his arm. It was like one returned from an earlier stage of the world. He was the last person—perhaps the only man—I have ever

heard speak pure Scotch like an educated gentleman.

Lord Rutherford, another great lawyer, is within the memory of most of my readers. Through a life crowded with labour and excitement he kept hold of his early classical studies, and in his last years, when his health was broken, drew his greatest enjoyment from the Greek orators and Homer, his fine memory retaining the more striking passages with rare accuracy. The last time I saw him we walked in the garden at Laurieston. He spoke of the ancient orators; denied the common opinion that their declamation would have been lost on modern debate, and quoted as an instance of a style that would be effective in our House of Commons, passages from the great speech of Pericles. In his deep rich voice, his eye flaming, he poured out the grand words—*Χράμεθα γὰρ πολιτεία οὐ ζηλούσῃ τοὺς τῶν πέλας νόμους, παράδειγμα δὲ μᾶλλον αὐτοὶ ὄντες τισὶ ἢ μιμούμενοι ἑτέροις*. We were standing on that noble terrace, looking over a finer scene than Pericles could gaze upon. To those who remember the man, his voice, his look, it will not be surprising that the scene is impressed on my memory.

I am afraid I am giving proof of having reached a garrulous age.

TO PROFESSOR HEYNE.

Edinburgh,
Sept. 22,
1792.

“ . . . Juvenis qui has literas, vir illustrissime, ad te attulit (gente Scotus, loco honesto oriundus, nomine Joannes Fullarton) a patre missus est ad inclytam tuam Georgiam Augustam, ut ibi literarum, præsertim juris civilis, studio aliquandiu incumbat. Consilio suo mecum communicato, petiit ut si qui essent viri docti apud Gottingam quibuscum mihi aliquid consuetudinis intruderet, iis se per literas commendarem. En igitur epistolam iterum tibi a me datam, quod ut æqui bonique consulas enixe rogo, atque hunc ingenuum adolescentem in clientelam tuam, quatenus per multiplicia tua negotia licuerit, accipias. Optimo quidem ingenio est, bonisque moribus præditus; nescio autem an per biennium proxime elapsam bonarum literarum studiis animum ut decuit applicuerit. Nullus tamen dubito quin diligentiam suam in posterum sub tuis auspiciis redintegret, magnosque faciat progressus. . . .

“Vehementer cupio audire quousque jam progressus feceris in editione tua operum Homeri adornanda. Omnia tibi vir eruditissime fausta et felicia ex animo voveo. Vale.”

It is pleasant to find a record of the occurrence of the first of those Academic *symposia*,¹ which are

¹ The harmony and good humour are too great in our days to admit of “parting before eight o’clock.” The *symposii Conditor* will remember one of those charming banquets, when, long after that hour, a late venerable and

much-loved Principal led the chorus of the whole *Senatus*, singing,—

“We’ll no go home till morning!”

Principal Robertson’s health had begun to break in the end of 1791, and he soon showed symptoms of jaundice.

still celebrated with great advantage, and “in the greatest harmony and good humour.”

TO PRINCIPAL ROBERTSON.

“DEAR SIR,—I read the letter you had addressed to me before a numerous company of the Professors met to dinner on Saturday last, and a general regret was expressed on account of your absence and the cause of it. I sincerely hope that this will find you recovering from your ailment by the salutary air of the country.

March 4,
1792.

“After the letter was read, and immediately before we sat down to dinner, it was with great pleasure I made a motion, which had been suggested to me by Mr. Stewart but a few minutes before—that we should unite in showing some mark of respect to our Principal, whose absence was so much regretted from a first social meeting of that kind, and proposed that you should be requested to sit for your portrait to Mr. Raeburn the painter, with a view to have it hung up in the public library, to the proper establishment and concern of which you had been so attentive for a course of thirty years, during which you had already presided over us, so much to the honour of our Society.

“The proposal was unanimously and most cordially agreed to ; and I take this method of begging that you will permit me to make the said request to you in the name of the meeting, while I flatter myself you will have no hesitation in complying with our wishes.

“The company consisted of nineteen, and proved

very agreeable. We resolved to meet again next anniversary of the same day, and parted all before eight o'clock in the greatest harmony and good humour.— I remain, with the greatest esteem and respect, dear Sir, your most obedient and most humble servant,

“ANDREW DALZEL.”

The following letter marks the esteem felt for Robert Adam, the architect, one of the “cousins,” who died in London, after a single day's illness, brought on, it was thought, by swallowing a prune stone.

FROM PRINCIPAL ROBERTSON.

College,
March 7th.

“MY DEAR SIR,—You will easily conceive how much I was surprised and afflicted with the melancholy event which you communicated to me last night. I have lived long and much with many of the most distinguished men in my own times, but for genius, for worth, and for agreeable manners, I know none whom I should rank above the friend we have lost. What a shock must this unexpected blow be to his family, particularly to his sisters! I should have been with Mrs. Drysdale some time this day, but, by venturing abroad on Monday, I have caught cold, which has brought on a sore throat that confines me. It is unlucky that you can hear nothing about your friends in London to-day. Be so good as to look in to-morrow and let me know what accounts you receive. Believe me to be ever yours most faithfully,

“WILLIAM ROBERTSON.”

FROM PRINCIPAL ROBERTSON.

“MY DEAR SIR,—I received your letter of March 4th, and will not, from an affectation of modesty, conceal what I felt on the perusal of it. No honour ever conferred upon me was more pleasing or acceptable to me, than the mark of attention and respect which I received from the members of a society with which I have been so long and so intimately connected. I consider their approbation as the highest praise. *Lætus sum laudari a laudatis viris.* I will gladly, and with much pride, comply with their request of sitting to Raeburn; and I am recovering so well, that, on my return, I hope I shall not show a new face to my old friends, but, instead of the suspicious yellow, shall present an honest red and white. I do assure you that the honour done to me is not less welcome that it originated from a motion of yours.”

Lennel
House,
April 9,
1792.

“I purpose to write to Jamie Adam by next post. Remember me to him and all your friends with great affection; and believe me to be ever yours most faithfully,

WILLIAM ROBERTSON.

“If the translation of Chevalier be published, please order a copy or two to the College Library, and send one of them to me by the carrier.”

Dalzel had an enthusiastic admiration of his father-in-law, Dr. Drysdale, and had long projected publishing a selection of his sermons. He had communicated his intention to the Principal, and received the following letter—the last :—

FROM PRINCIPAL ROBERTSON.

Grange
House,
August 28,
1792.

“MY DEAR SIR,—I regretted my having been from home when you took the trouble of calling t’other day, and I now regret it more, as it deprived me of the pleasure of being informed sooner of the very proper transaction which my son, at your desire, communicated to me last night. I am happy to think that I may be of some use in enabling you to carry the scheme into execution. As soon as you get any of the sermons fairly transcribed, I will read them with the utmost attention, and put down on paper every observation, great and small, which occurs to me, while you have full liberty to adopt or to reject or alter them as you think best. This is what Dr. Blair and I have always done for one another in every work we have published ; and by going over your MSS. in the same manner, I flatter myself that I may contribute somewhat towards rendering the work more nearly such as our worthy friend would have wished it to be, especially as I am more accustomed to theological ideas and style than you are.—I am ever yours most faithfully,

WILLIAM ROBERTSON.”

I believe the formal style of the following notes is a peculiarity of the writer. Dr. Erskine was a very intimate friend of Dalzel’s.

FROM DR. ERSKINE.

Laurieston,
February 27,
1793.

“Dr. Erskine’s best compliments to Mr. Dalzel. If he can conveniently send him the ‘Bibliotheca Critica’

the bearer will call for it to-morrow, a quarter before nine o'clock. It shall be returned soon.

"Perhaps the publishing by itself in a threepenny or fourpenny pamphlet, Dr. Drysdale's sermon on the distinction of ranks would be useful. It has great intrinsic merit. Of the few sermons Dr. Erskine has perused on a subject not often treated in the pulpit, he recollects none in which there appears equal compass of thought and strength of argument. Had Dr. Drysdale been alive and wrote the sermon after Paine's 'Rights of Man' had appeared, his defence of distinctions of rank, however solid and convincing, would have wanted the weight it derives from the time in which it was composed."

FROM DR. ERSKINE.

"Dr. Erskine's best compliments to Mr. Dalzel. Returns the 'Bibliotheca Critica.'

Laurieston,
March 7,
1793.

"He would not have thought Dr. Drysdale's sermon on distinction of ranks proper to have been published as a specimen of the work. Perhaps it contains more new and original than most of the other discourses on subjects of more general use, and more frequently discussed, would admit. But as the proposal of printing it separately is from its happening to be well adapted to the present crisis, he sees not the publishers can have any interest to object. Surely the reading of it will give an opinion of the genius, taste, and judgment of the author, which favour the sale of the two volumes.

"Pain, sickness, and languor have much unfitted

Dr. Erskine for reading since Tuesday last week. This has occasioned his keeping the 'Bibliotheca Critica' longer than he intended. He is soon fatigued with writing, and therefore refers other matters to conversation, if again fit for it."

FROM THE DEAN OF CHRIST CHURCH.

Christ
Church,
Oxford,
May 30, 1793.

"SIR,—An acquaintance, if you will allow me the honour of calling it so, of so very late a date as that which I have had the pleasure of forming with you—an acquaintance too which rests entirely on the civilities and attentions which I have received from you, gives me no claim certainly to request further favours from you, or to trouble you on any occasion.

"I have ventured, however, to act, as is pretty generally the case, in direct opposition to all these considerations, at the time that I have perfectly felt and acknowledged their truth; and I have not been able to resist the entreaties of some Italian noblemen (who have done me the honour of a visit at Oxford) that I would assist them, as far as was in my power, with some introduction at Edinburgh.

"Count Andreani, who will have the honour of delivering this letter to you, is a nobleman well known to all the men of science in England, having himself the highest pretensions to be ranked among that number, and having visited England more than once. He is lately returned from a voyage to America. He is accompanied by the Chevalier Pisani, the Venetian Ambassador at Paris, and the head of one of the most noble families of Venice, and by two other gentlemen.

“I really do not know what apology I can make for the liberty I have taken. I will therefore only add that I shall consider any attentions which it may be convenient to you to show these gentlemen as a personal obligation to myself, and that you will make me always happy by giving me the opportunity of returning those attentions to any friends of yours who may visit Oxford.

“I have the honour to be, with much respect, Sir, your most obedient and faithful humble servant,

“CYRIL JACKSON.

The first and great Earl of Mansfield died 20th March 1793. His successor, the second Earl, but better known as Lord Stormont, was an accomplished and critical scholar, and a correspondent of Dalzel's. The “ingenious gentleman” his Lordship alludes to, must have been Jacob Bryant.

FROM DAVID EARL OF MANSFIELD.

“SIR,—I had scarce begun to look into Dr. Drysdale's Sermons, in consequence of your recommendation of them, when I was interrupted by a severe family misfortune.

Portland
Place,
June 17,
1793.

“My time has of late been so taken up with parliamentary business, that I have not been able to read more than that sermon which you particularly recommended, and three or four of those, the subjects of which are particularly adapted to my present situation and temper of mind. I have, I assure you, read them with great satisfaction. There is a clearness of con-

ception, a closeness of reasoning, and a strong, simple, manly eloquence that is singularly pleasing. I have no doubt of these sermons being much admired when they come to be generally known, but it is a great while before books of this kind force their way.

“I must not omit this opportunity of repeating my thanks for the dissertation you were so good as to send me, and which I read twice in the course of last summer. Your translation has all the ease and elegance of an original, and the notes are very interesting and instructive. I understand that you may soon expect an answer from a very ingenious gentleman, but one who doubts even of the existence of the Trojan war. I can venture to foretell that he will not shake my faith, which is, and long has been, that Homer rested upon historical tradition not only for the principal facts, but also for the leading differences in the characters of his heroes, and that they know little of his real excellence who ascribe to him that sort of invention which is the paltry merit of a modern writer of romance.—I am, with great truth, Sir, your most obedient and most humble servant,

“MANSFIELD.”

Principal Robertson died on the 11th of June 1793. A few days before, feeling himself dying, and having the same care for his reputation and fame which had always marked him, he sent for Dugald Stewart and requested him to write the history of his life. Soon after his death, his son (afterwards the judge) applied to Dalzel for materials and information to assist

Stewart in his memoir, and especially to throw light on his conduct as Principal of the University.

FROM LISTON.

“Before I received your letter I had been prepared for Dr. Robertson’s death, by a request from Dugald Stewart that I would point out to him where he could find a paper I wrote a number of years ago in the ‘London Magazine,’ as the Doctor had referred to it as a considerable source of information concerning his earlier years, and which might assist Mr. Stewart in the account of the Doctor’s life, which he himself had desired him to draw up. Mr. Stewart asked me for my sources of information, which I doubt much if I shall have it in my power to produce, as it was not my custom at that time to keep papers. I remember well that I had all my materials from you. The Doctor’s fate has been happy and enviable. He has closed a prosperous career, through which he has been attended with respect and applause, at a period that cannot be called premature ; and he will leave a blank which must be strongly felt in the circle of society where he was best known.

London,
June 18,
1793.

“The same eulogium will be pronounced upon you, my dear Andrew, but I hope the day is yet far distant, and I am not likely, and not desirous to live to see it. ---Adieu.”

TO THE DEAN OF CHRIST CHURCH.

“REVEREND SIR,—Your honouring me with the acquaintance of Count Andreani, with that of Chevalier

June 28,
1793.

Pisani, and the other Venetian gentlemen, required no apology. Besides thinking myself very happy in having an opportunity of paying every attention in my power to any person whom you recommend, my best thanks are due to you for introducing me to such distinguished visitors. They have been here about a week, during which time I have had the pleasure to accompany them to see anything which might seem to be worthy of the attention of strangers. This morning they set off to the West, meaning to visit Stirling and Glasgow, and to take the Carron Manufactory on their way. That they might see the last in perfection, I procured a letter from one of the proprietors to the director of the works there; and as they expressed a desire to see Mr. Bruce the Abyssinian traveller, who resides in that neighbourhood, I have availed myself of my acquaintance with that gentleman, to give Count Andreani a letter of introduction to him. They have letters from other gentlemen, particularly Mr. Stewart, Professor of Moral Philosophy, to different persons in Glasgow, who will show them the manufactures there and at Paisley. They mean to return to Edinburgh, and soon after to England."

The first time I introduce the kindly Weimar Professor, I must be allowed to give his letter, long as it is, entire.

FROM MR. BÜTTIGER.

Weimar,
July 24, 1793.

"SIR,—Now you have been sending *ἔπεα πτεροεντα* indeed in your last letter. It has winged its flight

over land and seas in little more than a fortnight, and is arrived safely into my hands without any further mistake or blunder in the post-offices. I am fully convinced the method you have been advised to, directing your letters immediately to Weimar by the post, will save your letters a great deal of travelling to no purpose, and hasten to myself the pleasure of enjoying the contents of your very agreeable letters far sooner than it would be otherwise. I shall follow the same method, and thus we can hear one from another regularly every six or seven weeks, once at least. It is true I don't know if you have leisure and good nature enough to indulge the verbosity and talkativeness of such a correspondent as I promise to be. But all I can assure you is, I shall take care to dress the little dishes I can serve you in my letters as well as I can afford with my cookery, and to render my plain bill of fare as palatable as it is possible. Nor do I fear that provision may ever fail to my ordinary as long as I am permitted to serve you a course or two of our literature, which, though it is not in as flourishing a state as you are pleased to call it, goes at least very thrivingly, and teems with plentiful foliage and blossoms, if not with fruits and kind Pomona's blessings. For to give you only one instance of the high prolific ability of our German authors, the last Lipsian fair, the great staple, you know, of the German booksellers, has produced the number of 2349 books and pamphlets. Half as much will be set down next Michaelmas fair. Thus the total sum of all books published in Germany only in a twelvemonth will

amount at least to 3400 books and pamphlets of the lesser tribe. One quarter will be made up of translations out of foreign languages. Two quarters, perhaps, are poor paltry trash and fulsome stuff, sermons, novels (an article of which we have always a very plentiful crop, especially of the *genre terrible*, hobgoblins, apparitions, etc.), politic-gossiping, plays, and other misbegotten outcasts of our Grub Street performers, *quibus ingenii est largitor venter*. But one quarter is a very respectable one, making large amends for the huge wasting of paper in the preceding species, the ingredients of which are composed of classic learning, historical researches, natural history, chemical and technological matters, etc. This part would be very welcome and entertaining to the strangers also if they were possessed of our language, which, I dare assure you, is now the key of the greatest storehouse of knowledge, treasured up by the German industry, and picked up from every language and corner of the cultivated world. What a great pity is it then that few strangers will take the pains to learn it, because it seems to be exceedingly difficult. But it seems only. A striking instance of this assertion has been the young gentleman by whom you have had my last letter, Mr. Lewis of London, who has boarded in my house, and, by dint of but an indifferent application to our language, within a few months has brought himself up to understand the most difficult poets, and has begun a translation of 'Wieland's Oberon,' in stanzas, which I suppose he will soon publish in his country.

"But I will not trouble you with complaints, who

avail nothing. Much better may it do you if I continue giving some account of what has been published in the wide field of classic literature since I wrote you my last. In the Greek, two sound scholars, both pupils of Mr. Heyne, one Mr. Buhle, Professor at Göttingue, and Mr. Jacobs at Gotha, have displayed great abilities. The former has published a new edition of 'Aratus's Poems,' together with the old Greek scholia, and very fine critical remarks. He is the same who is employed about a new edition of Aristotle, two volumes of which have been given out already at Deux Ponts. The latter, who is going in the footsteps of your Touts and Tyrwhitts, has made good the promise, given by Mr. Heyne many a year ago, to communicate with the public a complete edition of the 'Homericæ, Antehomericæ et Post-homericæ' of John Tzetzes, a dull monk indeed of a degenerated age, but a great compiler of many a valuable remainder of antiquity. The same has published a specimen of a new 'Anthologia Græca,' or a full commentary to the 'Analecta Veterum Poetarum Græcorum,' published in three volumes by the late Mr. Brunk at Strasbourgh. With respect to the Roman authors, Mr. Hottinger, Professor at Zurich in the Switzerland, has put the last hand to a new edition of 'Cicero de Divinatione,' of which he had raised already great expectation by a very fine translation in the German. We have got, by his critical sagacity, a quite new emendation of the text. He has left behind him Davies and all other editors. One Mr. Posselt, an able performer in the Latin tongue, has taken it in his head to immortalize the high achieve-

ments of the French and German armies in the past year: *Bellum populi Gallici aduersus Hungariæ Borussięque reges: Annus primus*, Götting. 1793. 207 pages, in gr. 8. It is true he is a little prepossessed in favour of the French, a bias generally to be found amongst the *literati* over all Germany, but it is exceedingly well done as for the style and the true historic manner. If you be desirous to take some further notice of this very whimsical performance, I shall be happy sending to you it by way of Hamburgh. It is to be continued for the present year; but heaven forbid that he should find materials for an *annus tertius*!

“There are still many other publications which would gratify a learned scholar who deals with the Greek and Roman literature, but they are for the most part written in our own language, amongst which I shall only mention an excellent work of Mr. Heeren at Göttingen, ‘Remarks on the Political Views and Commercial Intercourse of the Old African Nations,’ a true masterpiece indeed, full of new discoveries and very valuable hints, who have escaped till now the penetration of the best antiquarians. This work would be calculated also for the taste of your countrymen, and meet with great applause, I suppose, if translated into English.

“But now I shall forbear dwelling longer upon a subject of whom I am sensible I have entertained you much longer than I was intending to do. It was only to show you my acknowledgment for the highly interesting and valuable intelligences you have been pleased

to impart me from your country. Mr. Drysdale's 'Sermons' which you have ushered with so much dignity into the world with your preliminary discourses, I have seen advertised, with proper encomiums bestowed upon them, in some newspapers. To be sure, a good translation of them would be a piece of good luck for our countrymen, who have swallowed down very greedily Blair's blooming rhetorications. Now, I have got a vast liking, by your recommendation, to Germanize them myself, and you would therefore put myself under the highest obligations, if you could furnish me with the original as soon as possible. Good Mr. Chevalier, who has called upon me some months ago in his tour through Germany, and spoken of you with the highest sense of gratitude, is now yoked as tutor to two young noblemen, Barons de Bulow, sons of the Danish ambassador at the court of Saxony. He is quite disconsolate of the unhappy situation of his poor country. Good God! how much will he rejoice hearing that the blood-hound Marat has been stabbed by a feeble woman's hand!

"I had many a question to ask, but I shall confine myself to these two only. Which is the better of the two translations of Terence, Echard's or Colman's? The latter I have never been able to get a sight of, though I am told it is very much esteemed by your countrymen. I am now about a new edition of Terence, and if you would be so kind to favour me with some advice upon that behalf, or to procure some critical or explanatory support for my author, it would contribute very much to set off this edition of mine,

and give it a new taste in the eyes of my countrymen. Secondly, I have seen advertised in a newspaper next week 'Sketches of the Origin, Progress, and Effects of the Music, with an Account of the Ancient Bards and Minstrels,' by Rich. Eastcott. Do you know this performance? Is it only a catch-penny compilation of Warton's and other books of a similar argument, or conveys it particular notions of these once-renowned songsters, of whom I have contracted a particular fondness, and would it be worth the while making a translation of it?

"But now I am afraid you will be tired out of patience by the unconscionable length of this scrawling. Therefore I shall give you now a little respite, wishing only that you would take in your head as soon as possible to retaliate the assault given on your patience upon your most obedient and most humble servant,

"CHARLES BOETTIGER."

I do not wonder that Dalzel was fond of Böttiger's correspondence; that he kept all his letters by themselves, folded up and docqueted clerkly; that he tried to set him right as to the genders of English pronouns, and nevertheless proclaimed his admiration and envy of the German's ready use of a foreign language.

We have now a change announced which brought Liston within reach of the Trojan field of controversy; an opportunity which he did not fail to use for an object so interesting to his friend.

FROM LISTON.

"... You will see by the 'London Gazette' of yesterday, that I am formally appointed ambassador to Turkey. This event, properly speaking, only took place yesterday morning, for the King only recommends, the Turkey company *elect*. The *congé d'élire* was sent to the company about a week ago, and they held a general court yesterday, when I was made choice of unanimously, as you may suppose.

London,
October 2,
1793.

"I propose to run down to Damhead for a week or two (or more if I can) before I undertake the long journey, and I shall probably have the pleasure of shaking hands with you next week. I am happy to learn that I am likely to find you in good health and spirits.

"There is no news arrived here but what you see in the papers.

"Adieu, my best wishes and respects *chez vous*.—
Ever most cordially yours, R. LISTON."

TO MR. BÖTTIGER.

"Your information respecting the number of books published annually in Germany is very surprising and curious. In Great Britain the presses, too, teem annually with an immense multitude of multifarious productions; but I cannot pretend to ascertain the number, as we have no such market in this island as the Lipsian fair. The only method of coming near the truth would be to examine the Reviews carefully. I imagine, however, that there is not a third part of

Edinburgh,
Nov. 4,
1793.

the number published here which appears in Germany.

“For your other literary news, I am extremely obliged to you. The epithet of *the late*, which you prefixed to the name of Brunck, was the first intimation I had of the death of that enterprising scholar.¹ I regret his loss, as he was constantly improving in the art of an editor of the Greek classics. I should like to see Posselt’s work, entitled, ‘*Bellum Populi Gallici*,’ etc. That war is growing more and more horrid, and how it is to end it is impossible to conjecture. It convulses all Europe, and is in a high degree interesting to this island of Great Britain.

“Our friend M. Chevalier has lately been here in Edinburgh, with his two pupils, Barons de Bulow, with whom I was sorry to find him extremely dissatisfied. . . . He is a very excellent man, and his situation gives me a great deal of concern. After remaining here some weeks, he set off lately with his pupils for London. When he arrives there, he is to request the Hanoverian ambassador to transmit a parcel for you to the care of Mr. Heyne, containing a copy of Mr. Drysdale’s sermons, which you are so good as to propose to translate into German yourself. I am quite delighted that the task should have fallen into such able hands, as I am sure that you are both able and willing to do them all manner of justice.

“I am happy to hear that you are engaged on a new edition of Terence. The Comedies of that elegant

¹ I do not know what Böttiger meant by speaking of *the late* Mr. Brunck. Perhaps he wished to be witty, or his

English may have failed him. Brunck did not die till 1803.

author were great favourites of mine formerly, but I have made no written remarks upon them. As to the two English translations you mention, Echard's and Colman's, the latter is incomparably the best. Colman has given his version in familiar blank verse, in which he is allowed to have succeeded extremely well; and though it be in verse, and a new attempt, it is at the same time very exact and literal. His notes, likewise, are very valuable. Echard's translation is now quite out of fashion. His style is inelegant and antiquated. Of the book you mention on Music by one Eastcott, I can give you no account, as I have never seen nor heard of it.

"Since my last I have had no account of what is doing in England in the classical line, particularly at Oxford. My friend and correspondent, Mr. Burgess, the editor of '*Dawesii Miscellanea Critica*,' etc., owes me a letter. I am somewhat surprised I have not heard from him lately. My intimate friend and colleague, Mr. Stewart, Professor of Moral Philosophy in this University, lately published a volume of great merit, and written with much elegance and ingenuity, entitled, '*Elements of the Philosophy of the Human Mind*,' 4to, near 400 pages. He means afterwards to add another volume, which will complete the work. A German version, I should think, would be very well received in your country. Mr. Stewart has also written a very beautiful account of the life and writings of the late Adam Smith, author of the '*Inquiry into the Wealth of Nations*,' and of the '*Theory of Moral Sentiments*,' which will be published in the third volume

of 'Narratives of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, and will appear in the month of January or February next. As some separate copies of this Eloge, which I think one of the finest I have seen yet in English, will be printed for the author to distribute among his friends, if you think a translation of it would be acceptable in Germany, I will endeavour to send you a copy.

"Some months ago we lost our celebrated Principal, Mr. Robertson, author of the 'History of the Emperor Charles v.,' etc. He had presided in this society thirty years with great reputation, and died about the age of seventy-one years. He was considered as one of our most elegant and popular writers. The flourishing state in which this country was for many years, has got a sudden check by the horrid disorders prevailing in France. Even the cause of learning suffers; and a great alarm almost universally prevails.

"The continuance of your correspondence will make me very happy. In the meantime, I am, with the greatest regard, dear Sir, your much obliged humble servant,

ANDW. DALZEL."

Let it not be forgotten that in this year Henry Cockburn went to College. One who had worked at school would have been a more favourable witness concerning the Greek Professor's power of teaching. But let the evidence stand. It is a fine testimony in favour of Dalzel, and to the value of classical learning, by a man classical at heart, who felt the want of the early accuracy, but could appreciate its advantages.

LORD COCKBURN.

“In October 1793, I was sent to the College of Edinburgh.

“My first class was for more of that weary Latin ; an excellent thing, if it had been got. For all I have seen since, and all I felt even then, have satisfied me that there is no solid and graceful foundation for boys' minds like classical learning, grammatically acquired ; and that all the modern substitutes of what is called *useful knowledge*, breed little beyond conceit, vulgarity, and general ignorance. It is not the mere acquaintance with the two immortal languages that constitutes the value, though the value of this is incalculable, but the early discipline of the mind, by the necessary reception of precise rules, of which the use and the reasonableness is in due time disclosed. But the mischief was that little Latin was acquired. The class was a constant scene of unchecked idleness and disrespectful mirth. Our time was worse than lost.

“Andrew Dalzel, the author of ‘*Collectanea Græca*’ and other academical books, taught my next class—the Greek. At the mere teaching of a language to boys, he was ineffective. How is it possible for the elements, including the very letters, of a language to be taught to one hundred boys at once, by a single lecturing professor ? To the lads who, like me—to whom the very alphabet was new—required positive *teaching*, the class was utterly useless. Nevertheless, though not a good schoolmaster, it is a duty, and delightful, to record Dalzel's value as a general exciter

of boys' minds. Dugald Stewart alone excepted, he did me more good than all the other instructors I had. Mild, affectionate, simple, an absolute enthusiast about learning—particularly classical, and especially Greek ; with an innocence of soul and of manner which imparted an air of honest kindliness to whatever he said or did, and a slow, soft formal voice, he was a great favourite with all boys, and all good men. Never was a voyager, out in quest of new islands, more delighted in finding one, than he was in discovering any good quality in any humble youth. His lectures are an example of the difference between discourses meant to be spoken to boys, and those intended to be read by men. Yet our hearts bore witness how well they were conceived, at least as he read them, for moving youths. He could never make us actively laborious. But when we sat passive, and listened to him, he inspired us with a vague but sincere ambition of literature, and with delicious dreams of virtue and poetry. He must have been a hard boy whom these discourses, spoken by Dalzel's low, soft, artless voice, did not melt.

“Dalzel was clerk to the General Assembly, and was long one of the curiosities of that strange place. He was too innocent for it.

“The last time I saw this simple and worthy man was very shortly before his death (the near approach of which he was quite aware of), at a house he had taken on the Bonnington Road. He was trying to discharge a twopenny cannon for the amusement of his children ; but his alarm and awkwardness only terrified them the more ; till at last he got behind a

washing-tub, and then, fastening the match to the end of a long stick, set the piece off gloriously. He used to agree with those who say, that it is partly owing to its Presbyterianism that Scotland is less classical than Episcopal England. Sydney Smith asserted that he had overheard the Professor muttering one dark night on the street to himself, 'If it had not been for that confounded Solemn League and Covenant, we would have made as good longs and shorts as they.'"¹

I have not scrupled to give a place to the following letter, which is almost the only one of Dalzel's, making reference to political feuds. Fortunately we can look back without passion to what Dugald Stewart described as "the unrelenting rancour which disgraces the factions of modern times :"—

TO PROFESSOR YOUNG OF GLASGOW.

"I regretted much that I did not see you when you were in Edinburgh. I sent to Mrs. Hutton's the morning after you called to make inquiry about you, and found you had just set off for Glasgow. . . .

Edinburgh,
Dec. 7,
1794.

"I have been in quest of Thesaurus, but have not yet found a copy ; I desired a young bookseller here, who was in London lately, to rummage for it everywhere. He tells me the book was not to be found there, but that White in Fleet Street assured him he was to have over some copies soon, and he has bespoke four to be sent to Edinburgh, one of which I have bespoke for you. The title is It is

¹ Lord Cockburn's "Memorials of his Time," pp. 18-21.

said to be an excellent book ; is known to several scholars in England, though but few copies have as yet been imported.

“ I have got in my own possession a copy of Heyne’s *additamenta* to his Pindar, sent me by the author himself, of which you shall have the use whenever you please. I never before heard that a third volume of Schütz’s *Æschylus* had been published. The Strasburg Polybius is now completed, and is said to be an excellent one.

“ Brown, whom you recommend, I know something of ; he is, I believe, a very worthy young man. If I can, I will try to serve him. Dr. Taylor has recommended a nephew to me, whom I should wish to serve also ; but no opportunity has yet occurred. Be so good as mention this to the Doctor when you see him.

“ As to the whisper of somebody, I take your way of mentioning it very kind ; and I have no hesitation of saying to you confidentially, that it arose accidentally in the last conversation I had with a very worthy man who is on the eve of setting out for a foreign land.¹ If I recollect right, he asked me if I thought a degree of LL.D. would be of any service to him, and I imagined that he pointed at having it from our College. I thought that there was no harm in his having such a title, as he might use it or not as he pleased, but said at the same time, that Glasgow was the place for him to obtain it, where his connexions rather lay ; especially when, in the first place, in these times of violence, and particularly from a certain

¹ Evidently Liston.

most violent Faculty, in a certain society,¹ nothing was to be expected in the way of honour to any person of a certain kidney, especially if moved by a member known to be connected with a certain peer.² I added that I myself should think the same title a great honour from the same quarter. No more passed on that subject, and I really never thought that it was to go farther, at least with respect to myself.

“Dugald Stewart and I had the offer here many years ago, from our late Principal, but declined it, for certain reasons which I could mention to you in conversation, but which will not do in writing. I own that if it were to be bestowed by you, I should wish it to be in company with my friend Dugald, who has a much better plea for obtaining that honour from you than I have, being formerly your own *alumnus*, as well as his father before him, who had his degree also from Glasgow. I should wish yourself likewise to be in company, for I really do not see why I should be so decorated before one of my own standing in the University who confers the honour. And, as I have no desire to be called Doctor, and should wish only to produce the addition of LL.D. on certain occasions, the publishing it in the newspapers would not be at all agreeable. And now, my dear sir, unless you could manage it, and that very easily, in this way, that is to say, including Dugald and yourself and managing the whole snugly, I must beg you to do nothing in it whatever.

¹ The Senatus of Edinburgh University. Degrees in Laws of right originate with the Law Faculty. I am not sure that that was the Faculty here meant.

² Lord Lauderdale, I think.

“There is a namesake of yours here at present from England, a great Grecian, who has translated into Greek verse Lear’s imprecation from Shakspeare, under the title of *Λεαρου Ἀπαί* subscribed *Θωμᾶς Ιογγυος*. When I send you Heyne’s *additamenta* I shall endeavour also to send you a copy of this. Willich, who brought me a letter from you some months after date, is, I am glad to learn, succeeding pretty well here.”

TO PROFESSOR JOHN HUNTER, ST. ANDREWS.

Edinburgh,
June 3,
1795.

“I use the freedom to introduce to your acquaintance Mr. Thomas Young, who is the bearer of this. He is nephew of Dr. Brocklesby of London, and has spent the last session in Edinburgh, chiefly in medical studies, though to these his attention formerly has by no means been confined. For, besides the great progress he has made in various branches of science, he is a most admirable classical scholar, and in particular has made surprising progress in the Greek, the mention of which will be a sufficient apology for my introducing him to you.

“His stay in St. Andrews will not be long, as he is on a tour to the North previous to his return to England, from whence he means to set off for Göttingen, with a view to prosecute his studies at that university. Though so young a man, he is already a Fellow of the Royal Society of London, and is known as an ingenious author in the *Philosophical Transactions*. The possession of such talents and accomplishments has not in the least affected his manners, which are simple,

unassuming, and agreeable, and he is much esteemed by his literary friends here.

“As he means to return by Glasgow, I regret that our friend Mr. John Young, being in East Lothian, will not have an opportunity of meeting with him.”

FROM PROFESSOR HEYNE.

“VIRO PRÆSTANTISSIMO DALZEL, S.P. C.G. HEYNE.

“Etsi suavissimus et doctissimus juvenis, Tho. Young suis satis dotibus ingenii animique se commendat, dici tamen nequit quantopere recrearit me adventu ille suo meque ad amorem ejus traxerit commemoratio tui, tum etiam litteræ tuæ gratissimæ quas ille mihi reddidit. Te bene valere et literarum utilitatibus gnaviter confidere lubentissime audivi narrantem, eritque ille mihi inter juvenes maxime gratos et jucundos cum tandem nactus sim eum qui se vidisse Te et Tecum esse versatum profiteatur.

Gottingæ,
Kal. Nov.
1795.

“Summam tuam humanitatem gratissimo animo exosculatus sum nuper cum a juveni optimo Lettsomo redderentur mihi ea quæ monumenta tuæ benevolentiae mihi destinaveras, tum in præsentī, cum litterarum a M. Brit. R. Legato Roberto Liston ad te scriptarum exemplum mecum communicasti quibus Chevalerii nostri observata firmanur et stabiliuntur; id quod mihi jucundissimum accidit: subveritus enim eram ne ille nonnulla paullo procaciter ac leviter asseruisset sibi visa. Molestum certe erat commentum de icuncula Minervæ et vasculo in tumulo Achillis reperto. Inventum Chevalerio esse patronum cujus tutelæ con-

fishus in Britannis ille iucunde vivere possit valde lætor.

“Utinam mihi ad manus essent vir præstantissime quibus par pari referre et gratum animum testatum facere possem ! Sed expectanda mihi est opportunitas et ipsa materies, quæ in vota mea fingi adornarique possit. Tu ne amoris ac benevolentiae tuæ in me ullo tempore aliquid detractum et subductum esse velis diligenter vide. Vale. Scr. Gottingæ Kal. Nov. 1795.”

On the back of Heyne's letter, Thomas Young, who had taken charge of sending it to Scotland, has written what follows, in the minute neat hand in which he rivalled Porson—a great contrast to the antique Gothic writing of Heyne :—

“Amico suo maxime semper habendo data occasione salutem a longinquo dicit T. Young. Litteras tuas humanitatem solitam præ se ferentes, neque etiam solas, viro summo tradidi, qui has rescribit. Nondum autem tempus permisit ut multoties eum convenissem, quippe variis rebus maxime occupatum.

“Hac in accademia facultatem egregiam adesse sentio omnia studia libere persequendi : convivia, spectacula, cœtus humaniores aut publici aut privati parum interpellunt—quod mihi in præsens non ingratum est : mox forsitan usu vivendi eveniet ut incolarum societate magis distrahar.

“Fac salutem plurimam meo nomine dicas uxori tuæ sororique ejus ac matri ; etiam amicis nostris

maxime colendis, Stewart, Robertson, Duncan, eorum-
que uxoribus, nec non Doctori Gregory. Molestum
mihi fuit Duncanum filium jam tum vix abiisse cum
huc adveni. Adsunt etiamnum aliquot Angli bonæ
indolis.

“In Græcis literis non multum invenio : ipse equidem
jam prosequi nequeo : nec multi in Germania penitus
hiis studiis incumbere videntur. An veterum editiones
aliquæ nuper elaboratæ sint non mihi audire contigit.
Tuis in hoc genere laboribus tibi que adeo ipsi omnia
fausta ac felicia pro meritis eveniant. Melius quam
olim valeas, mihi que ut solitus es faveas. Dat.
Göttingæ 15 Cal. Dec. 1795.

“Siquid tibi forsitan otioso occurrat quod mecum
per litterculas communicare velis, eas qui has tibi
tradet, D. Cathcart ad me mittere curabit.”

The threatened attack by a “very ingenious gentleman” came at length, accompanied by the following letter which has the air of the *salute* that precedes a passage of arms between two courteous swordsmen.

FROM JACOB BRYANT, ESQ.

“SIR,—May I beg your favourable acceptance of
the little treatise which I lately printed, and with
which this letter is accompanied. In this short dis-
sertation, I have been obliged to canvas some opinions
of your respectable friend, Mr. Chevalier, and as you
have been the editor of his work, I could not avoid
sometimes introducing your name. But as I have
always expressed a deep sense of your learning, and

London,
12th Jan.
1796.

proper respect for your character, it is my hope and wish that no offence will ensue. At all rates, I thought it my duty to lay it before you for your inspection.— I am, with true esteem and regard, Sir, your most obedient and humble servant, JACOB BRYANT."

There was enough in Mr. Bryant's "Observations" (1795) and his "Dissertation" (1796) to originate a new Trojan war. But Dalzel would have no hostilities; would not have the world disturbed once more about the tomb of Achilles. Without losing a post, he replied to the challenge—disclaimed all intention of personal offence—concurred with his challenger in "deprecating acrimonious reflections against learned men"—would correct some errors in a new edition, having got some additional information furnished by two travellers who had recently visited the Troad (these were Mr. Hawkins and Dr. Sibthorpe)—promised respectful attention to Bryant's observations—was sorry that Bryant had written some passages that seemed contemptuous, and called upon him to "retract any retaliation that may appear to him on reflection to have been too severe."

Jan. 19,
1796.

All these controversies have gone to sleep, and I am not for wakening them. Let it suffice to remember that Bryant denied the existence of the city of Troy and the Trojan war, and was willing to renounce all the interest that flows from the *truth* of the Iliad and Odyssey. It was all a creation of the great Homer. Wolf, following Bentley, would have no Homer. The poems passing under his name from the beginning of

letters were ballads of different unknown authors. He did not deny the existence of Troy and the immortal war. But all discrepancies in place and time were reconciled by supposing a multitude of singers of those remote events. Dalzel and his party were of the old faith—believers in Homer and taking the history as he told it.

The details of the difference of opinion, and the more or the less respect in the manner of expressing it, would hardly interest the world now. But observe the result of Dalzel's temperate and gentlemanlike rebuke. I give a part of Mr. Bryant's letter as a model of a palinode for literary belligerents.

FROM JACOB BRYANT.

"SIR,—Your letter abounds with so much liberality and candour that I cannot help sending you an immediate answer, partly to testify the just sense I have of your sentiments in my favour, and partly to soften any undue impressions which may have taken place from my writings. Your mentioning the possibility of errors, and your being ready to correct them, shows the goodness of your disposition, and your regard to justice and truth. It does honour both to your head and your heart. . . .

Jan. 25,
1795.

"You have shown upon this occasion a proper feeling, and you must believe that I am not void of sensibility. You cannot therefore be surprised if I were at all affected when you co-operated with Mr. C. and supported his notions at a time when he brought an unnecessary allegation against me, and as

unjust as it was unnecessary. Your great good nature led you also in some other places to maintain his arguments where, I think, they were not defensible. These things I am obliged to hint in my own vindication. But this being once for all said, let the whole be consigned to oblivion. Your address to me has given me a most favourable opinion of your goodness. And should any view or business bring you into these parts, I shall be glad personally to show you that regard which I can now only testify by writing. I am, with great truth, Sir, your very sincere friend and humble servant,

JACOB BRYANT."

Weimar,
Juin 26,
1796.

A letter of the versatile Böttiger, written in French, describes his country as overrun with French emigrants. Passing to subjects of more personal interest, he writes :—

“Les discours de votre digne beau-père, feu Mr. Drysdale, me sont parvenu peu de temps après ma dernière lettre. Je les ai lu et relu avec un intérêt, qui ne s’émoussoit jamais par la répétition, et je les ai trouvés bien au dessus de tous les éloges, que Messieurs les Reviewers n’ont pas manqué de leur prodiguer. J’ai été charmé de tout ce que vous avez dit vous même dans la préface sur un homme, qui méritoit bien que sa mémoire fut conservée et consacrée au *Temple du vrai mérite*. Enfin, je n’ai eu rien de si pressé que d’engager un de mes amis, dont je connoissois bien les talens, à nous en donner une traduction, et j’ai la satisfaction de vous apprendre qu’il en a paru il y un an à Nuremberg, qui réunit tous les suffrages de ceux,

qui s'y entendent. En un mot, les discours de Drysdale ont bien la mine d'être mis partout dans nos petites bibliothèques choisies à côté de Tillotson et de Blair. Si vous êtes curieux d'en voir la traduction, je vous en enverrai une exemplaire, pourvu que nous puissions trouver un chemin sûr et peu coûteux. Mille remerciemens de la bonté que vous avez bien voulu me témoigner en me donnant un échantillon fort curieux d'un Ms. de Martial qui me pourra bien tenter, si je puis réaliser l'édition projetée et préparée depuis long tems. Je m'adresserai alors à vous, Monsieur, pour avoir une collation complète d'un manuscrit, qui d'après le premier coup-d'œil paroît bien conforme à ceux qui sont censés les meilleurs, savoir le Codex Guelpherbytanus et Palatinus, dont je possède déjà des collations bien intéressantes. Quant à mon specimen de Terence, il est si rempli de fautes d'imprimeurs, que j'en ai honte vraiment et que j'étois sur le point de le désavouer publiquement. Au reste, je sais bien apprécier les éloges, dont vous avez bien voulu honorer cette foible esquisse et j'en tire vanité un peu, *bene memor illius Ciceroniani : laudari volo, sed a laudato viro*. Mais combien me reste-t-il encore à faire ! Il vient de paroître à Leipsic un ouvrage, qui fera époque sans doute, par un jeune homme de 22 ans, *Godofr. Hermannii de metris poetarum Græcorum et Romanorum*, libri iii. Lipsiæ, 1796. 461 pp. in 8. C'est un petit prodige, que ce jeune critique. Il établit de règles sur la quantité des syllabes et sur la scansion de vers, qui nous ont été inconnus jusqu'à présent, et le grand Bentley lui

même ne sauroit revoquer en doute, quoiqu'il en dut être piqué au vif, parceque le jeune homme lui donne de coups de patte par ci et par là. Je me suis empressé de vous nommer ce livre, parcequ'il vous peut être bien intéressant pour vos *Ἀναλεκτα*, dont je me fais fête d'avance. Les renseignemens que vous avez bien voulu me donner sur M. Le Chevalier m'ont été d'autant plus agréables que je ne savois ce qu'il étoit devenu depuis qu'il a refusé les offres du Duc de Weimar, qui lui donnoit la place de Professeur à Jena, avec une pension très modique il est vrai, mais qui alloit en augmentant dès qu'il seroit arrivé ici. Un de mes amis, qui a vu les papiers du Duc de Choiseil-Gouffier ya trouvé presque mot par mot tout ce que notre ami Chevalier a fait publier sur le tombeau d'Achille et la plaine de Troye. Je présume, que la question, qui en est le plagiaire, n'est pas fort difficile à resoudre. Mais savez bien, que depuis que le célèbre Wolf à Halle a publié ses *Prolegomena in Homerum*, livre unique dans son genre, qui nous démontre par des preuves incontestables, que l'Iliade et l'Odyssée n'ont pu être composées que par plusieurs poètes, qui ont suivis successivement le même plan—savez vous, dis-je, que depuis cette déclaration, qui nous menace d'un bouleversement de toutes nos idées sur l'Epopée des anciens, il y a parmi nos savans nombre de gens, qui se moquent de tous les essais, par lesquels on a tenté à réconcilier les passages d'Homère sur les différens sites des environs de Troye. Ce sont, nous dit-on à présent, de contradictions de différens poètes, qui ont chanté les exploits des Grecs devant les murs de

Troye et dont les chantres postérieurs n'ont pu effacer toutes les traces malgré tous leurs efforts d'en exterminer toutes les incohérences. On ajoute que Bentley a opiné déjà de même.

“Le commentaire sur l'Anthologie par Mr. Jacobs ne paroitra que l'année prochaine. Le Duc de Gotha, où Mr. Jacobs est professeur en Grec, a fait dernièrement l'emplette de cette belle copie du Codex Palatinus de l'Anthologie qui se trouve à la bibliothèque Vaticane, faite par l'Abbé Spaletti à Rome. Mais Dieu sait si ce trésor ne sera intercepté avec tant d'autres par les brigands victorieux de l'Italie dépouillée de ce qu'elle a de plus précieux ! . . .

“Le célèbre M^rPherson vient de mourir chez vous. On a dit beaucoup de mal de lui, et je crois bien qu'il est blâmable à plusieurs égards. Mais j'ai toujours estimé ses grandes mérites en qualité d'éditeur d'Ossian, dont l'authenticité *générale* me paroît être bien constatée, en traducteur d'Homère et en historien. Parlez moi un peu de cet homme, et si un éloge de lui vient de paroître, communiquez le à moi. J'ai lu ce qu'on en a dit *in the Obituary of the Gentleman's Magazine*. Mais c'est un Anglois, qui juge l'Écossais.

“Aurons-nous *Posthumous Works of Robertson* ?”

The rest of the letter concerned a negotiation for the Weimar professor receiving a young Scotchman, Mr. Macdonald of St. Martin's, as a boarder, and superintending his education. Fortunately, Mr. Macdonald was accompanied by his tutor, Mr. James Macdonald, an amiable man, a capital linguist, and zealous High-

lander, who soon engrossed much of the good Böttiger's interest, and indulged him in plentiful speculations about Celtic poetry and traditions. In the very introductory letter, Dalzel had told that Mr. James Macdonald was acquainted with some of the Gaelic poems in the original. This notice of Ossian Macpherson is worth preserving :—

TO BÖTTIGER.

Edinburgh,
August 3,
1796.

“I write this to be delivered to you by young Macdonald and his tutor, etc. . . .

“M'Pherson was certainly a man of genius, but his character was not of the most respectable sort, especially in the latter part of his life. He was too much elated by his success in the world. His being a member of parliament, and his acquiring a very large fortune and estate, by being agent for the Nabob of Arcot, deprived him of prudence and moderation, and made him assume airs to which his original situation in life by no means entitled him. He built a magnificent house in a remote part of the Highlands of Scotland, where he used to go occasionally, and it was there where he died. A strong proof of his ostentation and vanity appeared after his death. He had ordered his body to be carried to London, and deposited in Westminster Abbey, *ubi jacent—manus, etc.* See *Æn.* vi. 659.¹ I have not heard that any *éloge* of him is to be given by any person respectable in the commonwealth of letters. Short notices have

¹ “Hic manus ob patriam pugnando vulnera passi, . . .

Quique pii vates et Phœbo digna locuti,” etc.

ÆNEID VI.

appeared of him in the magazines, some of which you have seen.

“A biographical account will, however, soon make its appearance of the late Dr. Robertson the historian, composed by Mr. Stewart, Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University, and my excellent and intimate friend. It is written on the same plan with that which he has already published of the late Adam Smith, and which is to be found in the third volume of Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, and also prefixed to some posthumous essays of Mr. Smith, lately published at London in a thin quarto volume. The account of Dr. Robertson will extend to a greater length than that of Mr. Smith, as Mr. Stewart intends to publish a considerable number of letters which have been put into his hands. The first part of this *éloge* has already been read before the Royal Society here, and received with great approbation.

“I do not hear of any other literary work of importance which is likely to appear here or in England soon. The taste now prevailing in England for splendid typography and embellishment savours much of the frivolous, and is what the truly learned do not much esteem. The war now raging, and the constant agitation in which men's minds are kept by political opinions, are a great hindrance to literary pursuits, and afford little encouragement for the publication of works of utility, of which the rate is found to be greatly diminished. The great prices which English booksellers could formerly afford to give to men of ability for new literary works of merit, were a great stimulus to exertion.

Hume, Robertson, Smith, and others, made genteel fortunes by the success of their works. Nothing has been read with avidity for some time but political pamphlets. A new novel indeed has just made its appearance, written by the author of *Evelina* and *Cecilia*, the celebrity of which performances has caused great expectation to be formed of the new production. It consists of five volumes, small octavo, upwards of 400 pages each, and is entitled 'Camilla, or a Picture of Youth.' The ladies of my family are at present engaged in the perusal, but do not seem to be so highly pleased with it as with the former ones, especially 'Cecilia,' which was very much admired. The author was formerly known by the name of Miss Burney, being the daughter of the celebrated Dr. Burney, author of the *Art of Music* and other works. She has now changed her name into Mrs. Arblay, having, as I am informed, married a French emigrant, by no means a good match for her. She published 'Camilla' by subscription, and by that means secured a vast number of purchasers, who were eager to encourage and reward the merit of which, by her former productions, she was apprehended to be possessed. I am informed that the subscription will bring her upwards of £3000 sterling. The English are abundantly generous on occasions of this kind. This lady has a brother, master of an academy near London, who is said to be among the best Greek scholars in England. I do not know that he has yet published anything, except a criticism on Milton's Greek poems, to be found in the second edition of Milton's *Minor Poems*, by the late Thomas Warton."

The following note serves to fix a date interesting to the University :—

FROM LORD ADAM GORDON.

“Lord Henry Petty, son to Marquis of Lansdown, and Mr. Debary, being in Edinburgh and to attend the Colleges there, Lord Adam Gordon begs leave to introduce them to Mr. Dalzel, and to request his best attentions to them during their residence in Scotland. Mr. Debary is tutor to Lord Henry Petty, and is a man of very uncommon good character, and well informed. Any attentions to them from Mr. Dalzel will be gratefully acknowledged by his faithful and obedt. humble servant,

The Burn,
near Breechin,
Nov. 2,
1796.

“AD. GORDON.”

“Per favour of Lord Henry Petty
and Mr. Debary.”

Before they had been many months in the house, the Macdonalds, tutor and pupil, had won the hearts of the kind Germans.

FROM BÜTTIGER.

“The favourite topic of our conversation is Caledonia, and our common table and tea-table talk runs about old Gaelic antiquities, Ossian’s songs, the Western islands, the picturesque beauties of the Highlands, the smiling farms and busy throngs of the Lowlands, and such other things, which I like vastly to hear related by eye-witnesses, as we want very much a true statement of all these cases, in order to be undeceived and weaned

Weimar,
Nov. 25,
1796.

from the prejudices we have sucked from English authors. For, to tell a piece of my intimate conviction now, as we look on Scotland always by the reports of the English, or such travellers of ours who have been conversing only with Britons on the right side of the Tweed, we are shamefully ignorant of all that is going forward on the other side. Thus, for an instance, I had never heard of that true poetical genius, the late Mr. Burns, for whose widow and children British generosity is now raising so fine a subscription.

“Mr. Wolf’s fame has been spread all over Germany and the adjacent countries. He was called some months ago to fill up the vacant place of the late Professor Valkenaerius at the University of Leyden at Holland, with a high salary and such accommodation as would suit him best. But the Curator of the University of Halle at Berlin would not dismiss him at any means. The King made him ample amends by adding to his salary, and signing a permission to travel at the King’s expense all over Europe, in order to ransack the libraries, and smell with his critic nose if there be hidden something in a lurking-place. I hope he’ll start fair game, and give us a bill of fare of his own dressing still. He shall not fail to make a trip to your happy island also, and when he goes to Edinburgh, I beg leave previously to introduce him to your acquaintance. His edition of ‘Tacitus’ is in great forwardness, and he is preparing also an edition of Aristotle’s Poetic, with select notes of your Twining, Tyrwhitt, and Pye, and an ample fund of his own addition. But, pray, what has befallen that much-

renowned Mr. Bryant, whose dissertation concerning the war of Troy seems to be the effusion of a very eccentric paradoxical fellow, and, what is still worse, is an old stale story, though perhaps fitted out with some new frippery of his own trimmings? I am sensible that Mr. Bryant is one of the first character in England for his vast reading, and gave many a proof of his sagacity in his former essays. Therefore I can hardly persuade myself that he is in earnest with his paradox.

“In the list of new publications imported from Germany by Mr. Remnant, the new-established German bookseller at London, I met with in the last September number of the *Monthly Magazine*, you'll find Mr. Kindervater's new edition of '*Cicero de natura Deorum*.' That is a very fine publication indeed, and will serve your purpose the better as the editor, who is clergyman in the neighbourhood of Lipsia, is well tinctured with the new Kantian philosophy, and has made some valuable comparison of the old eclectic philosophy of the great Roman statesman and the new-fangled doctrine of the Königsberg philosopher, which is now, and seems to become still more so, the hobby-horse of the German Universities. The same editor is now completing a collection for illustrating Lucretius's philosophical poem, and prepares a new edition of Sextus Empiricus, that rich storehouse of all the modern and the older scepticks. Next Eastemas fair, Mitscherlich's edition of Horace's Odes shall make its appearance embellished with copper-plates, and fitted out with an immense reading, and

the whole artillery of the Göttingen stores. Ruperti's edition of Silius Italicus, likewise announced in Mr. Remnant's list, is, I am afraid, too much encumbered with notes and quotations, but in general a valuable addition to a new set of classics. The same literator, who is also a pupil of Mr. Heyne's, is preparing for the press a new edition of Juvenalis, some specimens of which have been published in our magazine.

"As for myself, I have now entered a little copartnership with Mr. Wieland, the celebrated German author, one of our Wimarian *literati*, for giving translations and dissertations upon various subjects concerning old Attic authors. The title of that publication, the second volume of which has just been published, is '*Attik Museum*.' I gave a dissertation on the propensity of Athenians to fit up fables of the mythology for their own use and in their own way, in order to crack a jest upon them and ridicule them, in their stage diversements, in which, you know, they were immoderate. The fable of Minerva, who invented the flutes and threw them away again, was, as I have shown by the fragments of old comic poets, pointed against the Theban pipers, and a profusion of such instances shall be produced in the future, which I hope shall clear up and remove many difficulties in the old classics. I would send to you a copy of it, but as it is in German, it would not serve your purpose, I am afraid, and would be mere trash to you. Perhaps it will answer much better the kind prepossession you seem to be animated with for our classic literature, when I send to you a fine masterpiece of criticism on Theocritus by a Lip-

sian professor, from whose benevolence I got a copy for you. I'll wait only for proper opportunity to make it over to you, as it would be an heavy incumbrance for a single letter, which, however, has run out already to such unconscionable a dimension that I must put a stop to my loquacity, and begging the favour only to present my compliments to the dear father of your amiable pupil, young Mr. William—he does great honour indeed to your high valuable classes—I wish to get a place in your kind remembrance, and am, with the greatest esteem and affection, dear Sir, your most obedient and most humble servant,

“BÖTTIGER.”

A letter from a pupil of Dalzel's, I think Mr. Hunter Blair, gives some light on the life of Weimar.

FROM DAVID HUNTER.

“DEAR SIR,—As you mentioned, when I saw you last, that you would be happy to hear of me from this place, I shall now give you some account of my situation here. As Mr. Böttiger, from the increase of his family, found it impossible to admit me into his house, I have got very pleasant lodgings in the very next house to his, the people of which are his most intimate friends, so that he has as much opportunity of observing my conduct as if I really lived in his house. I dine at the *table-d'hôte*, from which I derive great advantage in acquiring the language, which I now begin to understand and speak a little, although I find it pretty difficult. I have likewise made con-

Weimar,
January 13,
1797.

siderable progress in the French, which I have a very good opportunity of acquiring, as it is generally spoken at Court, and I am very confident that I shall be able fully to accomplish the object of my coming here.

“Mr. Böttiger is a very pleasant man, and speaks English remarkably well. He is head of what is here called the Gymnasium, where he gives lectures upon the *Encyclopædia*. He is at present, I believe, engaged in a work on the antiquities of Greece, which is expected shortly to make its appearance, and is looked for with great anxiety.

“We have two Courts here, one is kept by the reigning Duke and Duchess, and the other by the Duke’s mother, who is aunt to our Princess of Wales and Duchess of York. They are both very pleasant and gay, and are each held once a week.

“Your acquaintances, the M’Donalds, are at present at Leipsick, where William is studying Law. His tutor has made a most astonishing progress in the languages since his arrival on the Continent. While he was here, he made himself complete master of the French and German languages, and also understood very well the Italian and Spanish, and I am told he is now learning the Danish. We expect them both here in April, when they mean to return to England.

“I beg you will remember me to all my friends in Edinburgh, when you see them, and believe me ever, most sincerely, your obedient servant,

“DAVID HUNTER.”

FROM THOMAS YOUNG.

“DEAR SIR,—I trouble you with a letter, of no further importance than to express my curiosity to know the progress of your literary pursuits, and to inquire if, by chance, I can be of any service to you in them. Our young friend, Mr. Robertson, told me that you were some time ago desirous of knowing in what part of the world I was, and that you were in search of a book that it was possible I might be able to find. If you are still in want of it, and you think it likely to be found in any part of Germany, it is probable that by my connexions there I could procure it for you. I was not, till very lately, certain that I should not spend the ensuing winter in your neighbourhood, but I have now entered here at Emanuel College, and shall barely keep the terms for two years, which, as I wish to reside chiefly in London, will be more convenient to me than spending another whole year at Edinburgh ; but I assure you that with respect to social pleasures, Cambridge is not to be compared to Edinburgh. You have perhaps seen or heard of Mr. Voght’s little account of your metropolis. . It certainly is curious and interesting enough to deserve a translation. I hope that you received a year ago the letter of Heyne, which I forwarded, in answer to the one with which you favoured me to that professor. He is now employed in a new edition of his Virgil, with another set of embellishments, and has finished about one volume. I was told that you had published your *Analecta*, but I could not get a sight of it in

Cambridge,
March 27,
1797.

London, and therefore suppose I was misinformed. When you have leisure, I should be happy to know in what state the work is. I stay here about a fortnight, and after that am to be found at Dr. Brocklesby's, Norfolk Street, London. Let me beg of you to deliver my best compliments to your valuable colleagues, Mr. Stewart, Dr. Gregory, and Dr. Duncan, and, in particular, to your own family.—Yours most faithfully,

“THOMAS YOUNG.”

FROM THOMAS YOUNG.

London,
April 19,
1797.

“MY DEAR SIR,—I hope you have not interrupted the progress of your work from my dilatoriness in not giving you more immediately my opinions on a subject which is only so far of importance as you have been pleased to dignify it with more than merited notice. My name is very much at your service in any form that you please, but I confess that the more antique dress that Patricius Junius assumes, does not appear to me to make up for the obscurity, and the difficulty of identifying a person so metamorphosed, which might tend to impute an affectation of too great delicacy on the writer. I have been of late led to consider some cases of this kind on occasion of writing a medical dissertation. I do not know how well I have extricated myself from the difficulty, but when I have an opportunity, I shall take the liberty of submitting it to your inspection. I have now, perhaps, some reason to wish that I had never written it, and that I had deferred graduating for Edinburgh. The foolish laws of the College in London are per-

plexed and ill understood ; but I must now make the best of Cambridge. I wish I were better qualified to give you an account of the state of literature in Germany. But there are many reasons which have rendered it difficult for me to obtain sufficient data. The little disposition to social intercourse that is found in most of the professors, precludes almost the possibility of an intimacy with any of the rank of a student. I have never, for instance, been more in Heyne's house than about four times for a quarter of an hour of a morning, and do not know immediately from him how his literary undertaking proceeds, so that I can say nothing of his Homer. In general, the literati are the slaves of the booksellers, and know little or nothing of Greek ; but they are good Latinists, are immensely laborious, have most extensive libraries at their command, and execute every task of drudgery infinitely better than any other. Nor are they all to be ranked in the same class of dull industry. Among so great a number, some few are found, in various branches, who think originally and brilliantly for themselves. In poetry, in chemistry, in mineralogy, in mathematics, and in some degree in history, politics, and natural history in general, they have men now living who rank among the very first geniuses in their respective pursuits. The particular instances, and all their works, I cannot, especially in a letter, detail to you, and indeed, the reviews give as complete an idea of these as a personal visit to the country. I cannot flatter myself with any immediate prospect of a journey into Scotland, but I still hope that circumstances may, by

some means or other, give me an opportunity of assuring you again in person how much I am, sincerely yours,

THOMAS YOUNG.

“I expect to remain a month in London before my next residence at Cambridge.”

March 10,
1796.

The two volumes of prose Collectanea were now well established in England. The most eminent schoolmasters acknowledged their utility, and they were used as class-books at many of the best schools. Dr. Matthew Raine of the Charter-House had told Dalzel—“As far as the short experience of a few years may authorize me, I can venture to assert that you have obliged the world with the two best books for the initiation of boys into the Greek language which are anywhere to be met with.” Nor were other teachers less complimentary :—

FROM MR. REYNOLD DAVIES.

Streatham,
Sept. 12,
1796.

“SIR,—Your two Collectaneas are very far superior to anything I know for the use of young persons. In consequence, I use them in my own seminary, and in a late excursion to the West, I trust I have succeeded in having them introduced into two or three very large public schools in that quarter. My booksellers, Messrs. Robinson, are, I find, very well provided with them ; but with what impatience do my friends and self look for the poetical collection you have promised us ! A few days ago I called at Murray’s (for I am in the greatest want, as a class is ready into whose

hands I mean to throw it immediately upon its appearance), but there they could give me no information at all. Permit me then to entreat two lines in the course of a few days, telling me when I may hope for the publication of the book in question. Pray let it be as soon as possible.—I am, good Sir, your much obliged humble servant,

REYNOLD DAVIES."

There were many such entreaties for the promised volume of poetical selections before it made its appearance. It was necessarily laborious, and it was not in Dalzel's nature to do anything slightly or without all care and caution. He grudged no labour himself, and he was fortunate enough to find some able assistants. Of these, I have already mentioned Thomas Young, who made the whole selection of the *Anthologia*, and was very useful in the extracts of the dramatic poets. His friendly, zealous assistance was still more shown in subsequent editions, for which, in the midst of his innumerable occupations, he found time to supply whole sheets of notes, and suggested readings and explanations.

The second volume of the *Collectanea*—*excerpta ex variis poetis*—was published in May 1797. It contained an acknowledgment of Young's assistance, and some compliments which to the young man were still welcome, coupling his name with James Gregory and Dugald Stewart—"optimis mihiq̃ue familiarissimis viris, ingenii et doctrinæ laude florentibus"—whose taste was relied on in the selection.¹ A copy was

¹ *Notes in Epigrammata*, p. 284, first edition.

Non Junii,
1797.

forthwith sent to Heyne, with an acknowledgment of the author's debt to his learned works, and thanks "*propter comitatem qua non ita pridem excipiebas amicum meum Thomam Young dum apud Georgiam tuam Augustam studiis operam daret,*" (I wish he had written *dabat.*)

The volume of poetry was received with even greater favour and applause than its predecessors.

FROM DR. VALPY.

London,
July 3,
1797.

"SIR,—I was leaving Reading for the vacation when I received your very acceptable and long desired poetical *Analecta*. I had no time to examine it, but on looking it over, I had the pleasure to see the two very plays which I would myself have advised; the '*Œdipus Tyrannus*' and the '*Medea*.' I thank you for that, as well as for a copy of the last edition of the prose *Analecta*. Your labours have so manifestly contributed to the solid improvement of youth in the Greek language, that I consider you (*adsit reverentia viro!*) as one of the first benefactors to the cause of classical learning in this country.—I have the honour to be, with great regard, Sir, your most obliged servant,

"R. VALPY."

FROM THOMAS YOUNG.

Cambridge,
July 5,
1797.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I was favoured with your letter about a fortnight ago, and not long after received your kind present, for which I return you many hearty thanks both as a present and a publication. I have already expressed my obligation to you for the civilities which

you bestow so liberally upon me ; whether deserved or not, they give pleasure to my friends, and I hope I have not willingly created any enemies who might be disgusted with them. I am fully of your opinion that it would have been improper to print my little attempts as a part of the text. At the time I saw you the instance of Masters's Ode on the Crucifixion, printed, I think, in the Westminster selection, was fresh in my recollection ; but bad examples are no excuse for doing wrong, and at any rate it would be presumptuous and invidious. Your labours are much approved by some of my friends, who have been engaged in teaching, and I do not doubt but the book will come into general use. I cannot as yet give you my sentiments fully on the whole, for so many have been desiring to see it that I have had it but little at home. Mr. Renouard, whom you may recollect at Edinburgh with young Cust, has last borrowed it. But, if in the course of a few years you should have occasion to prepare another edition, I should perhaps be disposed to trouble you with a few short remarks on other passages throughout the book.

“If you have read Heyne's Pindar, you are better qualified to judge of his proficiency in the Greek than I am, from the little intercourse that I had with him ; this coolness, however, you must not attribute to any want of respect to the introduction with which you favoured me. I had, besides your letter, another from his brother-in-law, to whom I had been introduced with all the warmth of panegyric that friendship could elicit from the heart of one of the most brilliant lumina-

ries of our literary and political hemisphere ; and yet all was of no avail : the custom of the country is so different from ours that we must not judge by the same rules. I heard but of one party, great or small, at Heyne's house all the time that I was there.

"I sent you some weeks ago a copy of my dissertation, and took the liberty of putting a couple more into the same parcel for some of your colleagues. I hope they have by this time been delivered to you. I am at present a good deal employed on the subject of the slight synoptic sketch at the end of my thesis, the definition and classification of the various sounds of all the languages that I can gain a knowledge of ; and have of late been diverging a little into the physical and mathematical theory of sound in general. I fancy I have made some singular observations on vibrating strings, and I mean to pursue my experiments. If any of your philosophers should have been employing themselves on this subject, and have discovered any particulars not commonly known, or have made any advances towards completing a¹, which is now very imperfect, I should be very happy to institute a correspondence with them for a mutual communication of ideas. Our term is now nearly ended. We have just got through the ceremonies and amusements of the commencement ; but I believe I shall remain here a few years longer, for I have nothing at present elsewhere, *dulcius otio literario*.--Your sincere and obliged friend,

"THOMAS YOUNG."

¹ This word is destroyed by the seal, all but three letters *the*. It may have been *theorem* or *theory*.

FROM BÖTTIGER.

"DEAR SIR,—The agreeable fore-runner of your kind remembrance, the second volume of your *Analecta*, was scarce arrived and fairly delivered by the care of Mr. Blair at Hamburg, when your last favour came to my hands.

Weimar,
July 20,
1797.

"Now I should tell you, how much I have been delighted already and satisfied with the first cursory perusal of your new publication, which I deem to be a true masterpiece, as well for the fine taste you have shown by plucking the finest flowers out of the garland of Greek poetry, as for the high valuable store of classic learning and deep-read erudition your notes abound with. I do not doubt in the least, that these *Analecta* will be very beneficial for promoting and facilitating the means of learning the finest language of the ancient world, and will be praised by all the learned in Great Britain and in Germany. Do you know already, that your *Analecta Minora* has been reprinted at Leipsic by a young professor there, Mr. Grohmann, without any further addition than a new index at the end, the notes being put under the text. I shall send you a copy, if you desire it. But I suppose, good Mr. Heyne will have given you already word of it. As for Mr. Wolf not mentioning Mr. Heyne in his *Prolegomena*, there is one reason I am very sorry to mention. He harbours an inveterate hatred and resentment against his old master—Heaven knows for what reason—and he vents it in very immoderate terms. I shall tell you more of it in my next.

"I published lately the first number of a Commentary to the engravings of the old vases in the collection of Sir William Hamilton at Naples, in which I shall treat at large on many a point of antiquity. Mr. Huttner at London promised to give an account of it in the *Monthly Review*. I wrote it in German, otherwise you should have got a copy of it already. Do you remember the celebrated French gæologist, Mr. Faujas St. Fond, having made a tour through Scotland and the Hebrides. I find by the last number of the *Décade Philosophique*, that he has published now at Paris, *Voyage en Angleterre en Ecosse et aux îles Hebrides*, 2 vol. avec figures. Pray, is there no cheaper edition of Pennant's Tour in Scotland as the great quarto one? And by what means can I get possessed of J. Wallace's Account of the Islands of Orkney, London, 1700? It must be a very seldom book indeed, as I never met with it, though I searched for it in the first libraries of Germany. . . . Your most humble and most obedient servant, BÖTTIGER."

FROM DR. RAINE.

Charter-
House,
August 17,
1797.

"DEAR SIR,—Though in the midst of the hurry which is incidental to the breaking up of School, and to the preparation of my own northern journey, I will not neglect the opportunity offered by our friend Mr. Adam's excursion, to acknowledge my obligation to you for your letters, and the second part of the *Analecta*. I never had a doubt that the book would merit the approbation and encouragement of the instructors of youth, and I dare say that I need not in-

form you, that it will immediately make a principal part in our finishing course. In return for your kindness, permit me to present you with the edition of the *Hecuba* of Euripides, edited by my friend Professor Porson, and in regard to which, I claim the humble merit of publisher. Mr. Laing was kind enough to deliver your letter to me in person, and I conversed with him on the *Æschylus*. He should have brought you my answer could I in the meantime have seen Porson, but he happened then to be a little way out of town. The Professor is very willing to proceed with the edition upon the terms at first stipulated. He is very strongly of opinion, that no proofs ever reached him without passing from his hands again; but as they went through an intermediate channel to Mr. Foulis, it is probable that the irregularity originated from that cause. However, the Professor is willing, by aid of the folio edition, to repair this mischief as well as he can, and for the rest, he begs that the cut-up edition of Pauw may be sent him, as he cannot proceed without it. Mr. Peter Elmsly is, I believe, at this time at Edinburgh, and I fancy very able to discourse upon the subject; at least it will be worth Foulis's while to see him, as a fair occasion will then be presented of sending necessary papers to London by a safe conveyance. Besides, Mr. Elmsly is materially interested in the edition. I am setting out early to-morrow morning for the North with Mr. Porson. We shall sojourn at Harrowgate for about a fortnight, and pass the rest of our time in the neighbourhood of Richmond.—Accept my best thanks for all your kindness, and

believe me to be, with sincere regard and esteem,
your faithful and obedient servant,

“MATT^r. RAINE.”

FROM THOMAS YOUNG.

Taunton,
August 17,
1797.

“MY DEAR SIR,—Since I last wrote to you I have examined your publication more particularly, and I find more and more reason to think it a very valuable selection for the use of those students whose time does not admit them to undertake an extensive plan of studying the Greek classics ; with the Testament and the Iliad, as you hint, your two volumes will form a very sufficient course for general reading, and the annotations which you have annexed are far preferable to any translation, and calculated to remove every difficulty that may occur to beginners ; the introductory observations on each author are peculiarly useful ; this is not only my opinion, but that of all with whom I have conversed on the subject. Mr. Raine means to introduce the second volume immediately in his school. I saw him about a week since ; for having been introduced to him at Cambridge, I paid him a visit during my short stay in town, both as wishing to cultivate his acquaintance, and in order to speak to him on the subject that you mentioned. He received me in the most friendly manner, and told me he should write to you as soon as he could obtain an answer from Porson ; he had received a letter from you a few weeks before. In a second edition of your book, which will in all probability be shortly required, a few errors of the press will be easily corrected. Mr. Raine promises to

mark such as occur to him, and I shall do the same, when I read it with greater accuracy.

I am glad that you approve of the style of my dissertation ; if any inelegancies have struck your attention, I should be glad to have your opinion freely. I have not yet had an opportunity of seeing my namesake's essay on rhythmical measures ; I shall read it with great avidity as soon as I return to Cambridge, and when I have pursued the subject a little further, I shall be glad, through your means, of being introduced to his correspondence, if I see any prospect of our communicating mutual information.

I have taken the liberty to send you a short introductory letter by Dr. Turner, a friend and fellow-student of mine at Cambridge, who proposes to attend the lectures next winter at Edinburgh. If it happen to lie in your way to do him any little service, I shall esteem myself obliged by it. I have been rambling about for these three or four weeks, and shall be unsettled till October or November, when I return to Cambridge. I shall be a fortnight with some relations in this town, and afterwards with a friend in Sussex. Wherever I am, my uncle's address in Norfolk Street will convey a letter to me. Have you entered into the merits of the Porsono-Wakefieldian controversy ? I have not read either of the criticisms, but I do not imagine them *cantare pares*. I have lately seen our friend Windham, and we spoke of your publications, but I fancy Mars does not leave him much leisure for the Muses. They have lost a great favourite lately in Mr. Burke, whom all his friends and acquaintances

most sincerely deplore.—I am, dear Sir, your faithful friend,

THOMAS YOUNG."

FROM BÖTTIGER.

Weimar,
Novem. 18,
1797.

" . . . I have conveyed your intelligence to Mr. Chevalier the self-same day I received your letter, in a letter to my amiable correspondent, Mr. Millin at Paris, the editor of the best French journal now to be got, the *Magazin Encyclopédique*, which should please you vastly, being full of matter and very substantial details of all what is going forward in the literary world in France and Italy. Mr. Chevalier gave me his salutes by Mr. Millin when he returned from Madrid, whither he had been sent by the French Government. Meantime, I hope the great victory your Duncan has got over the Dutch, will bring the French to more reasonable terms, and refrain a little their haughty domineering pride; and that peace, with its olive-branch, will smile again, and extirpate all the feuds both literary and political;

Χαῖρ' Εἰρήνη μυριάφορε, χαῖρε πλουτοδοτειρα, ὀλβιοδωρε.

For indeed there are still, even amongst the French of the new creation, very estimable men and good scholars, as for an instance, Mr. Caillard, the French ambassador at Berlin. I got introduced to him by a letter of Mr. Schütz at Jena, the celebrated editor of *Æschylus*, to whom Mr. Caillard had imparted very ingenious conjectures on some depraved passages of *Æschylus*, and I found by personal acquaintance, that none of my expectations had been frustrated. He

reads Pindar and Æschylus with as much rapidity as a newspaper, and showed me emendations and conjectures, which would do honour to every Professor in Greek in any University. He showed me great politeness, and offered his services in procuring all what I could wish from the national library and the museum of antiquities, which now shall be stored by the most exquisite treasures from Italy. He had all the new philological publications spread upon his table, amongst whom I observed with great satisfaction, the new German edition of your *Collectanea Minora*, by Professor Grohmann, of whom he spoke in high terms of praises. He was very glad hearing that you had published also the *Majora*, as he intends to get them introduced into the central schools of his country. The *Collectanea Minora* are mentioned also with proper encomiums in the *Magazin Encyclopédique*. The *Majora* have been but indifferently reviewed in the *Literary Gazetteer of Göttingen*, which I should have done otherwise.

“You mention in your last letter a passage in Mr. Hawkin’s letters concerning the Etruscan vases. You would bestow upon me a very high favour indeed, if you would get it copied by one of your pupils, and send it me by the very first opportunity, as I am anxious to collect every piece of intelligence I can pick up about that matter, in order to have the fullest survey of all what may be told of that description of antiques, from proper consideration of which we shall reap many more advantages than our most deep-read antiquarians have dreamed of till now. In general,

you shall put me under the highest obligation if you can bring up any notice whatsoever belonging to the old Grecian vases, by way of intelligence from your respectable friend, Mr. Liston, or other travellers.

“I am now just publishing the second number of my Exploration of old Grecian Vases, in which there are some discussions of some intricate points in antiquity. I should wish I could get them translated for you. Mr. Millin favours me with some prospect that they will be translated in French, and then you may read them. Heyne’s Tibullus and Pindar, both highly enriched and amplified, are in great forwardness. Mr. Griesbach will publish a very splendid edition of the New Gospel in Greek, ornamented with maps, copper-plates, and all what fashionable printing can add to enhance the value of the Book of books. I shall send you the prospectus. It will establish, I hope, the fame of our German typography, which, by printing our best books on waste paper, is justly discredited.

“And now, dear Sir, I must finish a letter which runs out to an unconscionable length. Forgive me talkative humour, and let me hear from you very soon, every letter of yours being the most high-flavoured dish I can be blessed with in the bill of fare of my correspondence. My wife thanks you for your kind wishes. She has blessed me with a *puer maxime vitalis* indeed, and enjoys now a very good health.—I am, and always shall be, with the highest sense of esteem and sincere affection, dear Sir, your most obliged and most obedient servant,

“CHARLES BOETTIGER.”

“I am sorry to find that Mr. Robson, one of your colleagues at the University of Edinburgh, has fallen into great error by his last publication of a Conspiracy against Religion and Government. There are now no such humbugs and hobgoblins as his visionary look detects all over Germany, the order of the Illuminati having been *finally* abolished by the members themselves, who dissolved in the year 1791, and the German Union of Mr. Barth has been only a mock society, blown up in the very moment when brought to public knowledge. It is a great pity Mr. Robson derived his information by such books, who are now antiquated, and laughed at by every knowing man. But I am afraid his book will do great mischief, and spread new alarms in a time when public adspersions and the ringing of the alarum-bell is countenanced by ministerial men themselves. I shall give you full information of the whole, if you desire it.”

Dalzel, in a letter to Böttiger, mentions Mr. Macdonald's resolution to recal his son after two years spent abroad, and thus continues:—

TO BÖTTIGER.

“. . . This he tells me was my own advice, which, indeed, I cannot deny; the design being that these two years of foreign acquirement should intervene betwixt his study of the Greek and Latin languages and that of philosophy, to attend the lectures on which, in this University, it is intended he should return next winter. The lectures of my friend Professor Stewart on moral

Edinburgh,
March 12,
1798

philosophy are in the highest estimation. They are, indeed, of first-rate excellence, being the production of one of the few learned men who in these extraordinary times have not allowed their minds to swerve from the true principles of science, and to be overwhelmed with prejudice, intolerance, and, I may say, insanity.

“I wish I could say the same thing of Professor R. This gentleman was bred at the University of Glasgow ; but he went afterwards abroad and obtained an establishment at Cronstadt in Russia. The fame of his scientific talents induced the patrons of this University to elect him Professor of Natural Philosophy about twenty-four years ago, a station which he willingly accepted. I have been his colleague during all that time. His character as a profound mathematician and natural philosopher was deservedly very high, and I used to esteem him as a man of nice honour, strict integrity, and polite manners. About ten or twelve years ago he fell into a bad state of health, but the medical people who attended him could never discover any cause adequate to the excruciating pains of which he frequently complained, and which he seemed to suffer. Some of the faculty, indeed, more frank than others, have not scrupled to declare the disease to be of that kind which has been distinguished by the name of *nervous* or *hypochondria*. Be that as it may, Mr. R. left off teaching about seven years ago, and one of his colleagues officiated for him during five of those years. This winter, however, and the preceding one, he has resumed his academical duty,

which he has discharged pretty regularly, though still complaining of a very infirm state of health. In this situation he composed the book which has excited your attention, and was, I believe, urged by some of his zealous friends to publish it. He had made one rash assertion respecting a gentleman in this country, which he found it incumbent upon him to retract at great length in the newspapers. With some this seemed to invalidate the credit of the whole performance, but as the book in general, which professed to detect a conspiracy, fell in with the taste of many, and the facts relating to Germany would not here undergo an immediate scrutiny, such as the rash one respecting the foresaid gentleman, the book, coming from a man of science and hitherto esteemed for his integrity, excited great interest, was much read, and by some, much extolled. I own that I was not one of those who set a great value upon it, but, knowing the state of the author's health, and that he has been accustomed for many years to take great quantities of laudanum, I viewed it as the production of a disordered imagination, and mourned over it in secret as the sickly offspring of a mind which I had once admired for its extreme acuteness, and for the facility with which it could produce brilliant thoughts in conversation, superior almost to that of any man I had met with. The postscript of your last letter, and a paper I have lately seen in the *Monthly Magazine*, subscribed with your name, now completely convince me of the visionary nature of this production. If it survives the taste of the day, it may probably afterwards rank

with a book much read here about half a century ago upon the subject of witches, entitled ‘Satan’s Invisible World Discovered,’ and it will probably be noticed as a curious fact in the history of literature that both works were the productions of professors.”¹

In the following letter, Dr. Cleaver, Bishop of Chester and Principal of Brazen nose, Oxford, took for granted that a professor of Greek must be a clergyman, and that Dalzel was the author of the “Warning,” which he only subscribed as Clerk of Assembly, along with the Moderator :—

FROM THE BISHOP OF CHESTER.

Brazen-nose
College,
March 21,
1798.

“REVEREND SIR,—Mr. Morris, through whose favour I received the flattering instance of your attention to me in the present of the ‘Collectanea Græca,’ three vols. octavo, will have had the goodness to thank you for me at a time when my want of health would ill allow of any the least application to business. It is now high time, since, I thank God, my health is so far recovered as to admit of it, that I should make my personal acknowledgments for three volumes of which I have long since profited in College amongst the younger students, and at the school at Warwick, where I have three sons, the two eldest of which, under the age of ten and twelve, have for some time used them. But if I could have delayed my acknowledgments on this account, the repeated obligation which I am under

¹ The author of this curious book was George Sinclair, Professor of Philosophy in Glasgow. It was published about 1685.

to you for two copies of a 'Warning and Admonition to the People of Scotland,' to which I find your name subscribed, calls for my immediate notice. Indeed, Sir, I know of no composition better calculated, in point of sentiment or of language, for the exigencies of the present moment. And if you should hear that we have reprinted it in this part of the kingdom, I am sure you will allow us the credit of a good motive.

"I detain your attention no longer than to request that you will believe me, with every sentiment of respect and esteem, reverend Sir, your obliged and obedient humble servant,

W. CHESTER."

FROM MR. DALLAWAY.

"SIR,—By the polite communication of your excellent memoir on the Troad, I beg leave to express myself as very highly obliged, and particularly for the credit you have so liberally allowed to my investigation of that classic region. The world has given value to your commendation, and I trust I am duly sensible of your compliment—'laudari a laudato viro.'

Herald's
College,
London,
April 12,
1798.

"It was one of the most fortunate circumstances of my life, by which I was introduced by the Marquis of Bute to your friend Mr. Liston. I am happy to owe to him not only daily instances of courtesy and hospitality whilst in his suite, but a constant encouragement in every pursuit which had literary motives.

"I visited the Troad, accompanied by Mr. Morritt of Rokeby, in Yorkshire, a young gentleman of singular attainments, who has nearly printed his Reply to Mr. Bryant, syllogistically arranged, and I have reason to

think that a few months will convince the public that the praises of his personal friends are justly merited.

“After I had parted from the Ambassador at Constantinople, I returned to England through the Archipelago to Italy, and, being detained on the Hellespont, I gladly resurveyed the Troad, and corrected my notes.

“It gives me great satisfaction to learn that you meditate a new edition of *M. Chevalier*. From Mr. Morritt’s publication you will gain new light and farther confirmation; but, should it occur to you that I could answer any inquiries, nothing would flatter me more than your correspondence.

“I request that you will give the enclosed a place in your collection, and have added a set of the views tinted to the original drawings. Whenever you visit London, I hope for the favour of being personally known to you, and, of waiting on you at the Herald’s College, where I am at present established.

“I remain, with great truth and respect, your obedient servant,
JAMES DALLAWAY.”

FROM THE BISHOP OF CHESTER.

Oxford,
May 6,
1798.

“REVEREND SIR,—I had the favour of your obliging present of the *Tableau of M. Chevalier* illustrated and confirmed, last night; a subject in which I had too much interest to permit me to lay it out of my hands till I had given it a cursory reading. From this I received much pleasure and satisfaction to find the only apparent difficulty of any moment correctly solved—I mean the distance objected to by Mr. Bryant between the walls of Troy and the sea. Not

that it appeared to me materially to affect Mr. Chevalier's hypothesis, because it is not necessary that the poet should measure the ground for engagements and combats, which must be considered as made at pleasure. The other point which, I think, affected the credit of Mr. Chevalier, was his too easy admission of the report made of the contents of the Tomb of Achilles, which, unhappily, had too much the air of fable.

"It will not be disrespectful to you to say, I am glad to find your very ingenious solution of Hector's race *round* the walls of Troy so fully confirmed by Professor Heyne, when I state that your arguments had carried with me previously a full and firm conviction of its truth. With respect to Homer now the main desideratum seems to be a more perfect and correct text, towards which also Villoison's edition from the Library at Venice has made no inconsiderable advances. It was rumoured here once, I know not upon what grounds, that Professor Heyne intended to publish a new edition.

"You will not be displeased to hear that we reprinted large numbers of the "Admonition," etc., which has been distributed, with a very general sense of its merit and utility.—I am, Rev. Sir, with great esteem and regard, your obliged and obedient humble servant,

"W. CHESTER."

FROM THOMAS YOUNG.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I have long intended to thank you for your obliging present of the dissertation on the Plain

Eman. Coll.
Cambridge,
July 8,
1798.

of Troy, which I read with great interest and satisfaction ; it sets the subject in the clearest light, and discusses it in the most candid manner. The confirmation of so many respectable authorities gives great weight to M. le Chevalier's discoveries, and to this number, I understand, that of Mr. Morritt is about to be added ; indeed, for aught I know, his work may be already published. I had the pleasure of meeting him here three or four months ago, and was much entertained by his learned and intelligent conversation ; he was long in those countries, and will be able to answer Mr. Bryant very fully in every respect. I am sorry that I cannot give you any particulars of the dissertation which has been just honoured with the prize here, on the question *Utrum Troja unquam exstiterit*. I suppose, from Mr. Butler's character, it must be learned and ingenious.

“The only objection of consequence to your system and that of M. le Chevalier which occurred to me, arose from an observation of Dr. Sibthorp, that the supposed site of Troy is now a dry rock, covered with some half-withered shrubs, and totally without a single spring of water in any part of it. Now, considering the precarious supply of water which either of the rivers would furnish, and their distance from the site of Troy, is it probable that so populous a city, as Troy is supposed to have been, could have subsisted under such perpetual inconvenience ? Perhaps your better acquaintance with all the observations will enable you to solve this difficulty, which has been allowed to be considerable by those to whom I have stated it.

“I have been lately pursuing a little further the theory of sound, and among other papers, have read that which you mentioned to me of Mr. Walter Young on rhythm; he has treated the subject in a very masterly manner, and his dissertation is well worthy the attention of critics as well as musicians. I am ashamed to find how much the foreign mathematicians for these forty years have surpassed the English in the higher branches of the sciences. Euler, Bernouilli, and D’Alembert have given solutions of problems which have scarcely occurred to us in this country. I have had particular occasion to observe this in considering the figure of vibrating chords, the sounds of musical pipes, and some other similar matters, in which I fancied I had hit on some ideas entirely new, but I was glad to find them in part anticipated by Bernouilli in 1753 and 1762. There are still several particulars respecting the gyration of chords, the formation of synchronous harmonics, the combination of sounds in the air, the phænomena of beats, on which I flatter myself that I shall be able to throw some new light, and to correct several misstatements of Dr. Smith, whose work I think has only been admired because few would trouble themselves to wade through so much affected obscurity. I have given you this detail, in order that, since you were so kind as to promise that you would endeavour to procure me the assistance of any of your friends who were conversant in the subject, you may be able to inquire of any such persons whether or no they had employed themselves in similar speculations.

“I beg my best respects to the ladies of your family,

and to your worthy colleagues Dr. Gregory, Duncan, Mr. Playfair, etc.—Yours very sincerely,

“THOMAS YOUNG.”

FROM DR. RAINE.

Charter-
House,
July 15,
1798.

“DEAR SIR,—I cannot neglect the opportunity offered me by the departure of Mr. William Adam to the north, of paying my respects to you. He is good enough to be the bearer of this and a copy of the *Orestes of Euripides*, published under the same auspices as the *Hecuba* which I had the honour to present to you. Whilst I beg your acceptance of this, permit me to thank you for your obliging present of the second volume of the *Collectanea Majora*, which forms an excellent supplement to the prose selection, and is every way, in my estimation, worthy of the useful labours to which I have heretofore been so much indebted.

“After the arrangements which took place with Mr. Foulis, whilst Mr. Peter Elmsley was in Edinburgh, I had hoped that no further impediment would have been thrown in the way of the completion of my friend Porson’s edition of *Æschylus*; but I am sorry to inform you that although the professor renewed his labours with the greatest ardour, and never allowed the press to wait a day, it is now several weeks since the last proofs were returned to Foulis, and no fresh ones have been forwarded. This delay is the more to be lamented, as I believe that half of the *last* play is printed off, and the whole work, with reasonable diligence, might be completed by Christmas.

I will not presume to trouble you more upon so fruitless a business, but I feel it justice to my friend to name the circumstance to you. Mr. Elmsley, I am informed, has written to Foulis more than once without having the satisfaction of an answer.

“It gives me great pleasure to think that our friend, Mr. Adam’s son, my late pupil, is to pursue his career of study under the benefit of your superintendence and instruction. I hope that you will find his attainments in the construing of Greek and Latin respectable, and I have every reason to hope and believe that you will find also a mind well disposed to avail itself of the very beneficial opportunities of improvement now to be placed within its reach.

“My friend, Dr. C. Burney, who is on a tour to the north, was intrusted with a copy of the *Orestes* for you, but I am not certain that he will proceed so far as to Edinburgh, and I thought at any rate it would not be amiss to make ‘assurance doubly sure.’—I am, with great respect and esteem, dear Sir, your very faithful and obedient servant,

“MATTW. RAINE.”

FROM PROFESSOR YOUNG OF GLASGOW.

“MY DEAR SIR,—I delivered your precious parcel at the Dean’s residence, the Dean himself fortuning to be absent at the grand Westminster election; not that grand election where Charles Fox, Horne Tooke, and other heroes of the hustings figure; but that where Collegers are candidates, and Deans, Bishops, and other high dignitaries are the electors. On my

North-
Berwick,
July 16,
1798.

return to Oxford, I found he had been calling ; and, therefore, I also called in my turn. I saw him, not his hinder parts only, but his face ; yea, and conversed with him face to face, as a man converseth with his friend. Being to leave Oxford next day, I just saw enough of him to find that had I stayed longer I should have liked him better than he lets most men like him, and that in all probability I should have got him to descend from Olympus' heights to visit the camp of the Greeks. At parting he charged me with a message for Professor *Δαλζελ*, the import of which message I do not fully perpend ; only that it related to something in name of a scold, that in the fulness of months was to be delivered to the said Professor *Δαλζελ*, owing, as I suppose, to the irregular correspondence of the said *Δαλζελ*. Farther this deponent knoweth not to answer.

“ Any literary news I might have to communicate I will reserve, my dear Sir, till I see you, which may be soon. I expect, one of these days, Doctor Charles Burney of Greenwich, with whom I have been much lately, to pop in upon me here in his way to Edinburgh, which he touches at in his holiday tour to the north. You know well who and what he is, and how Greek men should receive him. I shall probably accompany him to Edinburgh, and will bring him to you. Then we shall have our literary chats,—

‘ Carmina tum melius cum venerit ipse canemus.’

“ I hope, my dear Sir, this will find you at home, or,

at least, not far off. I should be much mortified were you to be out of the way when my friend comes to look at your lions.

"In the two Universities of the South all is alive. The old maxim, *Cedant arma togæ*, is reversed. The University corps of Oxford is 500 strong. There's a model worth following! Your rotten democratish seminaries of the North have no spunk like that to show for it. Up then, good Professor *Δαλζελ*, and be doing. Better late than never!

"As to 'we' of the west, I know not what we be about. I see deadly symptoms of us in the news. If names deceive me not, they are hanging our doctors by scores. These doctors, however, were made in other times. Their sins lie not on the shoulders of the present race.

"With much regard, ever, my dear Sir, yours,

"JO. YOUNG."

TO DR. RAINE.

"DEAR SIR,—Mr. William Adam about ten days ago delivered to me your most acceptable present of the *Orestes*, a considerable part of which I have already perused. The notes are evidently the work of a great master, and cannot fail to be received with gratitude by all lovers of Greek literature. *Doleo tantum eruditissimum auctorem interpretandi et illustrandi labori utilissimo sane supersedendum duxisse*. I should not have scrupled to purchase every play, though it had been double the size. Certainly the *studiosa juventus*, as well as their teachers, would have wished

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1798.

to receive more copious assistance from so eminent a hand. It is an error of those profoundly skilled in the language, to be apt to give too much credit to learners, especially if their experience in teaching is not very extensive. Perhaps in the last volume I had the honour to send you, and which you are pleased to approve of, I have run into the other extreme. If, however, you can prevail with your learned friend to accomplish the whole of Euripides, even on the present plan, and to add the observations on the metres of the scenic poets, you will do most eminent service to the commonwealth of letters. The press work seems to be executed very correctly. At least I have found no *errata* in what I have read. I was ashamed when teaching to find so many in my own volume which have not been marked. It shall be my endeavour to correct them in a new edition. Dr. Charles Burney had, about a week previously to the arrival of Mr. W. Adam, delivered to me the copy of the Orestes you had intrusted to his care. I was very happy to meet with that gentleman, with whom I spent a great part of the two days he remained in Edinburgh, and was extremely sorry his stay was so short. He was accompanied with Mr. Edwards of London, a very agreeable man, and the most acute and intelligent I had ever met with in the knowledge of rare and curious books, particularly in editions of the classics. After a short stay here, they continued a tour to Glasgow and Loch Lomond, whence they were to return to England, by Carlisle and the Cumberland Lakes.

“The day after I received your letter, I called upon

Foulis, to inquire into the cause of the new stop of the ill-fated Æschylus. I found him lately returned from London, where he had been for some weeks, in order, I believe (for he was not very explicit), to endeavour, by the disposal of some books and MSS. he had got, to procure a little cash, of which, I suspect, he stands very much in need. This expedition was the first cause of this new stop. A second reason was his having foolishly engaged in the printing of a history of Scottish poetry, by an obscure author in this place, who had persuaded him that the book would not exceed 120 pages in quarto, but it has already swelled to between 400 and 500. He says this is now however almost finished, and he promises solemnly to proceed with Æschylus very soon. He even says that part of the Scholia is set up, and that Mr. Porson may expect a proof in about a fortnight hence. Last summer, when I thought that he and Mr. Elmsley had come to an understanding together, I left off all further interference in the business, trusting that the work would proceed; but finding that things are relapsed in their former situation, I shall now recur to my former intention, and if I can once get him to resume the work, endeavour to keep him busy. I urged him strongly to deliver up to me all he has printed, and offered to procure him immediate payment for all his trouble, that the remainder might be finished in London; but this he declined, assuring me that he was serious in his intention to proceed. I cannot say that my opinion of him is at all favourable. On the contrary, I am persuaded *entre nous*

that he is an arrant blackguard, and I even suspect, that if he *do* finish the work, he will secrete a good many copies for his own use, and not give a fair account to the proprietors of the number cast off. But your eagerness, as well as mine, to see Porson's *Æschylus* completed, will induce us to keep this suspicion a secret as long as there is any probability of attaining our object. At the conclusion, we shall deliver him over to the booksellers to be dealt with as they shall see cause. In the meantime, I find it the best way to treat him as if he were an honest man, and I am at present in the way of admitting his excuses as *relevant*, rather than irritating him, being not yet without hopes that the transaction may be accomplished in a few months."

FROM BÖTTIGER.

Weimar,
Aug. 2.
1798.

"I never thought on good Mr. M'Donald, without remembering at the same all your kindness, and that it was to you that I am indebted for the acquaintance of such an accomplished gentleman.

"He is now gone, and I am afraid I shall never shake hands with him again on this side of life's channel. But I shall never cease to regret his company, and the tender emotions of heartfelt sympathy by which we were linked together during his stay at Weimar and Leipsic. There is so much virtue and sweetness, candour and humanity, blended in the same character, that we shall never meet his like again. All the first characters of Weimar, Mr. Goethe, Herder, Wieland, have been fond of him, inasmuch, that Mr.

Wieland, who is always in raptures when speaking of him, writes, in a letter before me, that he would divide his mansion-house in the country and give one half of it to Mr. James Macdonald, if he could gain by it the blessing of his society for life. He is now roaming in the fair Hebrides, the favourite topic of his never-to-be-forgotten conversations. May every blessing of heaven shower upon his head! Caledonia, *φερεσιμβροτος*¹ μήτηρ ἡρώων, may boast of this son of hers.²

“In general I make no doubt repeating, what I confessed already in my former letters, that according to the common observation made by every man of sense here at Weimar, where Englishmen are now a cheap commodity at the market, Scotchmen will always outshine by their modesty, sobriety, and assiduity in gathering useful knowledge, and by an amiable affability, their countrymen on the other side of the Tweed, who, for ought I know, may be generous excellent men also, but always retrenching themselves in the high sense of their own value, and where there are three or four together, forming a *status in statu*. There is still residing here, over against me in the neighbouring house, Mr. Hunter-Blair, who bids fair to make true my assertion, and in the full bloom of health, which seemed to be impaired in the beginning, applies himself eagerly to ancient and modern literature, and is a great

¹ Qu. *φερεσιμβροτος*?

² I fear the education and accomplishment of James Macdonald which excited the admiration of his German friends, did not fit him for the sphere of a Scotch country minister. He was ordained minister of Anstruther Wes-

ter, 18th April 1799, but resigned the living 3d October 1804. He then travelled as tutor with young Clanranald, and, after his return, wrote an account of the climate, soil, products, and population of his native Hebrides for the Board of Agriculture, published in 1811.

proficient in both languages, the French and German. But he distinguishes himself also very much by his politeness and fine gentleman-like behaviour, in which some of the South Britons here seem to be a little deficient. Pray tell it to the very respectable lady, his mother, who, I understand, has suffered a loss by the death of an elder son.

“The best performance in the critical line, which has made his appearance since I wrote you, is the first volume of Mr. Jacob’s *Animadversions to the Greek Anthology*. You’ll find it in the parcel, forwarded by Mr. Douglass, along with a small dish from my own cookery, as I cannot afford to serve a whole table, being obliged to deal with many other publications and trifle away my time with frivolous journal-writing. But I cannot wince against the sting of necessity ;

Ἀνάγκη παμβασίλεια, σεῦ ὑποκείμεθα.

“In the last English papers I pitched upon an advertisement of Mr. Morrit’s *Vindication of Homer*, which promises much authentic information taken upon the spot. I am anxious to know more about a performance, which after all seems to be an *Iliad* after Homer. Pray let me know what information may be derived from it. There is still another publication, called *Athenian Letters*, I am very desirous to have some particular notice of. Do you know the true father of these mettlesome, high-spirited foundlings ? You would put myself under the greatest obligation in imparting every piece of intelligence you can pick up with regard of that book, as I have taken a particular fancy to it.

“In a similar manner I have been apprised by advertisements that you are about making a collection of modern Latin poets. Is it true?

“Public affairs are still in the highest fermentation. There is scarce one point settled with these greedy vultures, the French, at Rastadt. But we must truckle and bear patiently the galling yoke, *Plectimur Achivi, quicquid delirarunt reges*. For we are lashed for the folly and avariciousness of our princes, who still are quarrelling and snarling about the boot left by the French shakals. Heaven knows what will become of us! Sieyes will carry his point at Berlin by his apparent moderation, though he is detested by the bulk of the people.

“Clery’s Memoirs of the Temple have had a vast run at Berlin, and it is reported that a copy of it has been nailed to the door of the regicide envoy. All the looks of our learned men are now turned to the Seeberg, the Observatory of the Duke of Gotha, where the celebrated Lalande is now in an astronomical conference with Zach, Bode, Gilbert, Köhler, Seyffert, and all the astronomers of Germany. It is rumoured about that the introduction of the French metre and measures will be the first consequence of this congregation.”

The following draft of a letter to Fox is united with an inscription, doubtless written on the books presented to him :—

TO MR. FOX.

“SIR,—Understanding from P. L. and Lord Holland

that you frequently amuse yourself with reading Greek, I request your acceptance of a copy of two books, which I have published, with a view to facilitate that study. Lord Holland has politely undertaken to convey them to you ; and if they shall add anything to your entertainment it will give me the greatest satisfaction.—I have the honour to be, with profound admiration of your talents and character, Sir, your most humble servant,

A. D."

CAROLO JACOBO FOX
BRITANNORUM CIVIUM HUIUS SEculi
LONGE ILLUSTRISSIMO
HUNC LIBELLUM
SUMMÆ OBSERVANTIÆ CAUSA
MISIT
ANDREW DALZEL.

FROM MR. FOX.

St. Anne's
Hill,
Sept. 17,
1798.

"SIR,—I received a few days ago by my nephew Lord Holland the books you were so good as to send me, for which I return you my best thanks, as well as for your very obliging letter that accompanied them. Though you have been truly informed in regard to the pleasure I take in reading Greek authors, yet I am not such a proficient as not to be greatly benefited by such helps as your notes, from what I have seen of them, seem to afford.

"I am, with great regard, Sir, your most obedient servant,

C. J. Fox."

A letter from Mr., now Professor Pillans, serves to

connect two generations of Edinburgh scholars, and two men who have spent their lives in promoting the cause of education.¹

FROM MR. PILLANS.

“DEAR SIR,—It is with great pleasure I embrace this opportunity of acknowledging the obligations that your kindness has laid upon me. I cannot recollect without the liveliest gratitude the repeated favours you have conferred on me from the commencement of my academical studies; your liberality in giving me free access to the noblest language in the world, which will continue, I hope, through life, to supply me with a source of rational amusement, and your readiness in recommending me to a situation which has exceeded my most sanguine expectations. The family is every way agreeable, and my pupil is a boy of the most amiable disposition, united with excellent talents, and proceeds in the Latin with wonderful alacrity and success. Influenced partly by this, and partly by other reasons, Mr. Kennedy has given up thoughts of coming to town this season, and though several engagements I had in Edinburgh made me somewhat averse to a winter residence in the country,

Dalqu-
harran,
Nov. 5,
1798.

¹ The chance of Mr. Pillans' letter standing beside one of Fox, suggests other memories. When Francis Horner, already high in general estimation, and specially associated with the great Whig leaders, found how deficient he was in Greek, in comparison with English scholars like Fox and Windham, he set to work manfully, as was his wont, to remedy the defect, and called to his help his old friend and school-fellow, Mr. Pillans, who chanced then to be resident in

London. They had stood first and second in the Rector's class in the High School—Horner dux—but after leaving school he lost the little Greek he had acquired there, whereas Mr. Pillans had followed out the study under Dalzel and afterwards. During a whole season the friends spent one morning of each week in zealous study of Greek, at Horner's Chambers, and often extended the lesson in a walk to Hampstead Hill afterwards.

the generous encouragement he offered me easily overcame my reluctance.

“As I am now in a situation where the avocations of society will intrude but little on the hours of study, I am resolved, as the only testimony I can give you of my gratitude, to prosecute with ardour the knowledge of a language, the principles of which I heard delivered with such luminous and engaging perspicuity in the Greek class. It has already, since I came here, occupied a considerable portion of my time, greatly to my satisfaction; within the last four months I have read the twelve last books of the *Iliad*, twenty-two of the *Odyssey*, the *Memorabilia*, and some part of Herodotus, which I have lately begun with an intention to finish.

“I would not have troubled you with this detail, were I not persuaded that you will not be displeased to learn that one of your former students is endeavouring to follow your directions by pursuing a study which you so much and so justly admire, and that he has found your assurances of the pleasure and advantages resulting from it, confirmed and realized by experience.—I am, with sentiments of gratitude and esteem, your most humble and much obliged servant,

“JAMES PILLANS.”

In a long letter in reply to Böttiger, Dalzel writes :—

TO BÖTTIGER.

“ . . . The paragraph you have seen advertised in

the *Monthly Magazine*, about my being employed upon an edition of select modern Latin poets, is totally unfounded. I remember once to have observed to a literary gentleman here, who I believe has some connexion with that magazine, that a new edition of *Delitiæ Poetarum Scotorum* with notes, and anecdotes of the several authors, would be an acceptable publication to classical scholars in this country, and from this, I imagine, has originated the paragraph that has attracted your attention.

“Public affairs are in such a state as not to admit of a free discussion in this once free country. Of these, therefore, I have nothing to say.”

FROM DR. VINCENT, MASTER OF WESTMINSTER SCHOOL.

“DEAR SIR,—I am always gratified when I give satisfaction to a man of literature, and I am flattered both by your present and your letter. Your difference from me in particular points cannot give me the least concern, as every man must have a judgment of his own. In a review I could only state general heads, and my object was to state the whole of the controversy as it stood in as small a space as I could, consistently with the limits of a review.

Deans Yard,
July 4,
1799.

“Dr. Heyne has received it as kindly as you, and sends me word he will mention it in his *Göttingen Register*; but I have heard this very day that Mr. Hawkins has measured all the distances in the Troad, and differs much from Chevalier and Morritt. He joins us all against Bryant, however, and has dug for ruins on the hill, and found them. He is going to pub-

lish, and I suppose we shall have, by his means, and perhaps by future travellers, a better topography of the Troad than of Middlesex.

“If you approve of my *manner* in differing from you, I hope you will not object to my method of dealing with Mr. Bryant. My indignation does boil inwardly, and perhaps a little outwardly, upon his *Θῆσαι Αἰγύπτιαι*, but I wish ever to preserve a liberal civility and hostility, but with the most perfect independence of opinion.

“Your selections are judicious, convenient for instruction, and well edited ; and whatever can promote Greek literature has my best thanks and applause. We use few extracts at Westminster from custom, but I think them good, and yours very good.

“You will be pleased to hear that Nearchus is to be translated into German by Professor Timæus of Lüneburg, at the express desire of Heyne. Can I have more honourable testimony ? I send all my corrections and Dalrymple’s plates for the edition. I hope to give the first part of the *Periplus maris Erythræi*, that is the African journal, early in the nineteenth century. It will contain all the ancient discoveries down to the voyage of Gama.

“Please to remember me with every good wish to Dr. Adams, and to receive my best thanks for all you have said of Homer. The Archbishop of York, the Dean of Christ Church, and all the old-fashioned lovers of Homer embraced Chevalier as soon as you published his work. I believe no one has adhered to Bryant but a little junto about Eton. I may say this in

private confidence, whatever civility of language public controversy demands. Believe me, with great sincerity, your faithful servant,

“W. VINCENT.”

The letter of the Master of Westminster School had been preceded by a present of his review in the *British Critic* of Mr. Morritt's book on the Troad.

All Germany had felt the real evils of the European war, and Böttiger's little state with the rest. But now another mischief impended over Weimar. With its good schools and an academical society, and with the rare advantage of a kindly and unexclusive yet highly civilized court to improve the manners, the little city had attracted many British students who there acquired the languages of the Continent (now mostly shut against them) along with their classics and philosophy. We have seen that some of these did not neglect their opportunities. But now the English mind, over-excited by the horrors of the Revolution, had been taught to denounce everything German, indeed everything foreign, as revolutionary and irreligious.

FROM BÖTTIGER.

“I cannot believe that such ill-grounded and ill-contrived adspersions as Mr. Robison's, whose good nature and patriotic zeal nobody doubts, but whose informations are mere visionary giants in the clouds, and Mr. Barruel's, whose relations of all what belongs

Weimar,
July 7,
1799.

to France seem to be founded upon truth, but whose frantic rage against the literary men of Germany is much despised and laught at by every description of men, even by princes and courtiers, in Germany—such paltry stuff, I presume, cannot prepossess you, and all the parents who are in their senses, against sending young gentlemen in our country, the sovereign of which has sued and obtained now the youngest princess of the Emperor of Russia for our hereditary prince, a very promising youth.

“My wife, who has been brought to bed with a very fine boy some weeks ago, begs to be recommended to you and your amiable family, and is exceedingly thankful to the kindness shown to her in every letter of yours. Be pleased to present my humble services to your ladies. May I be able once to express them all my highest esteem, when happier stars shall favour my wishes to hail Caledonia! The sooner I shall have a token of your forgiveness and uninterrupted friendship, the more I shall take heed never to relapse. Most sincerely and affectionately yours,

“CHARLES BÖTTIGER.

“My compliments to Mr. William Macdonald, and his beloved father and sister, if you see them.”

FROM DR. RAINE.

Charter-
House,
August 19,
1799.

“MY DEAR SIR,—I take the liberty of introducing to you my friend Mr. Heber and his fellow-traveller Mr. Hobhouse, on their tour into Scotland. The for-

mer of these gentlemen has been for some time intimately known to me as a very amiable man and accomplished scholar, and I cannot vouch better for his companion than by saying that it must give him a title to stand well in my opinion when I know him to be the friend of Mr. Heber. I am too well acquainted with your strict attention to the humanity of letters and of life to offer an apology for making a friend of mine the bearer of such a letter as this ; and when his own accomplishments are so fair a passport, it would be almost superfluous in me to say that I shall feel myself extremely obliged by any attention which you can show my friend consistently with your perfect convenience. . . .

“I beg you to present my very respectful compliments to Dr. Adams, the meeting with whom at Harrowgate I always recollect with pleasure.”

TO DR. RAINE.

“MY DEAR SIR,—You have introduced me to a great treasure in making me acquainted with Mr. Heber by your letter of the 19th of August, which he delivered to me when he and Mr. Hobhouse passed through Edinburgh on their tour to the North. I then saw but just as much of these two gentlemen as to induce me to wish for a more intimate acquaintance with them. On their return to Edinburgh, Mr. Hobhouse, after a day or two, prosecuted his journey back to London, where you have no doubt seen him since his arrival. Mr. Heber, however, has been induced to remain here somewhat longer than he intended, detained at first by

Nov. 22,
1799.

a complaint in his gums, and afterwards chiefly from a curiosity to be present at the commencement of some of our academical lectures. He is still here, and I assure you it would make me very happy if he would remain during the winter, as I enjoy much pleasure from his truly classical conversation, and have reaped no small instruction, particularly from his great skill in Bibliography. I ought to have answered your very kind letter by the return of Mr. Hobhouse, but he went off in a hurry, and while I was engaged in removing my family to town for the winter, and even at present I must put off, for a little longer, a great part of what I have to say. I write at present to inform you, that Mr. Heber and I have had repeated interviews with Foulis, and we think that we have at last put the ill-fated *Æschylus* in a proper train for being soon brought to a conclusion. It is needless to trouble you at present with the excuses of Foulis respecting the last delay. It will be more to the purpose to give you proof that the work is again proceeding, which I do by committing to your immediate care the enclosed proof, which I hope you will be able to get corrected by the very learned editor, and remitted to me without delay. Mr. H. and I have read the Greek once from the spurious folio. It requires however to be read by Mr. Porson himself, and to receive his corrections, and marks of reference, as in the former sheets. The two or three immediately preceding sheets are not yet cast off, but this is to be immediately done. All of them have received the proper corrections of the editor, and I have already revised one of them for the press. The

paper was all exhausted, but as Mr. Elmsley had empowered a young friend here to supply Foulis with that article, I availed myself of this circumstance, and have got some fresh as nearly matched with the former as I could. I have thought it best that you and I should communicate on the subject, without the intervention of any bookseller ; and I hope you will be able to return me the proofs regularly. Indeed, three or four sheets will now bring the 'Eumenides,' which is the last play, to a conclusion. In the meantime, I hope the notes will be getting ready. Foulis expects to print these also. But perhaps it would be the soonest way to get them done in London. Of this you will give me your opinion. A preface also ought to be prefixed, which I hope you will likewise endeavour to have ready in due time."

The next letter is to a new correspondent, one of that class of teachers who are at the same time scholars and lovers of learning. England was rich in such during the last century, and the race is not extinct there, though I fear accurate and what may be called technical learning is not so much cultivated as in the days of Bentley and Porson, even by schoolmasters. James Tate, the young man who has now introduced himself to the author of the *Analecta*, will be long remembered as master of the Grammar School at Richmond (Yorkshire), and one of the most successful teachers in England.

TO THE REV. JAMES TATE, M.A., LATE FELLOW OF SIDNEY COLLEGE,
CAMBRIDGE, GRAMMAR-SCHOOL, RICHMOND, YORKSHIRE.

Edinburgh,
Dec. 24,
1799.

“REV. SIR,—I hasten to acknowledge the receipt of your very obliging communication. I immediately ran over its contents with great interest, and was highly pleased with your remarks and emendations, almost all of which are excellent; and, as the best proof of my thinking them so, I shall certainly avail myself of them on the publication of a new edition of the second volume of the *Analecta*, and make the proper acknowledgment to the ingenious scholar to whom I have been indebted for them. Your proceeding in the same way to the conclusion of the ‘*Ædipus*,’ and throughout the ‘*Medea*,’ will be extremely acceptable to me, and I shall be very happy to receive another packet from you of the same kind, as soon as it may be convenient for you to send it. The manner in which you supply defects, and point out or correct errors, is of such a liberal kind as indicates the real scholar, who best knows *quam fere omnes in hujusmodi rebus tractandis sint in errorem proclives*. Since I began to teach the volume, I have discovered several mistakes of my own, as well as a good many typographical *errata*, which I shall also endeavour to correct in a new edition. But I will not trouble you with particulars at present, the design of this letter being only to take the first opportunity of assuring you how much I consider myself obliged to you for the interest you take in the improvement of my work, and how much I am gratified by your general approbation. I had printed the second volume before Mr.

Porson's 'Hecuba' and 'Orestes' came out. Dr. Raine of the Charter-house sent me copies of them, and I had resolved to avail myself of the learned editor's remarks in a new edition, agreeably to what I find you also now suggest. With Dr. Charles Burney I am partially acquainted, and shall peruse his reviews with care a second time, that I may collect from them whatever may be for my purpose. The favourable reception which three volumes of *Analecta* have met with encourages me to endeavour to render them as correct as possible. I am about finishing the fourth edition of vol. i. of the *Majora*, after which a fourth edition of the *Minora* will soon go to press; and, by the time this is printed, a new edition of vol. ii. will be wanted, which your animadversions will enable me greatly to improve. I shall have the pleasure of sending you copies of the new edition as soon as they are ready, and am, in the meantime, with the greatest esteem, Rev. Sir, your much obliged humble servant,

"A. D."

FROM MR. ORME.

"SIR,—About the time of receiving the books you sent me, for which mark of respect I return you many thanks, I was removing from Oakham to the mastership of the school in this place. I was the twenty-third candidate that sent in his name, and though many of them were recommended by persons of the greatest consequence and family, nay, even by some that compose the ministry, and I was an entire stranger to the persons and names of the electors, I

Louth,
Jan. 4,
1800.

had the good fortune to be elected. For my long delay in acknowledging your kind favour I take shame to myself, and trust to your goodness for pardon.

It is difficult for me to ascertain whether I most approve your *Collectanea* in prose or verse. But, as you so far condescend as to ask my opinion, I will take the liberty of suggesting to you whether it would not be proper to omit mentioning the *particular* books and lines from which your selection is taken. This would render it more difficult for boys to procure Latin translations, the bane of Grecian literature, which I find it very difficult to prevent. Two better Tragedies could not have been adopted than the *Œdipus Tyrannus* and the *Medea*; but, till I read your notes, I lamented that you had not chosen some others to exercise your critical talents upon, as school editions of these, at least of the former, have been before edited. I hope you will excuse my hinting to you that we want an edition of the best works of Demosthenes upon your plan, for the use of schools and the Universities. There is too much in Mounteney, and too little in Foulk and Friend, to say nothing of their being accompanied with a Latin translation. I have been informed that an edition of the plain text only has been given by some of the Universities in Scotland, which I have not yet seen. Longinus and Aristotle's *Poetics* on the same plan would, undoubtedly, be equally acceptable.

"A friend had recommended to my notice Dr. Drysdale's *Sermons*, before I was favoured with your letter. They are compositions of great merit.

“ I am sorry that my situation here cannot command a frank, and remain, with great respect, Sir, your very obedient servant, THOS. ORME.”

“ If there be anything informal in my direction, you will be so good as to excuse it. I presume, but on what grounds I know not, that you are a layman.”

FROM MR. HEBER.

“ MY DEAR SIR,—I arrived safe in town on Thursday morning, not at all fatigued by a tolerably long and extremely cold journey, perfectly well in health, and as well in spirits as a man ought to be who has left so many good friends behind him. The same day I laid your letter on Matthew Raine’s table, not having the luck to find him at home. I have since called again, and dined with his sister, but was a second time disappointed of meeting him. On Thursday next I hope to be more fortunate, when I am asked to meet his brother before he sets out on the circuit, and you may depend on my then explaining to him the *longa injuria* and *longæ ambages* of Foulis’s conduct, as well as the dexterous management of your own.

Westminster,
Monday,
March 2,
1800.

“ And now (though I am not very skilful in saying fine things, either by word of mouth or on paper, yet) I should think myself deficient in common gratitude, and wanting to my own feelings, if I neglected to make acknowledgment to Mrs. Dalzel and yourself for your constant and *persevering* kindness during my very protracted stay in Edinburgh. Had I ex-

perienced no farther civilities at your hands than you showed us on our first visit, I should have felt, as I am sure my friend Hobhouse feels, most thankful for your attentions ; but your continued acts of hospitality and kindness during these last four months, lay me under an obligation which I am perfectly willing to bear, but know not how to return. Anxious I might have been to keep up our intercourse on the strength of the attachment I bear to those studies you so well understand, but I now look forward to the preservation of that intimacy under the impression of an additional and more interesting motive—the esteem and regard for Mrs. Dalzel and yourself, which the nearer habits of social and domestic intercourse could not fail to inspire. To her and Miss Drysdale, as well as Mrs. and Miss Lindesay, and to each of my young friends warmly and singly, I beg my kindest remembrances.—I remain, my dear Sir, most gratefully and faithfully yours,

RICHARD HEBER.

“*P.S.*—I should have written to you before, and was on the point of sitting down to do it, when I discovered that the cover I had procured from a hard-headed Welsh baronet was dated the 29th of February instead of the 1st of March ; it was then too late to procure another.”

FROM R. HEBER.

Westminster,
Tuesday,
April 1,
1800.

“MY DEAR SIR,—Looking over my catalogues the other day, I discovered in that of the Library of Crevenna a more complete list of writers on the history of

Universities and Colleges than any I had before met with, and have accordingly made an extract for your use, as I believe it contains several names you are not in possession of. I heartily wish it was in my power to supply you with some of the more curious works themselves, instead of a barren nomenclature ; but that is not quite so easy a task. If, however, there are any particular books you would wish to see, and will favour me with a note of them, I will take care to stop them whenever they occur.

“The fame of the Royal Institution has no doubt reached your ears. In town it rivals even the Bishop of London’s Last Lectures in popularity and fashionable attraction. The splendid house in Albemarle Street, fitted up for its accommodation, is the head-quarters of tonish loungers, both male and female, and Dr. Garret’s lectures are the topic of conversation in all genteel circles. I have premised thus much to interest you in the valuable present I have made you of the Prospectus and Syllabus, which, jesting apart, if they happen not yet to have found their way to Edinburgh, as in all probability they have, may serve to amuse yourself and your collegiate colleagues. The packet is swelled by the trifling addition of our Oxford catalogue of early printed books, which you may keep yourself, or put into the Library, as you think fit.

“While I am on the subject of books, I will just add that the celebrated Sartorius’s library will begin to be sold in Holland the sixth of this month—a circumstance not a little embarrassing to my friends Raine and Burney, as well as myself, who are all anxious to pos-

sess ourselves of many classical and critical rarities mentioned in the catalogue, but despair of procuring a faithful agent, or a safe delivery of our purchases. There are many books enriched with the notes and collations of the best foreign critics. By the by, Burney is just now in very high spirits, in consequence of a bargain he has lately procured at the *moderate price* of £40 or thereabouts, viz., a great many volumes of MSS., letters between Isaac Casaubon and his contemporaries. They are both verse and prose, many of them autographs. He tells me he has examined Burman's Sylloge (in five quartos), where he finds none of them, though the MS. collection contains answers in several instances to those printed by Burman, and illustrating points of criticism and literary history in a very remarkable manner. I urge him to print at least a selection of the best, but I fear he will not find leisure.

"I have talked over the *Foulisian controversy* with Matthew Raine and Professor Porson, who desire me to say that they hope soon to receive all that remains of the *Æschylus*, and that if you think it could be accomplished without much farther trouble or delay, it would be well to cancel the *dramatis personæ* to each play, in order to disjoin the Latin from the Greek, in this only instance, when the two languages are mixed together in the same leaf. For the sake of uniformity this might as well be done by Foulis, unless you see reason to fear the work may be retarded by remaining in his crafty and dilatory hands.

"The Principal of Brazen-nose kissed hands last week

on his promotion from the See of Chester to that of Bangor—an exchange by which he will be a considerable gainer both in quiet and endowment. He resigns his stall at Westminster, but keeps his Oxford headship, by the earnest desire of his patrons, the Grenvilles, and the approbation of the King. In fact, Government has no share in bestowing any Oxford Headship except the Deanery of Christ Church. Dr. Majendie, one of the Canon residentiaries at St. Paul's, is spoken of for the Bishopric of Chester, whose preferment took its rise from his having assisted his father in teaching the Queen English. As a brother collector, I wished for Dean Dampier, who has likewise been mentioned, and on whom you bestowed, I think, Episcopal titles long ago somewhat prematurely in Edinburgh—if you did not solicit Episcopal benediction at his hands! Dr. Cleaver's promotion was not generally known till some days after he had himself informed me of it, when he likewise spoke of you in terms of high respect and esteem, and said he should be extremely happy to see you in Oxford. I have scribbled on without thought till my paper is exhausted. Room however must be found to give my kindest remembrances to Mrs. Dalzel and my little friends, who I hope are all well enough to continue their accustomed occupations,—Mary and Alice to study the "Chapter of Kings," Robert and William to cross the Bridge (our old rendezvous) every morning at nine, and John (like his great ancestor Adam) to name the birds and beasts. Best compliments to Miss Drysdale, as well as your sister and niece.—Ever sincerely yours,

R. HEBER.

“*P.S.*—Two or three old College theses, which I left in your hands, you will have the goodness to return to Constable, if you do not mean to purchase them.”

I hope I shall not be blamed for printing the following letter, which first mentions Sydney Smith in Edinburgh. It is one of the few in my hands from living persons, but it contains so little of personal, that I have not even troubled the noble writer to ask permission.

FROM LORD HENRY PETTY.

“MY DEAR SIR,—I hope you will excuse the liberty I take in introducing to you the Rev. Mr. Smith, who proposes residing for a short time at Edinburgh. He is brother to the barrister of that name, who has married lately a near relation of mine, and I believe you will find him every way deserving of any attention you may have it in your power to show him.

“Mr. Debary presents his best compliments, and begs to join with me in recommending Mr. Smith to your attention.

“I cannot conclude without thanking you most sincerely for all your past kindnesses, and assuring you that I remain, your greatly obliged humble servant,

“HENRY PETTY.

“I beg my best compliments to Mrs. Dalzel.”

FROM MR. DEBARY.

“DEAR SIR,—I beg leave to thank you for your obliging letter, which I should have answered before,

if I had heard sooner from my friend. He is perfectly satisfied with the information I transmitted him, and I presume, will adopt the channel you pointed out to him, as he is himself known to Mr. Lewis. Hoogeveen's work is not yet out. I should rather have called it a lexicon than a dictionary. If I recollect right, it is an arrangement of Greek words according to their termination, with an attempt to make out a kindred sense in those which have similar endings.

"Professor Porson has lately paid us a visit. It is impossible to conceive anything more squalid than his external appearance ; but he says that his income exceeds his expenditure, and therefore nothing can prevail on him to think of giving public lectures, from which he would be sure to derive a handsome emolument. He has finished Photius' Lexicon, but seems very indifferent whether he publishes it or no. To abuse Foulis is still a favourite theme with him, although I understand he is now going on with the *Æschylus*. His accuracy, acuteness, and the remarkable strength of his memory, cause him to be much admired ; and nothing but a total want of discretion in point of the hours he keeps and the time he sits at his bottle, could limit the attention with which he is received here. We are all trembling under the operation of the new financial system of our minister-member. 'Tis true we have it in our power some time hence to show our displeasure, but I fear we have too much of the nature of spaniels not to fawn upon the hand which keeps us in such good order.

"Dr. Young has been out of College, and I have

been otherwise too remiss in waiting upon him, which I fully intended to have done. I supped in company with him once, and thought him a man of talents.

“Lord Henry Petty desires me to return to you his best thanks for the attention with which you honoured his letter. His friends observed when he was last in town that he had not lost any of his attachment to Scotland.

“Present my best compliments to the ladies. I hope they are quite recovered in health and spirits. With great truth and esteem, I remain, dear Sir, yours,
etc.,
P. DEBARY.”

FROM THOMAS YOUNG.

London,
10, Norfolk
Street,
7th May
1800.

“MY DEAR SIR,—Our friend, Dr. Raine, informed me some time since that you were preparing a new edition of your very useful selection from the Greek poets, and I presume that you have received the message which I sent you both by him and by Professor Playfair, that I intended to fulfil my promise of submitting to you a few additional observations. Their number will be but small, and without affectation of modesty, I must confess they will be of no great importance, yet perhaps here and there I may have detected a trivial oversight, and attempted an explanation of a difficulty which was unnoticed. But the errors of the press are somewhat more numerous; and what I wish to ask you at present is this, whether you would prefer my marking those which I have observed on the margin, and sending you the book, which, perhaps, would be the least troublesome on both sides, or

whether you would wish me to make out a separate list of the errata, which might be best if the new edition were already in the press. I have been of late engaged in very different studies, and I hope soon to have an opportunity of sending you a copy of a paper which I have printed.—Your faithful and obedient servant,

THOMAS YOUNG."

Of the mysterious mismanagement of the Glasgow Æschylus, of the delays of Porson and his London publishers, of the delays and tricks of poor Foulis, the last unworthy bearer of that honoured name, I find but scanty information in Dalzel's letters, who, indeed, came to the rescue only near the end. Let me gather into one view a few remaining notices furnished by his correspondence.

In the beginning of 1797, Raine writes, by desire of Porson, that he is ready and willing to resume his task in the editing of "Æschylus," on certain conditions:—

1797.
Jan. 19.

He desires to be satisfied how many of the plays are actually printed off, and what number of each. These to be deposited in Dalzel's hands. He desires one copy of all printed off, as also the whole of the loose sheets of Pauw's edition, corrected by him for the press, without which he cannot proceed to the "Scholia," as these sheets contain his marks of reference, as well as the small printed copies of the plays. These conditions fulfilled, Porson engages to proceed immediately to the correction of the "Scholia" for the press, and to the preparation of his own *Breves Notæ* for the

completion of this edition; and "I have reason to hope," writes Dr. Raine, "that Mr. Foulis will have no foundation for objecting delay in the prosecution of the work. Mr. Porson has the copy sent him of the folio edition. He certainly was not pleased with the surreptitious manner in which this was printed, but he is willing to overlook it for the gratification of his friends, who have expressed to him strongly their wishes that the small edition should come forth in a finished state."

1797.
May 24.

In May, Dalzel writes to Raine that he had sent a copy of as much of the small *Æschylus* as Foulis had finished from the press. This showed how far the printing is advanced. "Foulis says that the number of copies of the impression is about five hundred, which," continues Dalzel, "I think a very small one. Of this I have no other evidence than his own word, which I am disposed to believe. He has no objection to put the whole impression into my custody.

"Upon requiring Foulis to send to Mr. Porson the loose sheets of Pauw's edition, corrected by the latter for the press, I received the enclosed memorandum [not preserved]. In short, I am persuaded that Foulis has a very great inclination now to complete the work, but he complains very much of the delay in the return of the sheets which he formerly experienced, and the neglect with which he was treated by the London booksellers when he addressed letters to them on the subject, for he seems to have had no communication with the learned editor.

"I learn that Mr. Porson has been both a married

man and a widower since I received your letter. Such quick vicissitudes of fortune must have discomposed him a good deal. I hope when you receive this you will not find it a disagreeable task to press him to resume the Æschylus, and I flatter myself you will be able to prevail with him to proceed."

Next, in October, Dalzel writes to Raine, who acts throughout as Porson's second self: "The business respecting the Æschylus is now, as far as I can judge, adjusted in such a manner as to give a near prospect of the completion of the work. Mr. Elmsley has behaved in the handsomest manner. He and Foulis have come to a right understanding upon the subject, and the former is disposed to think that the latter has not been so culpable as had been supposed. Indeed Mr. Elmsley was frank enough to ascribe part of the blame of the delay to his own indolence. Where the remainder of it may rest it is now unnecessary to investigate, as all parties seem now ready to contribute to the accomplishment of the work. Mr. Elmsley has given the best argument of his own sincerity by furnishing Foulis with money (of which I believe he stood pretty much in need), and he is to carry with him to London the copy of Pauw's edition, which Mr. Porson is desirous to have. . . . His great respect for your character, and the idea he has of your influence with the editor induce him to hope that there will be no further delay after the work is commenced."

Still the edition hung back. We find new complaints against Foulis for delay from Raine in the summer of 1798.

1797.
October 3.

1798.
July 15.

A year later it is once more at a stand.

1799.
August 19.

In the beginning of 1800, Raine writes: "The state of the case is briefly this. When I received your letter, Professor Porson was not in town. As soon after his arrival as I could see him, I put the proof into his hands, and let me do him the justice to say that he returned it with immediate expedition, nor does any blame whatever attach upon him for the delay. I am solely answerable on this point;" and then follow excuses. "It is determined to print the Scholia, etc., in town, and care must be had to get the copy of all the text out of Foulis's hands."

March 10.

April 23.

Some progress has been made in spring. "First, we thank you fervently," writes Raine, "for all your excellent services, and approve highly all you have done, and all you intend to do. Let Foulis print the separate titles, and have the goodness to get the corrected scholia out of his hands. . . . A final settlement with Foulis is every way right, and cannot be better managed than in the manner you propose."

At length the *Æschylus* seems past danger of further delay at all hands. As in all such cases, a book so long delayed, came out at last in a very unsatisfactory shape.

TO DR. RAINE.

Edinburgh,
July 24,
1800.

"DEAR SIR,—I am happy to inform you that the text of the *Æschylus* is at last finished from the press. Yesterday I saw a parcel containing the sheets neces-

sary for completing that part of the impression formerly sent to London, and Foulis assured me that they would be shipped at Leith immediately, and in the custody of Mr. Bremner in a week hence.

“I am now quite convinced that Foulis could never have been brought to finish the notes and scholia. But even though he had been able and willing to proceed, the printing of them in London will be far more commodious for all concerned, and I flatter myself you will now be able to prevail with the learned editor to bring the work, without further delay, to the much-desired conclusion, though it must be owned he has great reason to be disgusted by the provoking interruptions by which the business has hitherto been retarded.

“That you may judge of the appearance of the book, I shall send you, by a friend who is soon going to London, my copy of all that has been printed here, in return for which it will give me great pleasure to receive from you a copy completed with the notes and scholia. I believe I mentioned formerly that our friend, Mr. Heber, had suggested, as an improvement, the printing of a separate set of *dramatis personæ* in pure Greek, to enable those who might choose it to reject the Latin entirely, which otherwise they would not have done. For though the pages have been arranged with a view to that option, yet Latin has, needlessly and inadvertently, been put upon the reverse of the pages which contain the *dramatis personæ* as first printed. I shall, therefore, send you also a set without the Latin.

“And now, having finished this tedious business as far as depended on me, I take this opportunity of thanking you and Miss Raine (in which Mrs. Dalzel most cordially joins me) for your kind attention to Miss Drysdale, and to my little daughter. Since I began this letter, I have learned that they have had the pleasure to dine at the Charter-House.

“You gave me some reason to think that in your next progress to the north you would probably extend your excursion so far at least as Edinburgh. As the time of your vacation is approaching, it would give me much pleasure to hear that your intention holds; and if you could prevail with the Cambridge Greek Professor to accompany you, I am persuaded he would not be displeased with such a tour.

“If you resolve on coming thus far (as I hope you will) be so good as apprise me of the time I may expect you, for it would mortify me exceedingly to be out of the way on your arrival.”

Dalzel as the Librarian and Custodier of the Archives of the University, had early set himself the task of writing its history, and about the end of the century he began the work in earnest—corresponded with Chalmers, the author of “Caledonia,” about researches in the British Museum and the King’s Library, and with Heber about the sources of general and constitutional history of Universities, a subject which, though long elaborated in France and Germany, had not hitherto been studied by Scotch scholars, and plainly intended to make the work a systematic history, some-

thing very different from the collection of "Annals," which alone he has left us.

FROM DR. ERSKINE.

"DEAR SIR,—When one of abilities and diligence plans a work from which the public may justly expect much entertainment and instruction, even small hints and materials ought not to be withheld. This emboldens my asking your acceptance of the six books and pamphlets accompanying this, as possibly your introduction to the History of Edinburgh College may consider the origin and usefulness of such institutions. It surprises me that Junius, who was a learned and sensible divine, says next to nothing on the usefulness of Academies, and spends . . . on that of academic honours. Boldinger's list may perhaps suggest some books relating to academies in general, or to the history of particular Colleges, which you would wish to see. No continuation of his book has been hitherto advertised in the Leipsig sale catalogues. I send Sturm's account of divinity writers in Germany before the sixteenth century, because the Abbacies of Fulda, etc., under Rabanus Maurus and others in the dark ages, promoted the instruction of youth, and the knowledge of the classics, Fathers, etc., by means which may have suggested the more judicious and perfect ones afterwards adopted by Colleges.

Lauriston,
Sept. 18,
1800.

"The compiler of the Annals of Yale College, 1769-77, contends that the first founder of a College, however small a sum be allocated for that purpose, and his heirs or assignees, have the right of visiting it and

redressing abuses, and of appointing visitors, exclusive of those whose after donations may have been much more considerable.—I am, dear Sir, yours sincerely,

“JOHN ERSKINE.”

FROM BÖTTIGER.

Weimar,
October 9,
1800.

“Mr. Holden, Fellow of Sidney College, Cambridge, passing through Weimar, has kindly offered to take care of a small parcel I should send to you. I seize that opportunity with eagerness in order to send you a little tract I have published some weeks ago for announcing the speeches of our pupils who are preparing for the University. I should be glad to send you some other publications of mine, amongst which are several Archæological tracts, but they are all written in German. I have paid a visit this summer to Mr. Heyne at Göttingue, who in his 70th year of age is as active and sprightly as if he was in the bloom of youth. He spoke highly in your praises, and was sorry that some communications between you and him might have miscarried. His edition of the *Iliad* is in great forwardness, and will be finished at the spring of 1801, in 5 volumes, grand octavo. This week, a very splendid edition of his *Virgil*, on vellum paper, with 140 copperplates and vignettes, in 4 volumes in gr. 8, is published at Leipsic. Mr. Schutz’ *Æschylus* is completed in the second edition. The same poet will soon appear with a learned commentary and great alterations in the text by Mr. Professor Herman, at Leipsic, who has declared himself a stout opposer to Mr. Porson’s metrical observations in a commentary, and preface to

Euripides's 'Hecuba,' published at Leipsic some months ago.

"That is all I can ask you now, dear Sir, about our literary concerns. You shall soon hear from me, and then I shall speak more at large about the German lady, who, I suppose, is returned already from Scotland.—Your most obedient servant,

"AUGUSTUS BÖTTIGER."

FROM RICHARD HEBER.

"MY DEAR SIR,—It now appears so long since I have had any intercourse with you, that I eagerly avail myself of the opportunity afforded me by Mr. Williams's visit to Edinburgh, of renewing our correspondence, and talking to you, on paper at least, *sans cérémonie*, since we are not able *veras audire et reddere voces*. Not that I think it necessary to wait for such opportunities to remind me of friends in whom I feel so much interest, but to own the truth, there is something in my habit (in common, I believe, with most Englishmen) so violently anti-epistolary, that without an occasional jog on the elbow, or unavoidable summons, my *vis inertiae* gets the better of my inclination. Indeed, I had always proposed writing to you by Miss Drysdale and your daughter Mary, when they returned to Scotland, but unluckily found they had left town just before my arrival: for you must know I have been very locomotive this last summer, and, not content with what the counties of Cheshire, Lancashire, Shropshire, and Staffordshire afforded, have made a very complete tour of Cornwall

Thursday,
Dec. 11,
1800.

and the southern parts of Devonshire this autumn. I was very sorry my short stays in London, and Miss Dalzel's hooping-cough, deprived me of the pleasure of seeing her and her aunt so much as I could have wished. However, I trust their trip to town answered to them on the whole, though I despair of ever being able to persuade your daughter to prefer St. James's Palace to Holyroodhouse, Grosvenor to St. Andrew's Square, Hyde Park to the Links, or the language of South to that of North Britain. For my own part, I assure you, a little true native Scotch was quite a treat to me, and sounded in my ears like the voice of an old absent friend.

"You have long looked for an answer, no doubt, to the quære preferred through me to the President of Magdalen, with respect to the Oxford doctors who attended King James in his visit to Stirling in the year 1607. Till to-day, I have not had an opportunity of consulting him, so you must not expect anything satisfactory off-hand. He has promised me to refer, and in the meantime tells me he suspects that Archbishop Abbot, then most likely Master of Balliol College, and patronized by the Earl of Dunbar, was probably one, as well as his rival and contemporary, Bishop Andrews. But more of this another time. In the meanwhile, I should rejoice to be assured you have found time to prosecute your historical account of the University of Edinburgh (to which I shall always be happy to contribute, by promoting your inquiries in these quarters to the utmost of my power), as well as to receive from yourself as detailed a report

of your many other literary inquiries as you can make it convenient to send me.

“I am sorry to say Foulis’s cargo of the impression of *Æschylus* turns out very faulty. The sheets prove so filthy, ill-sorted, and mutilated, that if they can make up 250 copies the proprietors will think themselves well off; possibly 150 will be all they can pick out. Bremner, Elmsley’s partner, is at present very unwell, which delays the business, otherwise I would urge the Professor to get the present impression published, and sold off as soon as possible, and then, for his own credit, to reprint the whole, with the scholia, at the Oxford press. Now I am on the subject of Porson, I must tell you that he has finished the collation of the Museum MS. of the *Odyssey* for the Oxford Homer, and has been offered paper and press-work gratis, if he will continue his edition of the single plays of Euripides at the Cambridge press, a proposal he intends, I fancy, closing with. He has also made some overtures to Schweighæuser with respect to the edition of *Athenæus*, which the latter is on the point of editing, and proposes to offer him, in the most liberal manner, many of his valuable emendations. Have you seen a review of Porson’s Euripides in the last month’s *Critical Review* (by Wakefield), which affords a specimen of criticism quite characteristic of its author, and has, if possible, increased the Professor’s contempt for the acquirements and talent of his assailant? Or have you seen Burney’s review of the ‘*Hecuba*’ and ‘*Orestes*’ together with Wakefield’s diatribe, in the *Monthly Review*, of a

very different stamp and tendency from the one before mentioned? I wish most heartily I was nearer you, to chat over these subjects in your little study, till we were interrupted by a summons from Mrs. Dalzel and Miss Drysdale into the other room to supper. But I must not tantalize myself by thinking of these pleasant impossibilities.

“My Christmas will be passed in Cheshire, excepting only a short visit I have promised to a friend at Liverpool. Previous to that, however, I mean to pay a visit or two in Somersetshire.

“Have you seen our friend Sydney Smith since he has become a Benedict? And how does the new office sit upon him: is the yoke easy, and the burthen light? Does he still assist Sandford in his chapel, or has he another volume of sermons in the press? His *quondam* pupil, Beach, is or was a member of Christ Church, where I have seen him when I have been there.

“I have shown your list of critical books to several friends, who admire it much. Why does it not make its public appearance? or when is your new edition to come out?

“The bearer of this is bound on a visit to Mr. Greathead, an English gentleman, now staying in Edinburgh, whom perhaps you may know. Williams is a member of the University of Oxford, a gentleman-like man, and, I believe, a very good scholar, well acquainted with Dr. Parr. Any civilities you may have it in your power to show him during his stay, I shall feel obliged to you for.

“A thousand kind wishes to Mrs. Dalzel, Miss

Drysdale, and all your family. Compliments to your sister and niece, and remembrances to all friends, especially Mr. Williamson and his daughter.—Ever, my dear Sir, yours most sincerely, RICHARD HEBER.”

“If you can read my letter, pray say so in your next.

“By favour of Mr. Williams.”

FROM MR. RICHARD HEBER.

“MY DEAR SIR,—By Saturday’s mail I despatched a collar of Canterbury brawn, directed to you at the College, which I conclude you will have received before this reaches you, and hope it will prove of a good quality, and in proper order. That it may continue so, I am told it will be necessary either to keep it in salt and water (the old custom), or to rub it well from time to time with salt only and a dry cloth, taking care to stow it in a cool dry place.

West-
minster,
Monday, the
12th of Jan.

“You would receive a few lines from me by Mr. Williams, in which I think I wished you the *multos et felices* in the spirit of the season ; if not, give me leave to supply the defect on the present occasion, both to yourself, Mrs. Dalzel, Miss Drysdale, and all my little friends—Being with all truth, my dear Sir, very sincerely yours, RICHARD HEBER.”

FROM THOMAS YOUNG.

“MY DEAR SIR,—I have long been looking out for an opportunity of sending a small parcel to Edinburgh, and have at last found one by Mr. Chenevix, an

48, Welbeck
Street,
June 27,
1801.

eminent chemist, who is going on a tour with Professor Pietet. I will therefore beg the favour of you to distribute, as directed, two or three copies of a paper, which took up a good deal of my attention last autumn, and which, perhaps, will not be uninteresting to opticians and to physiologists. I would have sent two or three more copies, but that I was afraid of intruding on Mr. Chenevix. When I last had the pleasure of hearing from you, Miss Drysdale and your daughter were in town. I should have been very glad to have been at all instrumental in their entertainment, but I was so unfortunate as not to see them again after the receipt of your letter. One day that I called they were absent; and the experiments which I send you, together with the confusion of furnishing and entering upon a house, prevented my having an opportunity of repeating my visit until they had left town, which was some months sooner than I understood to be their intention. I wrote to Professor Robison as you advised me, but I never received any answer. I am very glad that he has taken another channel for the publication of his experiments and opinions. They are highly interesting, and I am obliged by the commendation which he has been pleased to bestow on my labours; but as it is joined with an imputation of presumption and want of candour, I have thought it necessary to send a little further explanation of my sentiments for insertion in a periodical publication. Pray, is the new edition of the *Analecta* almost in readiness?

“I am at present employed in some further optical

investigations, which, I imagine, will be considered as more important than any of my former attempts, as I think they will establish almost incontrovertibly the undulatory system of light, and extend it to the explanation of an immense variety of phenomena. I have also some prospect of being in a situation which will enable and require me to devote more time to the pursuit of Natural Philosophy than I should otherwise think consistent with the profession of physic, but the idea is yet only in embryo.—Believe me truly, your faithful and obedient Servant,

“THOMAS YOUNG.”

TO DR. THOMAS YOUNG.

“Your letter of the 10th of May, by Mr. Blackhall and Mr. Rogers, came to my hand only about a fortnight ago. It was brought to my country quarters here, about a mile from town, unluckily when I was confined by a hydrocele, with which I was myself a good deal alarmed, till my surgeons told me it was a common case attended with no danger, but advised my abstaining from all exercise for some time. I sent a note to Mr. B. and R. regretting my inability to show them the attention which every friend of yours has a claim to from me; and they came down and called on me next day, when I was glad to find that their introductions at Edinburgh had been such as to render any attention of mine less necessary. On my expressing a wish that they would dine with me, I found them engaged all the three days they had to remain in Edinburgh; and one of their engagements

July 20,
1801.

was with the Lord Provost ; and Lord Downe had come with them to show them the road to my cottage. I therefore congratulated them on their being in such good hands ; and on their expressing a desire to see the College Library, I gave such directions to my assistant, as made that quite easy for them. They were to set off in a few days on a tour in the Highlands.

“My living in the country prevented me from seeing Mr. Allen previous to his setting off for London, where he at present is, having gone thither to accompany Lord Holland to the Continent. It is probable you may have seen him before this reaches you. If not, you will easily find him, by addressing a note to him to the care of Lord Holland. I should wish much that you should meet with him, as he is a man of real science, and very intelligent on a great variety of subjects.

“I can easily comprehend what you tell me about the labour of your Professorship (not a sinecure !). To teach anything publicly to one’s satisfaction requires a great deal of previous labour. The field you have had to go over, as appears from your syllabus, is immense. Take care of your health.”

The support given by other scholars and teachers to Dalzel’s *Analecta* is very remarkable. The laudable object of the books, and their proved fitness for the purpose of education, were the main causes undoubtedly ; but respect for the author, and affection for him when he became known, seem to have had no small share in

procuring him assistance, which added greatly to the value of these books, and which money could not have bought. I have said that Thomas Young, while still a youth, arranged the selections from the *Anthology*, and contributed many useful and many curious notes. He continued, in the busiest of lives, amid the claims of most exciting pursuits, to revise and amend and furnish notes to successive editions of the *Analecta* as long as the author lived. Many sheets of his annotations are now before me, written so carefully that not a letter or numeral or accent is doubtful.

Bishop Burgess, the old and steady friend, contributed in smaller degree.

Matthew Raine of the Charter-House, the friend of Porson, the most esteemed schoolmaster of his time, a scholar of the true stamp, loving learning for its own sake, gave cordial and most valuable assistance. Richard Heber furnished lists of errors of the press, - and excellent scholarly advice. A younger recruit, James Tate (*Tatius noster* of the notes), began with modest offers of a few suggestions for a new edition, but soon showed his qualifications and the cordiality of his nature so as to take the first place in the band of auxiliaries, and in Dalzel's grateful heart. They were friends for life, and luckily Tate could supply, from peculiar study, a part of the ancient learning in which Dalzel thought himself deficient,—a knowledge of the intricate metres of the Greek drama. This matter was then a much-vexed question. Porson proclaimed that his canons could alone furnish solution of all difficulties in the

choruses and in Pindar. Herman, "the German," refused allegiance to the mighty Greek, and the great war raging made it dangerous for common mortals to touch the ground of contest. It was then that James Tate furnished the materials of that sensible condensed dissertation about the metres, which Dalzel has prefixed to the notes on the *Cædipus*.

All these able assistants, Dalzel recompensed in the way they liked best, in publicly declaring their contributions, and acknowledging his obligations to them.

There were several other zealous and disinterested assistants to the editor of the *Analecta*, none more valuable than a Cambridge correspondent, who chose to remain anonymous, in spite of Dalzel's entreaties to be admitted to his acquaintance. At various times he contributed several sheets of excellent notes on the poetical volume. "*Alieno nomine usus sum*," he writes, with unnecessary modesty, "*meas enim ineptias ne tibi quidem, vir omnium humanissime, proderem.*" He gives an address in London, but writes from Cambridge. His first approach is made in this very formal manner :—

FROM AN UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT.

Cambridge,
Jan. 13,
1802.

"SIR,—To be useful to its benefactors, and especially to its instructors, is the wish of every liberal mind. Prompted by this motive, I have taken the liberty of suggesting a few hints, which may perhaps serve to remove from your truly valuable '*Analecta*' some of those minute faults, which can hardly be avoided in a work so various and complex.

“To render your book *still* more useful to that class of readers, who, after having been well grounded at school, begin to search into the niceties of the Greek language, it might not be amiss to select from Dawes, Valckenaer, Pierson, Koen, Heath, etc. and, above all, Porson, the principal Attic canons, and to introduce them (with reference, *chapter and verse*, to such of these critics as establish them) either separately or occasionally. The former plan seems to me, for many reasons, the better. Such an addition as this would increase the value of the work very much, in this University at least.

“You will, of course, publish the *Medea* from Porson’s edition. His notes on Euripides serve to illustrate many other passages than those upon which his observations are immediately made. But I beg your pardon; I cannot but suppose that every lover of the Attic scene has thoroughly digested that wonderful work.”

The unknown friend comes next in Latin, excited by the favourable notice of the new *Edinburgh Review*. At the end of many leaves of notes, he ends with a recommendation that in future editions a play of Aristophanes, the “*Plutus*” or the “*Clouds*,” should be given, instead of some of the secondary authors. He acknowledges the difficulty and delicacy of the undertaking—“*ad quam minuendam si quid ego, juvenis, variis negotiis districtus, harumque literarum ut vides paullo rudior, conferre possum—φράζε καὶ πεπράξεται.*”

ANDRÆE DALZEL, V.C., CANTAB. ANONYMUS S.

“Quum Edinburgensem Analectorum tuorum censuram nuper perlegissem, statim subiit cupido te iterum alloquendi. Doctrinæ elegantiam, mitem sapientiam, ingenuamque morum comitatem quæ in tuo opere passim elucent, præclaris meritisque laudibus ab illis censoribus efferri gaudeo. Atque inter tot lenissimæ indolis documenta non minimum est quod observatiunculas nostras non prorsus aspernatus es. Vix sperare poteram, quæ temere et festinanter effudissem, ea te tanti judicaturum. Sed quoniam ea est humanitas tua, dabo equidem operam ne eâ indignus esse videar. Mitto igitur alterum fasciculum.”

FROM DR. THOMAS YOUNG.

Welbeck
Street,
March 29,
1802.

“MY DEAR SIR,—I hope you received my packet last summer by Mr. Chenevix. I am anxious to know what are your present literary occupations. I hope we are soon to have a new edition of the *Analecta*. I send you a copy of each of two of my own productions; which, together with the course of lectures in which I am engaged, you may easily imagine have employed me pretty fully. I shall also beg you to hand a copy of each to Professor Robison, and to lend yours to such of our common friends as may have a desire to see them. The theory of light and colours, though it did not occupy a large portion of time, I conceive to be of more importance than all that I have ever done, or ever shall do besides.—Yours most truly,

“THOMAS YOUNG.”

FROM DR. THOMAS YOUNG.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I have to acknowledge the receipt of your friendly letter dated in April, and, perhaps, before you receive this, I may have heard farther from you, if no new delays occur in the publication of your volume. But the immediate occasion of my writing to you at present, is to introduce to your acquaintance my friends and fellow-collegians, Mr. Blackhall, tutor of Emanuel, and Mr. Rogers, a fellow-commoner of the same College, and to request your good offices in furnishing them with such information as strangers may require, and in making them known to such literary persons as it may happen to suit your convenience.

London,
May 11,
1802.

"I am much flattered by the approbation that you are pleased to bestow on the fragments that I sent you, and I shall be truly gratified if they be deemed an addition of any consequence to your useful work; they will be, for a long time at least, the last of my philological amusements, for I assure you that you are perfectly correct in supposing my professorship to be no sinecure—it involves my whole time and attention—and an immediate repetition of the labour and anxiety that I have undergone for the last twelve months, would at least make me an invalid for life. I have not even read Porson's editions, and I believe I shall now wait for your extracts from them. I am extremely glad that you are making some additions respecting the metres, as I always thought something on the subject was much wanted in your volume, and

I should have been anxious to offer you any assistance in my power had you stood in need of it; but I presume you have everything that you want in Porson's publication.

"This letter will be so long on its road, that I can tell you no news which will not be out of date by the time that it arrives. I beg you will present my compliments to Mrs. Dalzel and Miss Drysdale; I have not forgotten my deficiencies in attention to your ladies when they were in town. If you have any other friends who visit London, I hope I shall be able to be of more use to them.—Believe me, my dear Sir, ever very sincerely yours, THOMAS YOUNG."

Now was beginning the race of reviews and magazines, feeble precursors indeed of the periodical hosts of our days, but already powerful for good and evil, able to wound, but on the whole serving to keep together the commonwealth of letters, and to make its influence felt. Classical learning and criticism found more room then than in our modern periodicals. The *Monthly Review* was Charles Burney's organ for praising Porson. The *British Critic* took the *orthodox* side in the war of Troy. Tate had been stung by a criticism in the *Anti-Jacobin*, and meditated war. Dalzel, more prudent, counselled him to "have no uneasiness about the *Antijacobin*, or the conduct of its editors. There is no satisfaction in corresponding with anonymous writers." When Dalzel used the wings of the periodical, it was not to wound or injure. He contributed some papers to the newly revived *Scots Magazine*,

July 30,
1801.

mostly of foreign classical literature, but one of a different kind, where taking the occasion or excuse of a notice of a worthy under-librarian just dead, he gives a good deal of information about the Edinburgh University, its mode of education, and its library, subjects upon which he was then much at home. Part of that paper will be found in the Appendix.

In the summer of 1802, Dalzel projected a meeting of friends, which I trust, took place. He was to pay a long-promised visit to Dr. Burgess at Durham. He hopes that Raine may meet them in his annual visit to the North. Tate was sure: young, zealous, and active, the distance from Richmond to Durham was no impediment to him. Dugald Stewart was already in the north of England, armed with letters of introduction from Dalzel to *Tatius noster*. So near and so friendly they could not but meet; and what cordial greetings, what pleasant walks by the Weir and the Swale, what joyous symposia must the friends have held, overflowing with kindness, wine, and Greek!

It was while projecting this happy meeting of friends, that an opportunity occurred of showing the estimation in which another scholar was held. It chanced that Tate wished to use the learned paper on the particle *ἐν*, which he had seen in the proceedings of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, and inquired concerning the author. "Dr. Hunter of St. Andrews, (writes Dalzel), is alive and well. Though he had a family of fourteen or fifteen children by his first wife, he has lately ventured on a second. He has, I under-

August 30,
1802.

stand, taken himself to farming, and does not prosecute his grammatical researches. He is an excellent grammarian, and if he had been somewhat more active, he might have anticipated Horne Tooke in most of his speculations. But what would have passed for original a good many years ago, would now be called plagiarism."

FROM BÖTTIGER.

Weimar,
August 26.
1802.

"... I read with eagerness the numbers of the *Scots Magazine* (which seems to have undergone a very useful change), and derived both instruction and entertainment from the articles you have inserted in it; your contributions to it proving to be the fullest ears in the whole sheaf. By the account of the late Duke Gordon,¹ you have not only strewed a very decent flower-basket on the tomb of a very ingenuous man, who never declined drudgery for the public good—a resignation seldom to be met with now in that age of egotism—but furnished also fine materials for the history of your public library, which boasts itself now of such a keeper as you are. Göttingen excepted, in which every student is indulged with the most illimited use of works of every description, there is perhaps no university library directed by such liberal-minded principles. . . . The contest between Mr. Porson and Mr. Herman being still undecided, and new forces preparing from both sides, Mr. Herman seems to be sure of his victory. Porson's three plays of Euripides have been reprinted, with some additional

¹ See Appendix.

notes by Herman himself at Leipsic, who at the same time is indefatigably employed in forwarding his great edition of *Æschylus* in two great quartos, and who has published now a small but very useful edition of Aristotle's *Poetic*, in which some of the English editors smart very severely. But to return again to the *Cornucopiæ* your parcel contained, I found in it some new jewels of your literature. Professor Hunter's *Horace* I never saw before, though I was very anxious to get a sight of it by the commemoration of some travelling countrymen of yours. His criticisms seem to be founded on a profound knowledge of such niceties in the language which escape common observation, and of the genius of *Horace* itself. I make no doubt but some of them will obtain, and deserve general approbation. I sent the book immediately to Professor Doering, at Gotha in Saxony, now occupied with a new edition of *Horace*, to whom it will be very welcome. As for the edition of *Virgil*, Mr. Heyne spoke of it already with proper encomiums in a public advertisement, giving a new proof of his laudable impartiality, even to such who were able to find fault with his own edition. . . . Our presses are teeming with new editions of the classicks. I understood by a letter I received to-day from Leipsic, that Heyne's *Iliad* is at last published, and sold at Leipsic in eight octavo volumes (the finer copies of which, printed on a better woven paper, with the first copies of the copperplates, will cost £6). It should have left the press at the beginning of May, but for a great appendix of ten sheets, which Mr. Heyne thought fit to

add, in order to preclude his cruel antagonists, headed by Wolf at Halle, from the attacks they menaced already. But I am afraid he will not escape the censures and railings of a junta of literati, who will exult in every stumbling-block they can put in his way. Mr. Wolf is now at the highest meridian of his reputation. He published lately a severe critick on Cicero's *Oratio pro Marcello*, in which he proves, with the strongest arguments, that the whole speech, notwithstanding all the praises lavished upon it by the greatest scholars, is a poor paltry thing, counterfeited by a declamator in the age of Tiberius, and raised upon the groundwork of an Epistle of Cicero, to be found in his *Epistolæ ad diversos*. In short, the Speech is irretrievably lost by the strength and force of arguments, drawn up in a full line of battle in a small volume. Professor Heindorf, at Berlin, a pupil of Mr. Wolf's, began a new edition of Plato, with four dialogues, in which he strikes out a new road for the emendation of the god of the philosophers. But the most useful work is Professor Schweighäuser's, at Strasburgh, new edition of Athenæus, four volumes of which, two of the text, and two of the notes, have appeared already. That edition, done in a masterly way, fills up a high chasm in our literature, and Athenæus, together with all his farrago of ancient fragments, is now rendered as easy as any author of that line amongst the ancient."

One of Dalzel's latest correspondents was Dr. Parr. In his famous "Spital Sermon" the Doctor had spoken

handsomely of Gregory's Latin style, and pronounced this eulogium upon Dalzel's—"Among the Latin compositions which have come forth from the Universities of Scotland since the days of Dr. Hutcheson, I have seen none so distinguished for the best effects of early practice and well-formed taste, so accurate in the choice of phraseology, so easy in the structure of the sentences, and so harmonious in the cadence of the periods, as the writings of Professor Dalzel." The Doctor sent a copy of his sermon to Dugald Stewart, no doubt for the purpose of being communicated to his friends. This led to some intercourse, and Dalzel presented Dr. Parr with a copy of the new edition of the poetical volume of *Analecta*. The Doctor was now a little spoilt by adulation, but he only writes in the style in which he was accustomed to speak from his arm-chair, in the midst of his admirers, with his pipe newly-lighted.

FROM DR. PARR.

"DEAR SIR,—I have been rambling through half a dozen counties, visiting my friends in both Universities, assisting Mr. Coke of Norfolk in his conflict with the Tories, and far more attentive to politics and trifles than to subjects of literature. I was therefore refreshed with the sight of a letter from Mr. Professor Dalzel, and I am exceedingly sorry that my vagrant way of living prevented me from receiving it till it had gone by a circuitous and most irregular route from Warwickshire to Norfolk, and from Norfolk to Huntingdonshire, where I had the satisfaction to meet with it

October 1.
Bugden.

in my progress from Cambridge to Northampton. Permit me, Sir, to return my thankful and respectful acknowledgements for the honour you have conferred upon me by presenting me with the books mentioned in your letter. I shall set a very high value upon them, both on account of their intrinsic worth, and of the courtesy and kindness which I have experienced from the writer. Be assured that the most favourable impression has already been made upon my mind, not only by the useful tendency of your literary publications, but by the marks which they contain of that good sense, that good taste, and those good manners, which do not always fall to the lot of scholars. You have shown your usual judgment in availing yourself of the curious and profound erudition which adorns the Plays of Euripides, edited by Mr. Porson. You are incapable of meting out your praise to his merits scantily or reluctantly, and you may always reckon upon my approbation and sympathy in censuring that loathsome and childish impertinence which too often disgraces the writings of philologists. You and I, dear Sir, recollect with pleasure that Markland, Wesseling, Hemsterhuis, and Ruhnken disdained to admit these impurities into their noble works. I was extremely pleased with some papers which Mr. Tate of Richmond had obligingly communicated to me; and on my return to Hatton, I shall have to read and to answer a very long letter, which arrived there during my absence. I shall upon all occasions bear my testimony to your talents and attainments; and perhaps you will excuse me for saying that I some time ago

had an opportunity for defending the Latinity of a passage which occurs in your letter to Mr. Heyne, and which had been unjustly censured by an Oxford hyper-critic.

“I have desired my bookseller, Mr. Mawman, to call upon Mr. Robinson, and to forward the parcel to my house.

“Let me beg of you to present my very best respects to Lord Lauderdale, and to tell him that Sir Francis Burdett, without any solicitation upon my part, and with the utmost courtesy and kindness upon his own, has lately presented me to a living in Huntingdonshire, the profits of which are not inconsiderable, and the value of which is much enhanced by its tenableness with my preferment in Northamptonshire. His Lordship will be glad to hear that Sir Francis expressly declared that ‘one great additional motive for thus preferring me, was that, in his opinion, he could not do anything more agreeable to Mr. Fox, to Mr. Sheridan, to Mr. Knight, and my other friends; and that he wished me to consider myself as obliged to them only.’

“I cannot omit a passage so honourable to Sir Francis and so gratifying to my own feelings, and I am sure that you will have great satisfaction in communicating it to Lord Lauderdale.—I have the honour to be, with great respect, dear Sir, your faithful well-wisher and obedient humble servant, S. PARR.”

The letter is in a lady's hand. Only this postscript is written by Dr. Parr himself :—

“ I write this from the house of my very learned pupil, Mr. Maltby, whose esteem for you is very great and very sincere. I suppose that you have read the work he lately published, and I flatter myself that you were pleased with the elegance of his Latin style, and the moderation and liberality of his theological opinions. I shall return to Hatton in six or seven days.”

TO DR. PARR.

Edinburgh,
October 11,
1802.

“ REVEREND SIR,—In replying to your very polite letter, give me leave, in the first place, to congratulate you on the preferment you have lately obtained in a manner so honourable to yourself and to the worthy donor. . . . It must give the greatest pleasure to every liberal mind to see you put into a state of complete independence ; and it must be allowed that in bringing about this, Sir Francis Burdett has in no small degree vindicated the honour of his country. I have not seen Lord Lauderdale since I received the honour of your letter, but I am sure he will sincerely rejoice at this promotion. .

“ Since I used the freedom to write to you, I too have been rambling. I have been as far south as Ripon. On my return I went to Richmond, and saw Mr. Tate of that place, with whom I had corresponded but never before met with. I was very much pleased with his conversation. He is a young man of very great merit, cultivates Greek literature with great ardour, and deserves every encouragement. . . .

“ During the ten days I was in England the weather

was extremely fine, and I saw the beauties of Northumberland and Durham, and a considerable portion of Yorkshire in the greatest beauty. On my return I spent a few days more at Dunbar with Lord Lauderdale, and on arriving at Edinburgh had the pleasure of finding your letter, which I could not but peruse with particular interest, especially on finding it abounding with the kindest and most liberal expressions.

“A few days ago I ought to have received another from you, as I understand by the enclosed, which is franked by the hand of Sir Francis Burdett. On opening it I rejoiced to see the signature and the hand of Dr. Parr. But judge how much I was disappointed on discovering the mistake. Sir Francis, I suppose, had been franking other letters for you, and inadvertently addressed a wrong one for me. Of course the real one intended for me must have gone to some other person. I am sorry you should have trouble in rectifying this. Our friend Professor Stewart is now in England, and I hope may somewhere have met with you. He will sincerely rejoice in your good fortune, which now enables you *frui otio cum dignitate* in perfection.”

FROM DR. THOMAS YOUNG.

“MY DEAR SIR,—I hope you will excuse my neglect of your letters and your kind present, when I tell you that I received them only yesterday, on my return from an expedition of two months to France, where I have been in part amusing myself with the novelties of Paris, but more principally have been pursuing my own studies, and preparing myself for the winter,

London,
Oct. 9,
1802.

residing at the same time in a medical capacity with a party at Rouen. I am sorry to hear that you have been indisposed, and I thank you for your caution with respect to my own health ; I hope, however, it is in no danger, for I cannot afford to spare it much at present ; I flatter myself that I shall never have occasion to exert myself so ardently after this winter. I am much obliged by your attention to the friends whom I took the liberty of addressing to you ; and I have no doubt that they felt themselves as much indebted to you as if they had stood more in need of your good offices. I am afraid it will be impossible for me to examine your new edition with all the attention that it deserves ; I have little or no hopes of resuming my philological studies, but, as far as I have looked at the work, I cannot doubt but that it will do you great credit. . . . I allow there is great obscurity in the theory of the ancient modes of music with all their refinement, and I have no ambition to remove this obscurity. . . . I think if Dr. Walter Young will consider the passage of Plato that I have quoted, he must be convinced that the ancients often employed an accompaniment similar to what we call thorough bass, though probably of a much less methodical and elaborate nature ; further than this I do not mean to assert their acquaintance with harmony, nor will I insist upon drawing any conclusion from the passage of Horace. I do not recollect the passage which you have been so kind as to correct, but I quite approve of its present form. . . . I could adduce passages which would prove beyond all doubt that the *tibia* was a

reed instrument. . . . On the whole, I do not regret that the whole note is published, for, although it is rather too copious for your general plan, yet it relates to a subject which has been perpetually discussed, and very little understood, and I flatter myself that it may tend at least to diminish some of the perplexities which have puzzled commentators. I have to thank you for the handsome manner in which you have noticed the little assistance that I have given you, and I am flattered by the attention which you have thought fit to pay to most of my remarks. I had some time ago the pleasure of meeting Mr. Heber accidentally at a common friend's, Mr. Ellis's, but I have not since that time had any opportunity of cultivating his acquaintance ; I shall, however, take due care to deliver your letter to him.—Believe me, my dear Sir, ever yours most sincerely,

“ THOMAS YOUNG.”

“ 10th.—I have seen Dr. Raine ; he is much pleased with your new edition, and intends to thank you for it as soon as he can find a leisure half hour.”

FROM HEYNE.

“ Viro æstumatissimo amicissimo Andreæ Dalzel
s. d. C. G. Heyne.

Gottingæ,
Oct. 9,
1802.

“ Magna me lætitia affecit adspectus et sermo amici tui Rev. Bennet, et nuntiata mihi ab eo tua mei recordatio, multoque magis exhilaravit me ejus memoratio, qua intellexi te valere, existimatione laude bonorum et doctorum hominum florere, resque tuas ex voto successus habere. Utinam mihi contingeret

de communibus nostris studiis vel paucarum horarum usu concesso sermones serere ! Homeri Ilias ante paucos dies a librario Lipsiæ in nundinis vendi cœpit ; vellem in manibus essent exemplaria e quibus unum ad te perferendum curare possem ! Si quando molem hanc inspexeris, dices me nimis sedulo et curiose rem egisse. Pro consilio tamen semel preposito non videbam quam bene ad alias rationes transirem. Fundum substravi, quibus libuerit alia superstruere, habent aream aliquantum instructam ; superesse adhuc nostra ætate viros doctos qui litteras antiquas, imprimis Græcas colant et excolant, mirari soleo quando litterarum rationes et conditionem inter nostros homines apud me reputo. Quæ fortuna earum in posterum futura sit *θεῶν ἐν γούνασι*—nec scire refert. Nos pro viribus nostris agemus quæ agenda sunt, etsi eae iam me in tam declivi ætatis gradu fere deficient. Me iam lxxij annorum senem adhuc valetudine qualicunque frui, singulari numinis beneficio debeo. Vale tu ex sententia mea et tua, meque si amas Te redamari persuasum habe.”

January 2,
1804.

Dalzel, who had enjoyed uninterrupted health for sixty years, began to feel the effect of too severe study about the beginning of this century. He suffered from hydrocele, but was relieved in 1801. He was again alarmingly ill in 1803. In the beginning of 1804, Böttiger writes, praying for health to “a man who lives only to do well, and to promote the interests of literature and solid knowledge ; who abhors the quarrelsome, fretful, self-conceited temper of some of

the leading characters in that line both in Germany and Great Britain. But you are working too hard," he adds, "and don't indulge you in the least. The candle burns down rapidly if you choose to agitate it too much. If it be out, who shall light us?" Böttiger did not know Goldsmith's lines,—

"To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from sinking by repose."

The same letter announced Böttiger's removal to Dresden, notwithstanding great offers made by the Duke to retain him at Weimar.

The famous Porsonian letter must not be altogether passed over in the Life of him to whom it was written. In few words, the Cambridge tyrant was offended that Dalzel had "stolen his thunder,"—had printed, in a new edition of his poetical Collectanea, a dissertation on the tragic metres, without waiting for Porson's *supplementum* to his preface to the "Hecuba," which was to extinguish Hermann of Leipzig, to settle for ever the three tragic metres, and to exhaust the subject. That any mere mortal should interfere was provoking. Still, Porson did not forget that Dalzel was a scholar and a friend.

Dr. Tate, long years afterwards, expressing his thanks for the original letter, which had been presented to him by Professor Dalzel's daughter, writes—

October 23,
1830.

"I am quite delighted to be made the possessor of that famous letter. . . . Mr. Porson had taken much pains with the composition of that singularly clever and cutting epistle, and he was in the habit, some

years after, of detailing its contents from memory to Mr. Kidd with great zest, but regretting much that he had not kept a copy of it. After the *Museum Criticum* was set agoing at Cambridge, in the year 1813, by Monk and Blomfield, now Bishops of Gloucester and London, I was solicited by the former of those distinguished scholars, to allow the insertion of the letter in their publication. To this I assented, and it appeared in No. III. of the *Museum Criticum*, pp. 326-337, with a prefatory article from my pen. At home and abroad the letter is now exceedingly well known."

The epistle is now still more popularly known, having just reappeared in Mr. Watson's *Life of Porson* (p. 259); and I cannot think of reprinting it at length, nor even of giving in all its detail Dalzel's answer, which has not hitherto been published. A few passages of each must suffice.

FROM MR. PORSON.

Essex Court,
No. 5,
September 3,
1803.

"DEAR SIR,—Our friend Mr. Laing being in town and on the eve of his departure for the North, I could not find in my heart to take leave of him without troubling him to bear this trifling token of my esteem, public and private, for Mr. Dalzel.

"It is unpleasant enough, at any rate, to be engaged in controversy; unpleasant with an enemy, but still more unpleasant with a friend. A few minutes' conversation would generally decide a question better than volumes of dispute. I shall therefore be very concise, and only take the liberty of mentioning a very

few points in which you seem to have either misconceived or not fully conceived my meaning. . . .

“It may perhaps divert you to insert an epigram, made by an Etonian, a friend of mine, upon the said Herman, in imitation of Phocylides’s saw (Strabo, x. p. 487, ed. Par.)—

Νήϊδες ἔστ’ ἐ μέτρων, ὦ Τεύτονες. οὐχ ὁ μὲν, ὃς δ’ οὐ.
Πάντες, πλὴν Ἑρμαννος· ὁ δ’ Ἑρμαννος σφόδρα Τεύτων.

Which I thus endeavoured to do into English:—

‘The Germans in Greek
Are sadly to seek;
Not five in five score,
But ninety-five more:
All, save only HERMAN,
And HERMAN’S a German.’

“And now, Sir, I release you from a long and tedious letter. Notwithstanding the appearance of dissent my letter wears, be assured that there are very few men for whom I entertain a greater respect and affection than Mr. Dalzel, and I trust he will believe me when I affirm that I am his obliged humble servant,
R. PORSON.”

TO PROFESSOR PORSON.

“DEAR SIR,—Your letter, which was brought to me by Mr. Laing, many months ago, though it might be said to deserve the epithet of γλυκύπικρος, afforded me the highest gratification; and any delay to answer it has not, I need not assure you, proceeded from any want of respect, or from any insensibility to the value of such a correspondence. But when the letter was put into my hands, my health was in a very unconfirmed state; I was trembling at the prospect of the

Near
Edinburgh,
May 28,
1804.

winter's labour, which I am professionally obliged to undergo, and was forced to put off all correspondence with literary friends, and every sort of occupation not absolutely necessary, till the time of vacation should arrive ; which being now the case, I sit down in the first place to acknowledge my debt to Mr. Porson.

“I must confess that I was somewhat mortified to find myself implicated in a sarcasm against that species of friends who deal in innuendos to the disparagement of those whom they affect to admire, nor did I much like to be supposed ‘to have misconceived, or not fully conceived your meaning ;’ especially as I had been accustomed to admire, and to celebrate in the hearing of others, not only the great energy but the perspicuity of your style, both Latin and English. With respect to my supposing (p. 164) that you had not seen the *Monthly Review* for September 1801, when you wrote that part of your *Supplementum* where you illustrate so completely your original short note on Hecuba, 347, I certainly had not the most distant idea of insinuating anything derogatory. The fact is, the *ratio* of the note was a puzzle even to those who thought themselves pretty good scholars ; but without ever fancying it could be so to yourself, as Hermannus has most uncandidly asserted. . . .

“But, my dear Sir, with respect to misconception of meaning, I must say that in one place you have sadly misconceived mine, or I must have expressed myself in a way that I never intended. You make me say (p. 164) that you have not tried to correct the middle example, Ἀτλας ὁ χαλκείοισι νότοις οὐρανοῦ, as if I

had meant to insinuate that you found it very difficult to do, and therefore passed it over, but that Mr. Tate had done it with ease. . . .

“But for this, and anything else wherein I may have appeared *peccâsse vel leviter in Porsonum*, I hope to live till, in another edition of my poetical volume of *Analecta*, I shall have an opportunity of making ample atonement. I trust, however, that I have already sufficiently cleared myself from the guilt of every vile innuendo against the talents and erudition of a man to whom I have endeavoured to pay that tribute of praise which I think he richly deserves. I am extremely anxious to stand well in your good opinion, which I am happy to find I do, notwithstanding those peccadillos with which you have, though, I am sensible, without hostility, charged me.

“Some years ago, Reid, the late venerable Professor of Moral Philosophy at Glasgow, then upwards of eighty, when in Edinburgh visited me one day with our mutual friend Professor Stewart. The good old man entertained me with some of the incidents of his youth. Among other things he mentioned that, when not above twenty, being on his way to London, in company with a friend, they found a great inclination to take Cambridge in their way, chiefly that they might see Bentley, then in the height of his reputation. On their arrival, however, they found some difficulty in getting introduced to him. But this they at last effected by means of the nephew, Dr. Thomas Bentley (who, if he had understood the art of collating more accurately, might at this day have saved you some trouble), a man whom

they observed to be his uncle's humble dependant and gross *adulator*. When young Reid was presented to Richard the old Grecian, as one who desired much to have the satisfaction of seeing him, the first question he asked him was :—‘And so, young man, has my fame reached your *ultima Thule*?’ Now, my dear Sir, your fame, as well as Bentley's, has, even in these degenerate and unclassical days, reached our *Ultima Thule*, and certainly no attempt has ever been made on my part to extenuate it, or to set down aught against it in malice, but the reverse. For it has often resounded, at least within one of the auditories of the College of Edinburgh, where endeavours have long been made, and I believe not unsuccessfully, to inspire the youth with a love of Grecian literature.

“With the other parts of your letter I have been delighted ; even your illustrations about ‘candid innuendos’ have diverted me very much. They are so full of erudition and of Attic salt. I own I thought you too severe against *Gothofredus Hermannus* in the note upon Euripidis Medea, 675 ; and when I came to that part of it where there seems to be a quotation from Hermannus himself—*Ideoq̃ue ait Hermannus, Nos Germani*, etc.—I stared with astonishment, and wondered if it was possible that the man had anywhere really expressed himself so. At last I found the matter set to rights in the Addenda, p. 101. However, I have no objection to the drubbing you have given him in your letter, for he is most illiberal, and precisely as you state him to be, in his animadversions on your Note on Hec. 347, and de-

serves very well to be answered by you in the words of Valckenaer in his dissertation *de scholiis Homeri ineditis*, p. 147. But I could have wished to have seen some other person than Henry Stephanus, stigmatized as *invidus sæpe virtutis alienæ obtrektor*: H. Stephanus, whom I used to look upon with such respect! I know that of late Fischerus of Leipsic has severely reprimanded him for want of fairness, but I did not know till you pointed out this passage that a charge of that kind had been attached to him by such respectable authority as that of Valckenaer. I am sorry for it. . . .

“Your P. S. contains a most surprising want of accuracy in poor Gilbert Wakefield, τῷ μακάριτῳ. Indeed, I never could bring myself to think him a critic of any judgment. But what you have produced shows him at once to have been altogether *sublesta fide*. I had the curiosity to look into the *Sylva Critica*, and also into *Brunck Analecta*, at the passages you refer to, and wondered at the futility of the man.

“The proper collocation of words in Greek and in Latin, whether prose or verse, is a very nice affair, and I am afraid never rightly to be understood by us moderns. I suspect that the prose Latin even of Muretus, or Buchanan, or Sir Thomas More, or any other modern most esteemed for writing elegant Latin, would not have pleased the ear of an ancient Roman, chiefly on account of the improper collocation of the words, and this must still in a greater degree be the case with all modern Latin and Greek verse. The curious line, therefore, you produce from Sophocles,

Χολὴν πικροῖς κλύζουσιν φαρμακοῖς πικράν,

and which remains senarian after a surprising variety of transposition, could not, I suppose, be arranged by any modern so as that he could positively say, 'This is the way in which the author would have done it.' The three ways in which Plutarch quotes it, doing it *memoriter*, is a proof that even he was at a loss about the right arrangement. Perhaps different ways of disposing it, though not surely every way, might have been equally good even to Sophocles himself. *Utcunque res sit, ego homunculus periculum facere nolo.*

"It is yours to explore and to produce many hidden beauties and properties of the Greek tongue not hitherto observed. All that I have been able to do, or shall be able to do, is to endeavour to convey something of what is already known, and to inspire the youth in this northern part of the Island with a love and admiration of Greek literature, without some knowledge of which no nation can be considered as truly learned. And in celebrating the names of those eminent scholars who have done signal service to this sort of learning, be assured that the name of Porson has not, nor shall not be forgotten. It is difficult to stem the torrent of taste which is at present, in this part of the country, moving with impetuosity towards chemistry and mineralogy and natural history and such like sciences, and there is some danger of our philosophers (I believe it is pretty much the case already), when they meet with a Greek quotation, saying, with the monks in the days of yore,—'*Græcum est, non possum legere.*' He who can in any degree prevent this sort of igno-

rance is surely doing good service to the cause of letters.

“Tu interea macte virtute esto, præsertim cura valetudinem, et me tui observantissimum crede.

“ANDREW DALZEL.

“*P. S.*—In writing to Dr. Raine, I have requested of him, when he makes an excursion into Yorkshire, not to stop there, but to proceed a little farther northward, at least as far as Edinburgh, and to endeavour to prevail with you to accompany him. You would find some friends here who would endeavour to make the excursion agreeable to you, and among those, him who is, yours most sincerely, A. D.”

TO THE REV. JAMES TATE, RICHMOND, YORKSHIRE.

“MY DEAR SIR,—I am a monstrous delinquent, I confess. And as if I had not been, *mea sponte*, reproaching myself sufficiently, comes yours of the 7th instant, and adds reiterated force to the stings I was every now and then suffering. But I, too, have my apologies for procrastination. Till the conclusion of our session about the beginning of May I found it necessary to be very attentive to my health, afraid that I should not be able to bring my work of teaching to a right conclusion. The only extra thing I could attend to, was the care of correcting the press in a work of my excellent and invaluable friend, Lord Lauderdale, on Public Wealth, lately published. This no doubt was a subject quite out of my line; but my affection for the author, and his living near thirty

Rosebank,
July 18,
1804.

miles distant from the press, induced me to do what I could in order to render the book correct. The performance has had a great run, and in the opinion of the best judges, among whom I reckon our friend Professor Stewart, does the author infinite credit. It discovers most uncommon ability, and produces much new matter on the subject of political economy. It detects many inconsistencies and combats many of the principles in Adam Smith's famous book on the Wealth of Nations, and it cuts up Pitt's boasted sinking fund, with which the nation has been so completely gulled. It was the middle of May before I found time to write an answer to Mr. Porson's letter. Then came the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, to which I am Principal Clerk. This takes up my time for about a fortnight annually. After this was over, I found my health again somewhat impaired. I then got down to the country with my family, where I own I did little else than lounge and enjoy the fresh air, but every now and then thinking of taking up the pen and writing to you. . . .

“And first, as to Mr. Porson's curious letter, which I now enclose, I am sure you will read it with great interest. There is enough in it to show the genius and immense erudition of the man, although we had never seen anything else of his productions. There is, however, a sort of jealousy observable in it, as if I had ascribed more to you than I ought to have done, and dealt in innuendos somewhat injurious to his reputation. He is not pleased with what I say about his not having seen the *Monthly Review* for September 1801. But

in my answer I have disclaimed the idea of insinuating anything to his disadvantage, and have explained exactly what I meant. . . . I have joined with him in the laugh against Hermannus, whom, you will observe, he cannot suffer. Indeed, Hermannus, it must be owned, deserves but little mercy at his hand. Mr. Porson's own translation of his Etonian friend's parody is exceedingly ridiculous. The postscript is all very curious. Poor Wakefield! He was no match for Porson. . . .

The booksellers begin to talk of a new edition of the prose volume of *Analecta Majora*. And the sooner I receive your emendations so much the better, and which I shall adopt with cordial thankfulness. I regret that the fifth edition of *Analecta Minora* had proceeded too far for my availing myself of your improvements, but I shall keep them carefully treasured up till a sixth edition be demanded. I believe I can furnish you with all the books you mention in your letter of February 7, and when I hear from you again, I will, if you approve, send them by the wagon that passes by Catterick Bridge.

"The *Anti-Jacobin Review*, which you mention in your last letter, I never see. I by chance saw the number in which the paper on the metres was published, and have never seen any more of it. I approve much of your suspending all intercourse with its authors, *sine die*, being with you quite convinced of the truth of Sancho's observation. . . .

"Heyne is chiefly distinguished for erudition and good sense, and a degree of good taste uncommon among

the Germans. His edition of the Iliad is an astonishing production. Everything you would wish to know upon the subject is brought together ; though I cannot say that I always subscribe to his grammatical account of certain verbs and particles ; and I am rather surprised to find him so severe against Dr. Clarke, for whom, since my first study of Homer, I had formed a high admiration, which I am unwilling yet to abandon. His critical acumen was much greater than that of Heyne, and I own I still like the terseness of the Latin style he makes use of in his notes.

“ I have been a much greater delinquent with respect to Dr. Raine than to yourself, for I did not answer his letter of Nov. 2, 1802, till lately. From him too I expect some assistance in the next edition of *Analecta Poetica*, upon the choruses in the *Ædipus Tyrannus*, and upon the odes of Sappho, as I believe I formerly told you. Dr. Raine is a person for whom I have the highest respect and esteem, and what he sends me I am sure must be most valuable.

“ I beg my best respects to Mrs. Tate, and remain, my dear sir, most affectionately and truly yours,

“ A. D.”

Dalzel's illness had all the consolations possible. In his own family, peace and love, prosperity in every sense, and without the envy which sometimes attends it. Most of all he valued the continued correspondence of his literary friends, many of them of the highest reputation among European scholars, among whom the Scotch Professor found himself cordially admitted.

A letter to one of his oldest friends gives us an alarming account of his health :—

TO THE BISHOP OF ST. DAVID'S.

“MY DEAR LORD,—Your kind letter has found me in a state of slow convalescence from a very severe illness. I was attacked about the beginning of November with hæmaturia, and then with a sort of scarlet fever. And as bleeding copiously at the arm was found necessary, and very low diet, I was left in a very weak state. I am now (thank God!) recovering very well, though slowly, owing to the caution and the low diet which are still recommended; and I am still confined to my chamber.

“When I was taken ill, my classes were just assembling for the winter, and consequently my anxiety about the manner in which they were to be conducted, added greatly to my distress. Judge, my Lord, how a person, who had been accustomed to teach one-half of the year four hours in the day, and who, during thirty years, had scarcely ever been an hour absent from his duty, would be affected, when he was confined to bed within hearing of the hourly bell which used to summon him to his tasks. I soon, however, found two friends who united their endeavours in relieving me, in a great degree, from this part of my distress. Mr. Macknight, one of the ministers of this city (son of the late Dr. Macknight, author of the *Harmony*, etc.), an old pupil of my own, and who always retained his fondness for Greek, undertook to teach the language to all my students; and Professor

Stewart offered to read my written lectures to them twice a week. And this they are still doing ; for I am not yet able to resume my own chair in person. I have had the pleasure to meet with the greatest sympathy and attention from all ranks of persons ; and my students, amounting to the number of 270, are behaving with great propriety during my absence. I hope in ten days or a fortnight to be able to take a part of the duty of teaching upon myself.

“ I am much gratified by your Lordship’s kind inquiries, and to hear at the same time that though the duties of your sacred function occupy, as they ought, your first attention, the pleasing studies of former years are not laid aside. Indeed, from the well-known activity of your mind, I could not suppose that you would be idle. The Charge I am sure I shall read with great pleasure.

“ I have got a very good printer of Greek here, and if you think that the *συγγραμματα* of Tzetzes could be executed better here than at Durham, the proofs could be transmitted to your Lordship with the greatest ease, through my hands. I have, you know, a copy of *Aristotelis de Poetica Tyrwhitti*, and this addition could be made of the same size.

“ As to the books which your Lordship has from our public Library, they are in very safe hands, and you may detain them as long as you have any use for them.

“ From your Lordship’s letter being dated at Durham, I infer, though I never had any certain information, that you retain your prebend there. This I

rejoice at, as it will bring you occasionally more within reach."

In the autumn of 1804, Dalzel had written to thank Heyne for his Iliad—" *Egregium opus! et nomen tuum, si non jam immortale factum fuisset, immortalitati traditurum, quod manibus meis assumptum vix poteram deponere, adeo ejus videndi desiderium mentem meam invaserat.*" He had just got, also, a copy of the Virgil, the third edition (not counting the London one, so full of errors) on largest paper (*charta maxima*), "*quo librum,*" he writes, "*nunquam vidi pulchriorem.*" He hoped yet to live to see the Odyssey from the same hand. Heyne's answer is:—

"Andreæ Dalzel viro eruditissimo, optimo, amantissimo s. p. C. G. Heyne."

But I will try to render the old scholar's letter in English. It may interest some who would not take the trouble to spell out his quaint Latin:—

"Now that, by the calamity of the times, all interchange of letters is stopped and destroyed, when you were often in my mind, and I felt the longing desire to know something of your fortunes, but without hope, your letter just now brought me, perfumed with politeness and good-will, pleasant at any time, is now doubly delightful. For the times are such, such the state of our affairs, such the clouds of anxiety and the uncertainty of fortune, that they shut out all brighter prospects. For dispelling of that cloud the attention and affection of our friends are of infinite value.

"Our University enjoys an amount of security and

quiet which no man, even in his dreams, could have foreseen. A great part of this good-fortune we owe to the opinion of the French nation concerning our studies, and to their singular good-will. Hitherto we have enjoyed prosperity enough as to public affairs, with an abundant attendance of students, and our salaries entire up to this time. Meanwhile, however, lands, cities, villages are exhausted and gone to ruin. But why should I write this to you, except that this also is one of the fruits of friendship, to have one in whose breast you may safely pour forth your complaints. That my old age (I am not far from completing my seventy-sixth year) should be preserved for such calamities, I the less expected, because, in the vigour of manhood, when I was living at Dresden, in the Seven Years' War, I endured the rigours of war for so many years, and at last, by the siege and burning of the city, suffered the overthrow of all my fortunes, preserving not one book to be the companion of my flight nor a single letter of my writing ; so destitute I wandered, until I was called to the University of Göttingen. Thus deprived of all the supports of life and study, many difficulties oppressed me even in the discharge of the duties of my office. And that is one reason why those who censure me and my works, if they were disposed to be at all just, should pardon the smallness of my performance. It was on that account I could not in my *Homer* exhibit a finished and perfect work, seeing my situation and my office involved me in many other cares and duties, and left but little time for private study. The least

part of my labour is that which I am bound to bestow on my lectures. The professorship of eloquence demands more of writing and publishing. My curatory of the library distracts me with business and cares innumerable. Then there are the fellowship and the secretaryship of the Society of Science of Göttingen. There is the cataloguing (*recensus*) of new books, the care of which is committed to me. There are the public tables of which I am president. There is the Royal School of Philology (*seminarium Regium philologicum*) over which I preside. To these and other cares which before distracted me, have been added new offices and duties by the calamity of the times, so that few and rare are my intervals of leisure. I reckon up all these things, that if you should miss in my commentaries on the Iliad a more delicate care in some particulars, you should have some reason to excuse me. But if there were among you one who thought proper to attack me somewhat sharply, I should bear it patiently, since, of my own countrymen, there are two former pupils of my own, whom I had assisted with all a father's indulgence, and raised to an honourable position, men covetous of praise and fame, when they found my old age forming an impediment to their efforts for taking the chief place in letters and fame, maliciously attacked me, and tried, with all their might, to obscure and extinguish my name. The one is Wolf, who endeavoured to snatch from me my work of editing Homer (*qui operam in Homero edendo mihi præripere laborabat*); the other Vossius, who busied himself in publishing the fiercest censures of

my work—both men of no common talent and learning. You see that I, who bear these things from my countrymen, if not with perfect equanimity, yet without much passion, am not likely to be very wroth with your countryman. But now I am even grateful to him, since his petulance has drawn from you that gratifying expression of candour, and of your friendship which you write to me.

“ While I am writing this to you, up rises the memory of our ‘Troad,’ which first brought us acquainted, by means of our friend Chevalier, now engaged in a different kind of business. The recollection of our joint work is very pleasant, for it was by its means that English, Germans, and French were led to study the Trojan antiquities ; and lately the over-splendid work of Gell has re-cooked the old dish for a second course somewhat savoury. I do not know if you ever hear of my smaller works. Last year the fifth volume came out. I should like much to send you a copy, if an opportunity occurred. You will say that I am indulging abundantly in the prattle of old age. At any rate I indulge in the pleasure of talking of our mutual affairs with a much-loved friend. May all your undertakings prosper, and remember me with kindness.”

Thomas Macknight, the friendly assistant of the sick Professor, was much gratified by the handsome terms in which Dalzel spoke of his services :—

FROM MR. MACKNIGHT.

“ Nothing, perhaps, but the partiality of a kind

friend could represent in the light of *μέγαλαι εὐεργεσίαι* my imperfect exertions in the place of one who has so highly distinguished himself by promoting a taste for Greek literature in this country, and whose labours have long reflected the greatest honour on the University of Edinburgh. Permit me, however, to say that few things in life have ever afforded me so much satisfaction as the idea any service of mine could give a moment's relief to your anxiety of mind, at a time when, unfortunately for the public, you were prevented from performing your professional duties by the state of your health."

Edinburgh,
Feb. 24,
1805.

One of the last public events in which Dalzel took a share and lively interest was the change of Professor Playfair to the Chair of Natural Philosophy in his University, and the introduction of Leslie to the Mathematical Professorship in his room. The opposition of the Presbytery of Edinburgh is well known, though it is difficult to see how they proposed to make it effectual, since Leslie always declared himself willing to subscribe their test. But, with such opposition threatened, it was thought proper to lose no time, and the Senate of the University, and the Town-Council (Sir William Fettes, Lord Provost) willingly agreed to meet for the double induction in the house of Dalzel, the Secretary to the Senatus, who was too ill to attend in the Library, the usual place of meeting.

In spring he had once more got down to his little cottage among the gardens, and hoped to be at work again next session.

TO THE BISHOP OF ST. DAVID'S.

Rosebank,
May 10,
1805.

"MY DEAR LORD,—I have had the pleasure of receiving your kind letter of the 3d, enclosing a continuation of Tzetzes. The parcel containing the four copies of the Charge arrived safe a few days after. The Charge I immediately read with very great interest and pleasure. The subject is extremely well chosen, and I admire the elegant simplicity of the composition, and the true spirit of Christian meekness which runs through the whole,—gentle, unassuming, insinuating. I am not much acquainted with compositions of this kind, but I cannot help thinking that freedom from all political discussion, though a negative, is yet a great excellence in such discourses. I am not surprised you should be somewhat warm in the Note, p. 18, etc. A gentleman in London had sent me Blunt's pamphlet a great while ago; but I found it so petulant and so unphilological, that I had not patience to go through with it. Mr. Sharp must be approved of by all who are really acquainted with the principles of the Greek tongue.

"I have already sent their copies of the Charge to Dr. Sandford and Mr. Young, and I expect to see Dr. Charters soon in Edinburgh, when I shall not fail to deliver his into his own hand.

"As to health, I have now got to my cottage in the neighbourhood of the town, and feel my strength gradually returning. The fresh air is most exhilarating, and I hope (*Deo volente*) to be in full vigour for re-

commencing my academical labours against the arrival of October.

"This will find your Lordship in London, upon the eve of revisiting Wales, where I wish you from my heart every satisfaction, which a right discharge of your high function (and right and conscientious I am sure it will be) is calculated to give.

"Mrs. Dalzel and her sister are duly sensible of the kind remembrances of your Lordship and Mrs. Burgess, and beg to offer their best compliments and attachment.—Your Lordship's, etc.,
A. D."

In the beginning of 1806, Dalzel and his family were alarmed by the proposal of Lord Lauderdale being appointed to the government of India, and here I may be permitted to give a solitary family letter which I find from the friend and companion of his life, written to his sister, Mrs. Lindsay. It is evidently of an early date of 1806 :—

"MY DEAR SISTER,—Mr. Robertson will tell you he saw Mary Drysdale and the two misses with their heads dressed to go to a ball given by the new Solicitor. They set out to it near ten, and I am now sitting up till they shall come home, perhaps at four, and think I cannot employ my time better than by writing to you ; it is indeed the only time I have had this fortnight.

Friday night,
or rather
Saturday
morning.

"We were all rejoiced to get such good accounts of you from Mr. Robertson. Long may you all continue well !

“By Johnnie Maitland’s¹ being at tea, we had no opportunity of telling Mr. Robertson of our dismay at Lord Lauderdale’s going to India. It is not to be told what a consternation it occasioned at first among all his friends. I was very much afraid your brother would have been the worse of it; fortunately, however, he soon began to think of the splendour of the situation; and what a fine field for Lord Lauderdale’s abilities, when seen as they ought; and he is now pleasing himself with the idea that everybody in a short time hence is to admire Lord Lauderdale as much as he does. Nevertheless his leaving this country is a sad blow upon us. He is to be here to-morrow, I fancy for the last time before he leaves Scotland. Since he is going, I wish he were away. I don’t like Mr. Dalzel’s taking leave of anybody, and least of him. . . .

“I must now go and waken John to go off for the ladies; and you shall get an account of the ball either from some of them or me.

Tuesday.

“As I have left off at the ball, I shall begin with it again. It went on well. The house was beautifully decorated with flowers, and looked quite elegant. There were about 150 people, so it was very crowded. Our misses were in great luck for partners. They stayed to supper, at which there was everything which was fine, and got home about half-past four. Most of the rest of the company went to dance again, and remained till six o’clock. Both the girls got a little

¹ Lord Lauderdale’s third son.

cold, and I got a little, sitting up for them. We are better again. Mercifully, Aunt Mary has not been the worse.

“Lord Lauderdale is probably on his way to London before this. He took leave of us on Saturday forenoon, dined with Lord Newton, and went out to Dunbar at night, and was to set out from that this morning. He behaved here, as he always did, like the kindest and most considerate friend. Fortunately he and Mr. Dalzel had a good deal of business to transact at the last, and he did not stay a moment after that was finished. It was easy to see he did not relish taking leave more than we did. It was a sore trial to Mr. Dalzel ; but his love for Lord Lauderdale is so great, that he loses sight of everything at present but what concerns him. I wish with all my heart the same enthusiastic interest may continue, as it will in some measure help to keep him from reflecting on his own loss of such a friend. But the loss is immense. When at any time Mr. Dalzel was worse than ordinary, or his spirits lower than ordinary, if Lord Lauderdale came in for a little, the very seeing him gave Mr. Dalzel new life almost. We then can never cease to lament the loss of such a person.” . . .

FROM BÖTTIGER.

“DEAR SIR,—I cannot let pass our dear James Macdonald, who hastens back to his country fraught with ample stores of yon Odyssean knowledge,—

πολλῶν ἀνθρώπων ἶδεν ἄστυα καὶ νόον ἔγνων,—

without giving him a note for you, and calling myself

Dresde,
June 30,
1806.

to your memory. Mr. James tells me that you enjoy all happiness which man is heir to in this imperfect state, and that you must feel exceedingly satisfied, in seeing one of your pupils promoted to the highest dignity in the new Ministry. May sweet Hygeia shower all her blessings upon your head and your dear family, and all will be well! As for myself, I find my health much impaired, and shall go to the hot-wells of Carlsbad. All is not as it should be since I am settled at Dresden. I delivered next winter a course of lectures in archæology, and Mr. James may give you a circumstantial account of it, being possessed of the German book I published for the use of my auditors. This has kindled up my love for ancient medals, especially Greek ones. There may be found sometimes in your happy island, overflowing with riches gathered from every corner of the world, some little jewels of that description. Pray, remember me, if by some good luck something would be thrown in your way! I have been a great loser by the death of Mr. Charles Townley, who sent me always what he got engraved for himself, and what had been published by the Antiquarian Society. I am told that many a valuable specimen of Egyptian antiquities have been engraved and distributed by that Society, especially the celebrated inscription of Rosetta, since Mr. Townley's decease. If perchance it should happen that you may lay hold on a copy of them, and you could send it without your own detriment, you would bestow upon me the greatest benefit, as by the book and print-selling line nothing is to be got of that

description. You may draw upon me in any similar occasion, and be sure of the exertion of all my powers in order to serve you.

“War, the most deplorable and ruinous in the tablets of Clio, deprives us now of all intercourse with your country, and damps the spirits of our own booksellers. The only man, M. Göschel at Leipzig, continues to publish the new splendid edition of Griesbach’s New Testament—of Homer (the new edition of Wolf’s *Odyssey* is still kept back, because the Professor cannot be prevailed upon to finish his preface, of which only two leaves are wanting)—and of the Roman classics. If Mr. James would have been able to carry some books in his lumber, I should have sent you at least Professor Schütz’s new edition of Cicero’s rhetorical works, in four volumes small quarto, printed on fine vellum paper. But perhaps can he fetch it from a Hamborough bookseller.

“Poor Millin at Paris is quite unhappy to be baffled in all his literary enterprises by the Continental war. The booksellers at Paris are almost driven to despair. One of them failed lately, and poor Millin pays dearly for it. He cannot even publish his *Travels for the Discovery of Antiquities in the Southern Provinces of France*, which he prepared with a profusion of copperplates. *Εἰρηνὴ πλουτοδοτειρα φανηθι !*

“I must now take leave of you, dear Sir, with the promise to let you hear from me very soon. Present my heartfelt *χαίρειν* to Mrs. Dalzel, and remember always with kindness, your most obedient and truly attached,

CHARLES BOETTIGER.

“ Mr. James will be so kind to deliver to you a little French tract, published lately by the Elector Arch-Chancellor of Dalberg, as a specimen of the servile flattering of our great men ; for Pericles is Napoleon himself ! ”

Dalzel's hopes of recovery were not to be realized. He was never again fit for the duties of his office. For the first season of his malady, his friends Mac-knight and Dugald Stewart conducted the business of his classes ; afterwards, Mr. Dunbar, who became his successor, and held the Professorship of Greek for a very long period.

In the bosom of his family, surrounded by dear friends, without an enemy, Andrew Dalzel died on 8th December 1806.

His wife survived him, and all their children, namely, (1.) Mary ; (2.) Alice ;¹ (3.) Robert, Consul at Port Mahon, *ob. s. p.* ; (4.) William, in the Artillery, married, and has a family ; (5.) John, Advocate, *ob. s. p.*

From a packet of letters of condolence, I select only three :—

FROM THE BISHOP OF ST. DAVID'S.

Abergwily
Palace,
Dec. 18,
1806.

“ It was with heartfelt concern, that I received by yesterday's post the news of the decease of my much respected friend, Mr. Dalzel. This expression of my sincere regret for the loss which you and your friends and the public have sustained, I beg you to accept as a testimony of the very great regard which I had

¹ Omitted by mistake in the Table, p. 61.

for your learned and valuable and amiable husband. Mrs. Burgess desires me to say, that she most truly sympathizes with you and your sister on this occasion. —I am, Madam, your faithful humble servant,

“SAINT DAVID’S.”

FROM DR. RAINE.

“Your letter of the 18th instant, containing the very melancholy intelligence of Professor Dalzel’s death, reached me at a moment when, of all others, I was least able from my numerous and pressing engagements to reply to it. I reserved myself therefore for that leisure which my vacation might give me, and take the opportunity of a sojourn at this place, to express to you the great and unfeigned regret with which I learned, and still continue to reflect upon the loss of my learned, amiable, and excellent friend; for by this title I must be allowed to distinguish him, though I had never the honour to be personally known to him. I was for some years occasionally favoured by his correspondence, and was well acquainted, at least, with his ardent and successful love of letters. Whilst he was surpassed by none in the zealous promotion of literature, he certainly stands foremost of those who have dedicated their labours where they were most wanted, to the production of books of elementary instruction. So truly does this appear to me to be the appropriate merit of Professor Dalzel, that I own I can scarcely foresee the time, unless Greek learning shall cease to be cultivated among us, when his name can be forgotten. Let me entreat you, Sir, to offer my very

Harrowgate,
Dec. 27,
1806.

sincere condolences to the Professor's surviving family."

FROM WILLIAM ADAM OF BLAIRADAM.

Bloomsbury
Square,
Dec. 27,
1806.

"MY DEAR MRS. DALZEL,—It has often been my determination to write to you, but I have not had courage. Alas! I know what your griefs must be, and you have my most sincere sympathy. Where you have such a friend as Lord Lauderdale, it looks like offering what is not wanted to make offer of my services; I am sure you know the sincerity of my attachment, and the happiness I should feel in being useful to your children, and it may be in my power to serve the boys, especially if India, the Army, or the Navy should be an object to any of them. Be assured that I am entirely at your and their command.

"I was very glad to hear through Miss Elphinstone to Clementina, that you were tolerably well and able to exert yourself.—Believe me to be, yours most affectionately,

WILLIAM ADAM."

The correspondence, from which almost alone I have compiled this Memoir, sheds little light on the domestic manners and habits of Dalzel. Another defect incident to such materials, is that those with whom the subject of our Memoir was most intimate, those whom he saw daily and lived with as brothers, are not found among his correspondents. Of Dugald Stewart the daughter of Dalzel writes: "I do not believe that ever a single letter passed between them during the many years they lived in habits of the

closest intimacy. When they were bachelors, they lived in the two houses that were afterwards occupied by Mr. Fyfe and John Wilson, and they had a door of communication between them at that time. After they married, they met several times a day in the 'guard hall,' and as much oftener as they liked, so that letters were quite unnecessary."

Raeburn's portrait confirms the tradition of Edinburgh society, which has handed down Professor Dalzel as a bland, courteous, genial man, of lively but very gentle manners. In his family, he was beloved to idolatry.

I find nothing in his life more remarkable—not even his determined and courageous avoiding of quarrels—than his success. From the beginning to the end he never made a mistake. After the few pounds which he lost by his brother, and which he would not have recalled if he could, his affairs all prospered. In money, he was from an early age (for a poor Scot) quite easy, and it never again cost him anxiety or much thought. In his classes, he had the extreme satisfaction of constant increase and progress in numbers and in quality of teaching. In his estimation in the society in which he lived—no mean one—and among English and foreign scholars, he was equally progressive. His early friends were friends for life, and every year he was adding to their number. In love and marriage, in his family relations, he was as happy as his large heart could desire. I do not find a single subject on which he expressed or could feel regret.

I do not pretend that he was altogether successful in restoring the study and taste for Greek in Scotland. I am too well aware that our few Greek scholars are still educated at Oxford and Cambridge. In our Scotch course of education, we are told there is no time for that study which goes only to dignify the character and ennoble and refine the thoughts. The causes of such a defect I am not here to inquire. Both as to the causes and the cure, I fear I should differ entirely from Professor Blackie; but in one thing I am sure we should agree, that the man who should complete Dalzel's work, and really and effectually restore the study of Greek among us, would deserve infinitely well of his country.

It was no fanciful good to which Dalzel devoted the energy of his life. We may have no desire to see young gentlemen educated as pedants; no great regret for the Porsons and the Parrs of last century. But let us not, in the despair of raising the young to appreciate the immortal literature of antiquity, seek to lower and vulgarize it down to our standard. The education I desiderate is not to enable men to refine in philological subtleties, nor yet to slash their English with Greek and Latin,

“Like fustian heretofore on satin.”

I do not undervalue the delectable free-masonry among scholars, which often makes an allusion, a line, a mere word, open a whole scene of poetry, or wit, or eloquence. But the knowledge of the classics has done little if it goes no higher than that. What

his classical associations were to Milton—suggesting words of power and images of beauty, opening new regions of thought and scenes beyond the vulgar eye, binding to common life and nature, associations of history and poetic fable that have charmed mankind for ever,—that is within the reach of any man, though no poet, who bestows the needful labour, and drinks with due reverence from those divine sources.¹

What Dalzel could do, he did. He found the study of Greek in his University neglected and degraded. He did something for the study generally, while in Scotland he raised it in tone, and excited interest for it; and he left the work in good and hopeful state when he went hence. “In a degree,” says Dr. Tate, “far exceeding what ever fell to the lot of others situated like himself in Scotland, Mr. Dalzel enjoyed the estimation of English and of foreign scholars, and the dignity which he thus gave to the office of Greek Professor in the University of Edinburgh, must be considered as marking an era in Scottish literature.”²

The reader will regret that this Memoir goes forth without more of Dr. Tate’s letters, the correspondent and able coadjutor of Dalzel. His letters and notes were all returned to him after the Professor’s death; and in connexion with that restoration, I am enabled

¹ One of the first effects of such an education would surely be to correct the modern vicious taste in poetry, and to banish that straining after uncouth

images, where the object seems to be, to startle, not to please.

² Letter from Dr. James Tate, Richmond, to the late John Dalzel, advocate, 20th March 1821.

to give the following passage from a letter to the common friend of the parties :—

DR. TATE TO JAMES GIBSON-CRAIG, ESQ.

Richmond,
Yorkshire,
Sept. 20,
1830.

“ . . . When acknowledging the receipt of all my letters and commentaries betwixt the years 1799 and 1805, as sent to Professor Dalzel, I acknowledge at the same time my deep and ever-memorable obligation to your side of the Tweed. It is possible that some other encouraging and exciting cause might have set my Greek talents to work, might have given them an interesting and ambitious operation, and might have rewarded them with the friendship of a most kind-hearted man, and most elegant scholar. All this might possibly have been without the intervention of the benevolence and amenity and admired character of Andrew Dalzel. It is quite enough for me—it abundantly demands all the fervour of my gratitude—to reflect, that humanly speaking, I trace all my labours ever since in Greek literature, and involved in the exertions of that day all my success, all my eminence (for so when speaking gratefully I may call it) as a scholar—to the parental fostering encouragement of a Professor of Greek on the north side of the Tweed in the year 1799.

“ Perhaps Miss Dalzel, to whom you will be so good as make my warm acknowledgments for her kindness in sending to me all the papers which her excellent father encouraged me to write, may not be displeased, if you let her know in what a style of reverent affec-

tion I am now delighted to reflect on my most happy, most honourable, most beneficial connexion with that patron of my literary youth. To herself one of these days I may perhaps write more directly—more cordially I cannot write—to testify my gratitude to the name of Dalzel.”

I have already explained the absence of correspondence with Dugald Stewart. The friendship between him and Dalzel survived in their families. In 1818, when John Dalzel came to the bar, he dedicated his Thesis to his father's friend, expressing his own affectionate reverence in language which seems to show the polishing hand of Professor Pillans.¹

Dugald Stewart's affectionate answer shall conclude this imperfect Memoir :—

“MY DEAR JOHN,—Accept of my best thanks for the honour you have done me in the dedication of your Thesis. Nothing, I can with great truth assure you, ever gave me more pleasure than to see my name conjoined in so flattering a manner with that of my dear and never-to-be-forgotten friend, and to receive this record of our friendship from the hands of his son.

“The praise you have bestowed on me is too warm to permit me to say anything of the merits of the in-

Kinneil
House,
Saturday.

¹ Dugaldo Stewart . . . mihi ob memoriam patris animo meo carissimi nimumque cito meis oculis abrepti, quocum conjunctissime vixit, perquam venerando; qui, cum cœlo deductam philosophiam argutisque minutorum sophorum expeditam, illecebris litera-

rum humaniorum circumdedisset, diuque mentibus juniorum mira arte commendasset, tandem in otium honoratum se recepit, unde lumen ingenii in abdita rerum diffundit fructusque vitæ vero impensæ cum civibus suis subinde communicat . . . d. d. d.—J. DALZEL.

Imprimatur,
Jan. 29,
1818.

scription. It recalled strongly to my recollection the affectionate partiality with which your excellent father always distinguished me ; and, if he had been still alive, I should have fancied that I recognised his hand in the classical purity of the language."

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

(SEE PAGE 216.)

ACCOUNT OF THE LATE DUKE GORDON, 'M.A., INCLUDING ANECDOTES OF THE UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH.

[From the SCOTS MAGAZINE, vol. LXIV. Edin. 1802.]

IN the Scottish Universities, all that is deemed necessary as a preparation for academical instruction, is a previous course of Latin for four, five, or, at most, six years, either at a grammar school, or under a sufficient private teacher ; during which time, if a young man has either in reality made remarkable proficiency, or is supposed to have done so, he is sometimes advised, on entering to the University, to pass over the Latin, or, as it is commonly called, the Humanity class, and to proceed immediately to the Greek. But this is chiefly the case with those whose circumstances are so narrow as to render it an object for them to save as much time and expense as possible. Unless from a necessity of this kind, the advantages to be derived from attending a Professor of Humanity ought never to be neglected ; as it is to be supposed, that the instructions of such a teacher will not only greatly promote any previous knowledge of the Latin tongue which a young man may have received at a grammar school or elsewhere, but will give him a more profound and accurate knowledge of grammar, Roman antiquities, and Roman learning ; and initiate him, at an early period, into the principles of taste and of polite literature in general. Even the reading of the Latin poets with emphasis, propriety, and gracefulness, from an academical chair, and commenting upon them with feeling and with taste, never fail to captivate the ingenuous youth, and to make such an impression upon their minds, as, at no period of their future life, is ever in any of them completely effaced ; but which to many proves, ever after, a source of exquisite enjoyment.

Besides the public Humanity class, which used to meet several hours in the day, the Professor had another, which was called his

private class, and which, assembling only one hour daily, was calculated for those who might wish still to prosecute the Latin along with their other studies ; it was particularly calculated for the students of Greek, who had attended the public Humanity class the preceding year, or for those whose circumstances had obliged them to commence their academical course in the public Greek class. Of this last description was young Gordon ; and while he learned the elements of Greek under Professor Hunter, he was improving himself in Latin, and in the knowledge of Roman antiquities, in the private class of Professor George Stuart.

The Greek Professor, too, used to spend about six weeks at the commencement of his public course in reading Latin with his students, previous to their entering upon the elements of the Greek. The books which Professor Hunter generally chose for this purpose were Livy's Roman History and Lucan's Pharsalia : and thus Mr. Gordon had the benefit of observing this learned instructor's method of teaching Latin as well as Greek.

In the public Greek class, the plan of education in Scotland obliges the Professor to teach the mere elements of the language ; as very few have any knowledge of Greek previous to their entering the University. But Mr. Hunter also had a private class for those who wished to prosecute that knowledge during the time of their philosophical studies ; and which enabled them, in addition to what they had learned of the Testament, of Æsop's Fables, of Lucian's Dialogues, and of Homer's Iliad, in the public course, to obtain some acquaintance also with the Odyssey, with one or two of the Greek Tragedies, and with some passages from Xenophon or Herodian. Of these two contemporary Professors, it was remarked, that the Latinist had a more bold, vigorous, and striking way of communication ; but that the Greek Professor, with a familiar and less dignified manner, discovered a much more accurate and profound skill, even of Latin grammar, and of all the niceties of that language. The former might have been characterized in the words which Scaliger applied to Juvenal, *Ardet, instat, jugulat* ; the manner of the latter rather resembled that of Nestor,

Τοῦ καὶ ἀπὸ γλώσσης μέλιτος γλυκίων ῥέεν αὐδή.

But though the gentle and familiar manner of the latter rendered him a great favourite with the students, it must be owned, that the bold and commanding tone of the former made a more lasting im-

pression on his hearers. Many of these, who survive, will still remember with what congenial enthusiasm they have heard him pronounce the verses of Horace, of Virgil, and of Juvenal ; and with what powerful effect he conveyed to them a knowledge of Roman antiquities in commenting upon Livy or Suetonius.

Such were the Professors under whom Duke Gordon studied the Latin and Greek languages. At the Greek class he particularly distinguished himself ; for as he was possessed of great industry, and of a tenacious memory, he acquired and retained the principles of the Greek more successfully than most of his fellow-students ; and as he had been well grounded in the Latin prosody, and the knowledge of the quantity of syllables, by Mr. Waddel, he was a great admirer of Professor Hunter's attention to those particulars, and indeed of his great accuracy as a teacher in every respect.

Men of letters, in Scotland, have of late been reproached with want of attention to the proper quantity in Latin and Greek words, and, it must be owned, not without reason, although the reproach is often expressed too indiscriminately, and by none more than by some of their own countrymen, who being themselves void of this absolutely necessary ingredient in the composition of an accomplished classical scholar, would wish to have it believed that others are as ignorant as themselves. It is well known, that there was a time when Latin poetry flourished, and was understood in Scotland to as great an extent as in any other European nation. What scholar has not heard of George Buchanan, Andrew Melvin, Robert Boyd, Andrew Ramsay, and of the *Delitiae poetarum Scotorum* ? of which Dr. Johnson has been liberal enough to confess, that the Latin poetry there contained would have done honour to any nation ; and Dr. Parr, with still greater liberality, and what many think partiality to the Scots, at least in as far as the Greek is concerned, ascribes to them, at one period, superior excellence in classic learning in general. It is certain, that from the time of Buchanan, who died in 1582, till the latter period of the reign of Charles I., both Latin prose and poetry were cultivated in Scotland with the greatest success. Almost all the Professors in the Universities, and many other scholars, not only spoke Latin fluently, but wrote verses in Latin, and sometimes in Greek : nor do those contained in *The Muse's Welcome to King James*, in 1617, and those in "ΕΙΣΟΔΙΑ *Musarum Edinensium in Caroli Regis ingressu in Scotiam*," in 1663, yield in any respect

to similar productions in any other country. From that time polite literature in Scotland, and particularly the making of Latin verses, very rapidly declined. This was owing entirely to the agitated state of the nation, and not to any aversion which either party had to the cultivation of learning ; for both after the Restoration, and after the Revolution, while the nation enjoyed any repose, the former elegant studies were resumed ; even Latin verses were written, though not in so great numbers. The Union, and after that the Rebellion in 1715, produced new subjects of discussion, which engaged the attention of men. After the second Rebellion in 1745, while a taste for philosophy and English composition began to prevail, classical learning was not neglected ; and many scholars, though they did not practise the writing of Latin verses, paid due attention to the quantity of syllables, and to the correct reading of Latin poetry. This is still the case ; though perhaps it is to be regretted that the writing of Latin verses is now so little attended to ; for most certainly that exercise, practised to a certain extent, at an early period of life, inures the mind to habits both of elegance and accuracy.

Though Mr. Gordon never attempted the composition of Latin verse, he had a very accurate knowledge of the quantity of syllables, and could never hear, without great indignation and contempt, such blunders as—

“Eupolis, atque Cratinus, Aristophanes que, poëtæ.”—

“Scribëris Vario fortis et hostium.”—

“Quousque tandem abutëre, Catilina, patientiâ nostrâ ?”—

And when he was afterwards on duty in the library, as deputy-keeper, when any student, and far more when any person who had pretensions to the appellation of learned, required him to produce the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, the *Icones virorum illustrium*, etc. or when any one spoke of the *Nosocomium Regium Edinense*, if he did not directly reprove them, he was sure to take an opportunity, in their hearing, to repeat the words, accompanied with a keen and significant look, and to let them understand that he had a way of uttering them different from theirs.

When yet very young, he was employed to officiate in teaching the school of Tranent, instead of the master, who happened to be indisposed. This was perhaps immediately after he had finished the first term or session at the University, and also during the time of

the ensuing session ; for his name does not again appear in the Album of the University, till the 4th of March 1755, when he was attending the Logic class under Professor John Stevenson. What figure he made as the teacher of a country school is not known. His great youth must have rendered it difficult for him to maintain any degree of authority, where probably some of his pupils were older than himself. Nothing however can contribute more to the formation of an accurate scholar than to be employed, when very young, in the practice of teaching others ; and it is not unlikely, that in this view, Mr. Gordon had been occupied very advantageously for himself when, at the age of sixteen, he was teaching the school at Tranent. On returning to College, he studied under Mr. Stevenson, not only the elements of philosophy, but had an opportunity of prosecuting the knowledge of Greek, while that most laborious and useful professor gave lectures on Aristotle's Poetics, and Longinus' Treatise on the Sublime : for Mr. Stevenson did not content himself with giving lectures on Logic and Metaphysics on the plan of the celebrated Lord Bacon, from the text-book of Heineccius, and the abridgment of Locke's Essay on the Human Understanding ; he gave a short idea also of the old logic of the schools, and a brief history of philosophy, taken chiefly from Diogenes Laertius, and from Stanley, and arranged according to the text-book of Heineccius ; and in order to form the taste of his students, he caused them to read and translate in his hearing, the Greek text of Aristotle's Poetics and of Longinus' Essay, and commented critically on what they read, so copiously, from the critical works then known, such as the prose discourses and prefaces of Dryden, Addison's papers in the Spectator, Bossu, Dacier, and Pope's notes on Homer, as greatly to delight and instruct his hearers, whom he thus initiated into those pleasing studies, which, at that period of life, were quite new to them. He did not indeed attempt to give new systems of his own invention ; but it was remarked, that he collected, with the greatest diligence, whatever he could find valuable in the writings of other men ; and, under a new arrangement, made use of it for the instruction of his pupils. His diligence in this respect continued to the latest period of his useful life ; and when any new work appeared which was connected with his subject, he never failed to give his hearers a distinct account of it. Though he was upwards of seventy years of age when Dr. Reid's Enquiry into the Human Mind was published, yet he took an early opportu-

nity of delivering to his students an analysis of that work. He did not live long enough to peruse the *Essays on the Intellectual and Active Powers of Man*, published by the same eminent writer.

Mr. Stevenson was among the first public teachers in this country, who ascribed its due importance, and its due praise, to the philosophy of Locke and Lord Bacon, without entirely exploding the system which had so long maintained its power in the schools : for he employed some part of his course in teaching his students the syllogistic method of impugning and defending theses, and caused them actually to engage in this sort of exercise in his presence, and before the public class. He used to meet with his class two hours one day, and three another, alternately ; and at the same time with the public Humanity and Greek classes. It was acknowledged by those who had studied under him, that they derived the greatest advantage from his instructions. Many of those who have lately distinguished themselves as first-rate writers, have been forward in owning their obligations to Mr. Stevenson ; and none more than the late Dr. Robertson. This illustrious historian, when, in the exercise of his academical duty, he visited the Logic class, for the first time, to hear the students deliver certain exercises which had been prescribed to them, and that in the very same place where he himself had formerly been employed in a similar manner and under the same instructor, laid hold of such an interesting occasion to acknowledge his obligations to his venerable master. In addressing the students as Principal, he expressed himself in the following terms :—" *Multa a præceptore vestro, adolescentes generosi, audivistis, quæ scientiæ amorem in animis ingenuis accendere possunt ; et exemplo suo, haud minus quam præceptis, viam vobis monstravit, et ratiocinandi recte, et judicandi rite. Expertus loquor. Nam, eodem quem vos nunc sequimini professore præeunte, hic philosophiæ fontes primum accessi ; hic multarum rerum notitiam hausi, quæ manent adhuc alta mente repostæ, quæ sæpe revoco summa cum voluptate, nec minore fructu ; et si vos vobismetipsis non defueritis, multa nunc etiam discere possitis, quæ olim meminisse juvabit. Non enim ab illo imbuti estis scientiæ cujusdam futilis et contentiosæ rudimentis, sed institutis sanæ illius philosophiæ, quæ est vitæ dux, virtutis indagatrix, expultrixque vitiorum, in cujus præceptis unus dies bene actus peccanti immortalitati est anteponendus.*"—Immediately after the dismissal of the class, the aged professor, unable any longer to suppress his emotion, dis-

solved in tears of grateful affection, and fell on the neck of his favourite scholar, now his Principal.

Though Mr. Stevenson published no work of his own, it cannot be doubted that his instructions promoted the success of many of those who have since so highly exalted the celebrity of Scottish literature. His critical lectures, it must be owned, contributed a large share towards the production of the more polished and refined, but not more useful, academical discourses of the late Dr. Blair : and it was not without reason, that the institution of a separate chair for a Professor of Rhetoric and Belles-Lettres was complained of by the respectable veteran as an encroachment upon his province.

It is usual for young men of narrow circumstances, at the Scottish Universities, to embrace the earliest opportunity of being employed, either as private tutors in families, or in giving private assistance to other students, younger than themselves : and the professors have great pleasure in recommending to such situations young men of that description, who have distinguished themselves in the classes. Accordingly we find that Mr. Gordon lived for some time, as a private tutor, successively in several families, particularly those of Captain Dalrymple, afterwards Earl of Stair, and of the late Lord Auchinleck, father of the well-known Mr. James Boswell. How long he remained in these, or in what years he first attended the lectures on Natural and Moral Philosophy, it is not ascertained. But, having found an introduction to Dr. James Robertson, Professor of Oriental Languages, distinguished for his learning and benevolent disposition, and for his kind attention to indigent young men of letters, in him he found a steady and zealous patron,—by his interest, chiefly, he had obtained the situations already mentioned ; and when Professor Robertson was appointed librarian to the University, in the year 1763, such was the favourable opinion he entertained of Mr. Gordon, that he immediately pitched upon him as his assistant in that office ; and he could not have been more fortunate in his choice.

The Library of the University of Edinburgh, from a small beginning, has gradually increased into a very valuable collection. In the year 1580, Mr. Clement Little, Advocate and one of the Commissaries of Edinburgh, bequeathed his books, consisting of about 300 volumes, to the citizens and ministers of Edinburgh. They were committed to the care of Mr. James Lawson, first minister of the city, and deposited in a gallery belonging to the lodgings appropriated

to the ministers of Edinburgh, which were situated on the ground now occupied by the Parliament House. The University being afterwards instituted, in the year 1582, it was agreed, about two years after, by the Town-Council and the Ministers, that those books should be removed to an apartment in the College, and delivered to the care of Mr. Robert Rollock, who was the first Professor, and afterwards the first Principal of that Society.

Such was the commencement of the College Library, which continued to increase rapidly, not only by donations from those who annually matriculated, and those who received the degree of M.A., but by the munificence of many well-disposed citizens and others, who contributed sums of money or valuable books for that purpose.

This library remained for many years in the particular custody of the Principals of the College, till at length it was thought that the books would be of more general benefit if, instead of the Principal, a librarian were appointed who might attend regularly, at certain stated hours, for the accommodation of such as should be admitted to the use of them, agreeably to certain laws and regulations. Accordingly, Mr. Kenneth Logie, son to Mr. James Logie, advocate, was chosen keeper of the library, with a small annual salary, and the addition of some incidental perquisites. He was recommended to this employment from the assistance he had given to Principal John Adamson in arranging the books and in making a catalogue of them. As no book was, at that time and for many years after, lent out of the library to any of the students, the regulations then framed respected chiefly the conduct of those who had the privilege of reading in it, upon paying a small sum and subscribing their names to the regulations. For which purpose it was kept open six hours in the day in summer, and four in winter, during which time the librarian gave regular attendance, produced the books which were called for, and took care that the proper use should be made of them, according to the regulations. Mr. Logie continued librarian till the year 1641, when he accepted of a call to be minister of Skirling, in the presbytery of Biggar. The office after this time passed rapidly through a great number of hands, for, as the salary and the annexed emoluments were very small, and by no means a proper provision for life to any man of talents and learning, the possessors immediately resigned whenever a more lucrative situation presented itself. This proved a great source of perplexity to the Town-Council, patrons

and guardians of the University ; for the receiving of the books so often from one librarian and delivering them to the charge of a successor, was attended with much trouble.

Such was the state of this library till the year 1667, when Mr. William Henderson was chosen keeper, who discharged the office with diligence and fidelity. He was at great pains in arranging the books, and in making catalogues of them, and, in particular, he kept an exact account of the books and other donations presented to the College, with the names of the donors, during the time of his holding the office. This register, which is still preserved, is preceded by a very distinct catalogue of the benefactors of the College, from its foundation till the year 1679.

Mr. William Henderson continued to discharge the duties of librarian till the year 1685, when he resigned in favour of his son Robert, who had received an academical education, and taken the degree of M.A. That this young man might be better qualified for the office, he was permitted to travel into different countries with a view to learn the best method of arranging and keeping great libraries, and during his absence his father continued to officiate in his stead. On his return, he set himself with great assiduity to improve the plan of keeping the books, and his first object was to arrange them in the presses according to the sciences, and to make a catalogue of them in that order. This he accordingly effected, and the catalogue still remains, very distinctly executed, in his own handwriting, with a Latin dedication to the Lord Provost, Magistrates, and Council, and to Dr. Gilbert Rule, Principal of the College. His next attempt was to frame a complete alphabetical catalogue, which was absolutely necessary to facilitate the finding of the particular books. But although he remained in office till the year 1747, a period of sixty-two years, much longer than any of his predecessors or than any Professor had ever continued in the College of Edinburgh, he did not live to accomplish this favourite object. At one period he suffered ambition to interfere ; and in the year 1690, when Mr. John Drummond, Professor of Humanity, was deprived of that office by the Parliamentary visitors, Mr. Henderson appeared as one of the candidates to succeed him, at the comparative trial held the same year. But there were four other candidates, one of whom, Mr. Laurence Dundas, afterwards so much celebrated, proved successful. After that time Mr. Robert Henderson seems to have

contented himself with his librarianship, and remained in that office till the infirmities of extreme old age obliged him to resign. He was a man of very moderate ability, with a considerable degree of self-conceit. His emaciated and grotesque figure is still remembered by persons yet surviving, and who were at College in his latter days. He was fond of showing his talent for speaking Latin, and used to avow his fear of approaching a certain ruinous part of the old College wall, of which it had been predicted that it was to fall on the most learned man in the University.

On the resignation of Mr. Robert Henderson, who was permitted to retain the salary, Professor George Stuart was elected librarian in 1747. He, with the assistance of his brother, Mr. Alexander Stuart, afterwards minister of the West Church, at first took some pains in inspecting and arranging the books, and in making a new press catalogue, which he had engaged to produce to the Town-Council in fifteen months after his accepting of the office, but this stipulation he was not able to fulfil; and it was not till the year 1750, in consequence of an injunction from the patrons, that he at last presented it to them. His performance, however, was not a complete catalogue, but rather an abbreviation of a catalogue, for it did not exhibit a full detail of the titles of the books. Indeed, it was observed that the library was kept in a very slovenly manner during the incumbency of Professor Stuart, who was eminent as a Professor of Humanity, but as a librarian obtained no praise. It is worthy of remark, that during the latter years in which he held the office, his son, the late celebrated Dr. Gilbert Stuart, had some share in the discharge of its duties; and that the acquaintance with books which he then obtained at a very early period of his life, paved the way for the reputation which he afterwards acquired.

An event at last happened which rendered the former labours of Professor Stuart and his assistants and those of his predecessors, as keepers of the library, of very little value. The room which had been built for the library (now the Museum for Natural History), was, in the year 1753, found too small for the proper accommodation of the books. It was therefore proposed that the great room over the common hall, upwards of a hundred feet in length, but low in the roof, and where the professors used to hold their meetings on many public occasions, should be raised by the addition of an attic storey for a gallery, and accommodated with a new roof, new win-

dows, and a new floor, and converted into a repository for the books. This important work was accomplished about the year 1762, at which time the books were removed into it.

Fortunately, that very year, Dr. William Robertson was elected Principal of the College, who, with his usual sagacity, immediately foresaw of what immense use this valuable collection might be made, under proper regulations, both to professors and students, especially if any method could be devised of increasing its funds and rendering it more generally accessible. But as it could be of little use without a set of proper catalogues, and as for want of these the books, since their removal, had got into great disorder, Professor Stuart, the librarian, was required by the patrons to set about this work without delay. But whether he found that his genius revolted from this Herculean task, and foresaw that much additional trouble would afterwards be required, or from whatever motive, he thought proper to resign the office into the hands of the patrons on the 12th of January 1763, and, on the same day, they elected in his stead Dr. James Robertson, Professor of Oriental Languages, who, being yet in the prime of life, and of great industry, had no objections to undergo the necessary labour. But as it was thought proper that he should have a stated assistant in the exercise of the various duties that would now be incident to the office, he immediately pitched upon Mr. Duke Gordon for that purpose, who engaged to serve him on very moderate terms.

APPENDIX II.

SINCE the preceding pages were printed, my attention has been called to the Epitaph on Dalzel's Monument in the Greyfriars' Churchyard (No. 1.), which serves to correct an error into which I had fallen with regard to the year of his birth. I learn that Dr. Gregory had undertaken the composition of the Epitaph, and also proposed to write the Memoir of his friend's life and labours. But what scholar has not made such undertakings, and shrunk from their performance ! The talent for epitaph-writing especially is of the rarest ; and the accomplished master of the art is apt to be most hard to please with

his own "lapidary Latin." Some turns of the language here seem to point to Professor Pillans as their author or polisher.

I cannot resist adding the inscription upon another Monument in the same burial-place (No. 2.), commemorating, in simple language, the virtues of two most amiable women.

I embrace the opportunity which this delay has presented, of producing a curious scrap of early autobiography by Sir Robert Liston (No. 3.), found among his papers, and kindly communicated by Mr. Grieve.

Lastly, let me correct another error. The letter to Thomas Young, at page 207, dated July 20, 1801, should be dated 1802, and placed accordingly. It is plainly an answer to Young's letter, which is printed at page 213.

(No. 1.)

MEMORIAE SACRUM

ANDREAE DALZEL

MULTOS PER ANNOS IN ACADEMIA EDINENSI

GRAECARUM LITERARUM PROFESSORIS

VIRI IN VITA AMATI IN MORTE DEFELECTI

ANIMO BENIGNO, MORIBUS CULTIS ET URBANIS,

OMNI DENIQUE DOCTRINA LIBERALI ET VIRTUTE

ORNATISSIMI

CUJUS EA ERAT COMITATE CONDITA GRAVITAS

UT ANIMOS DISCENTIUM ET SIBI MIRUM IN MODUM CONCILIARET

ET AMORE LITERARUM QUO IPSE FLAGRABAT

VEHEMENTER INCENDERET

NAT. PRID. NON. OCT. MDCCXLII. OB. SEXT. ID. DEC. MDCCCVI.

(No. 2.)

SACRED

TO THE MEMORY OF

ANNE DALZEL,

DAUGHTER OF THE REV. DR. JOHN DRYSDALE, EDINBURGH,

AND WIFE OF PROFESSOR DALZEL.

BORN 18 OCT. 1751. DIED 22 DEC. 1849. //

AND OF HER SISTER

MARY DRYSDALE,

A SECOND MOTHER TO HER SISTER'S CHILDREN.

BORN 10 DEC. 1761. DIED 8 SEP. 1841.

KINDRED INTELLIGENCE, WORTH AND PIETY

CHARACTERIZED THEIR MOST USEFUL LIVES,

AND IN THEIR DEATH THEY ARE NOT DIVIDED.

(No. 3.) NOTE IN THE HANDWRITING OF SIR R. LISTON.

"We afterwards went to the College of Edinburgh, introduced, Andrew Dalzel by his connexion with the minister of the parish of Stoneykirk, in Galloway, a man of great ability and good breeding, brother to his father, and I by my uncle, Mr. Robert Dick, one of the Magistrates of Queensferry.

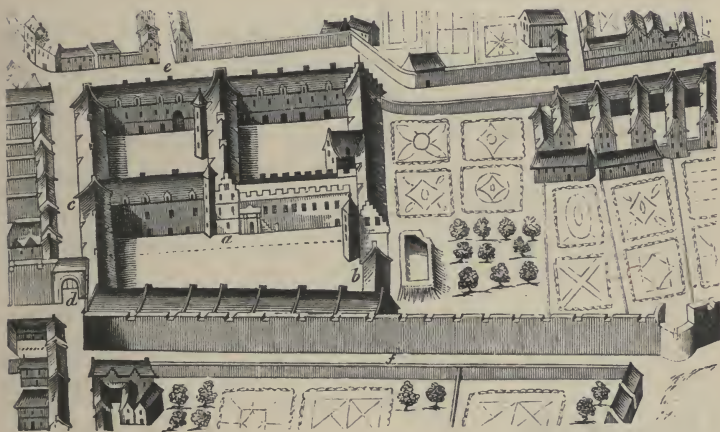
"We took up our quarters, for the first two years, in a close to the north of the College and of the High Street, with our windows

looking to the Firth of Forth, in the house of Mrs. Wilkie, a distant relation of us both, and a woman of great respectability, who treated us with affection and attention.

“We learnt from her that we had succeeded John Home the poet, who had passed the years of his education in the same house.

“We certainly applied to our studies with great attention and assiduity, from the time we entered the College till the day we quitted it ; and, without the aid of any tutor, or the relief of much exercise, unless it be the going backwards and forwards to the College every day before and after breakfast, and walking to and from the parish of Kirkliston, where we were born, at the end of every week, if the weather was good ; we used to study for fifteen hours a day, and sometimes more, with little or no intermission.”

THE two views subjoined are borrowed from Mr. Laing's collections on the Collegiate Churches of Mid-Lothian (Bannatyne Club, 1861). The first, after the Parson of Rothiemay's Survey of Edin-



THE COLLEGE, FROM JAMES GORDON'S SURVEY OF EDINBURGH, A.D. 1647.*

burgh, shows the Courts of the College mixed with the ruins of the old Kirk of Field, the scene of Darnley's murder, as they still stood in 1647.

* *a* Academia.

b Rudera templi S. Mariæ
in campis.

c Vicus Equorum.

d Porta figulina.

e Vicus Academiæ.

f Urbis moenia.

a The College.

b St. Mary of the fields, or
the Kirk of Field.

c The Horse wynd.

d The Potterraw port.

e The College wynd.

f The Towne wall.

The next gives two sides of the College quadrangle, as they were at the end of the last, and for the first twenty years of the present century. Instead of the old entrance by the College Wynd and the "Steeple" gate-way, we have now the entrance-gate from South College Street, which some people objected to, I know not why. Dalzel, few of whose *mots* have been handed down, said it was professedly for the Professors, but principally for the Principal. The house to the left was Principal Robertson's. Its large garden stretched across what is now Nicolson Street, with green walks and terraces, down to the Infirmary and the High School. Mr. Russell remembers his grandfather, the Principal, taking him down through that garden to enter him at the High School, under Dr. Adam. Principal Robertson's house was afterwards Professor Dalzel's. Need I add, that one dark chamber there was haunted by the ghost of Darnley !

Mr. Laing quotes authority for saying that the low range of houses on the right had been inhabited by some of the Professors. The one next the gate served as the Senate House—the "Guard Hall," I suppose ; while the adjoining one was the birthplace of Dugald Stewart. It must have been somewhat later that these buildings were turned into lecture-rooms. The first from the gate was, in the memory of many still living, Professor Playfair's class-room, the next, Dugald Stewart's.



PART OF THE COLLEGE QUADRANGLE, A.D. 1789-1822.

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Walzel

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